

THE FINAL STRUGGLE

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BEING
COUNTESS TOLSTÓY'S DIARY
FOR 1910

With Extracts from
LEO TOLSTÓY'S DIARY
of the same period

Preface by S. L. TOLSTÓY
EDITOR OF THE RUSSIAN EDITION

Translated with an Introduction
by AYLMER MAUDE

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INTRODUCTION TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

By AYLMER MAUDE

No understanding of Tolstóy's difficulties in adapting his life to the convictions expressed in his writings can be reached without a knowledge of the relations between him and his wife. Those relations again can hardly be well understood till we know how they all ended.

Sergius Tolstóy's Introduction to this book deals admirably with events especially as concerns the year of Tolstóy's death. But English readers may want to be reminded of some previous steps he has not dealt with and that led up to that end.

On leaving the army in 1856 Tolstóy's chief occupation for the next few years was teaching peasant children in the school he started at Yásnaya Polyána. In that work, as he told me not long before his death, he found more satisfaction than in anything else he ever did. In 1862 he fell in love with and married a girl of eighteen, and the first fifteen years of that marriage appeared ideally happy. It is only in the light of subsequent developments that one detects the significance of certain passages in *War and Peace*—the first novel he wrote after his marriage. In that book both Prince Andrew and Pierre to a large extent represent Tolstóy himself, and in an early chapter we find Prince Andrew saying to Pierre:

"Never, never marry, my dear fellow! That's my advice: never marry till you can say to yourself that you have done all you are capable of, and until you have ceased to love the woman of your choice and have seen her plainly as she is, or else you will make a cruel and irrevocable mistake. Marry when you are old and good for nothing—or all that is good and noble in you will be lost. It will all be wasted on trifles. Yes! Yes! Yes! Don't look at me with such surprise. If you marry expecting anything from yourself in the future you will feel at every step that for

you all is ended, all is closed except the drawing-room, where you will be ranged side by side with a court lackey and an idiot!

"My wife," continued Prince Andrew, "is an excellent woman, one of those rare women with whom a man's honour is safe; but, O God, what would I not give now to be unmarried! You are the first and only one to whom I mention this, because I like you.

"You don't understand why I say this," he continued, "but it is the whole story of life. You talk of Bonaparte and his career," said he (though Pierre had not mentioned Bonaparte), "but Bonaparte when he worked went step by step towards his goal. He was free, he had nothing but his aim to consider, and he reached it. But tie yourself up with a woman, and like a chained convict you lose all freedom! And all you have of hope and strength merely weighs you down and torments you with regret. Drawing-rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, and triviality—these are the enchanted circle I cannot escape from."

Then at the end of the novel we are told that:

"The general opinion was that Pierre was under his wife's thumb, which was really true. From the very first days of their married life Natásha had announced her demands. Pierre was greatly surprised by his wife's view, to him a perfectly novel one, that every moment of his life belonged to her and to the family. His wife's demands astonished him, but they also flattered him and he submitted to them."

The Countess made her husband abandon the school work he was so fond of and devote himself to writing novels and developing his estate, in both of which he was highly successful. Before his marriage his means had been very restricted, and as his wife had no dowry the problem of providing for their children—nine of whom survived infancy—was a serious one.

The publication of *War and Peace*, followed by a highly successful series of First Readers and then by the equally successful *Anna Karénina*, greatly improved their financial position; and this, with the successful management of the estate and a very advantageous purchase of land in Samára province, resulted in

Tolstóy's having property to the value of fifty or sixty thousand pounds before he had been married twenty years.

By that time a great change had taken place in him. His interest had turned from success for himself and his family to the very different problem of understanding the purpose and meaning of life—bounded as it is by death, which obliterates material success.

The result of this was that Russia's foremost writer became absorbed for six years in the contemplation and examination of religious thought, though he knew that what he might write about it would be suppressed. That work brought down upon him remonstrances and reproaches from both sides—from materialists and Church folk alike. His wife was expressing the general view when she wrote to her sister: "Levochka is always working, as he expresses it, but alas, he is writing some sort of religious polemic. He reads and thinks till his head aches, and all to prove that the Church is not in accord with the teaching of the Gospels. Hardly ten people in Russia will be interested in it."

This is not the place to deal with the conclusions he reached, but that extremely interesting and admirably written autobiographical work, his *Confession*, shows us how far his reflections were taking him beyond the range of his wife's orthodox social and religious opinions. The series of religious works he wrote during that period culminated in *On Life* (1887), a volume in which he presents the understanding of life he had reached. It was not very generally understood, for his basic conception is that life regarded as animal existence has no satisfactory meaning. It is not till man becomes aware of the spirit within him linking him to the infinite that he can perceive a purpose in life that is not baffled and defeated by the death of his body.

As the great majority of men recognized life only in their physical existence, his perception appeared to them a mystical fantasy unworthy of consideration.

This was very far from the social and financial success his wife expected of him; nor did his extraordinarily interesting autobiographical study of social conditions in *What Then Must We Do?* improve matters.

On the contrary, that acute study of the state of things in Moscow and among the peasantry was greatly resented by his wife. The correctness of his survey is indicated by his prediction of the Revolution: "That danger is growing every day and every hour . . . The workers' revolution with horrors of destruction and murder threatens us . . . and only for a while have we managed to postpone its eruption." But his warning was greatly resented by those who did not want to see what was coming. Probably when the Flood began there were people who denounced Noah, and said that had he not made such a fuss about building the Ark it would never have occurred to the Almighty to send the Flood at all.

Tolstóy was however more moved by the feeling that decent people could not and should not go on calmly enjoying a superfluity of comforts while surrounded by others who lacked necessities. In his ardour it seemed to him at first that others must share his own feeling once the case was put plainly before them, and he looked forward to a joyful bridging of the dangerous gulf between the classes, by the people who possessed ability, education, and means, willingly sharing their advantages with those whose lives were stunted by lack of them. In his *Recollections* Boborýkin, the novelist, gives us a glimpse of Tolstóy as he was in the early 'eighties:

"Tolstóy began with quiet humour and frankness (which showed how far he was removed from the life and habits of his family) to speak of the monstrous life of 'the gentlefolk,' and of how cruelly they treat their servants and how in general they 'delight the devils.'

" 'The other day I said to our ladies,' remarked he, " 'Are you not ashamed to live so? A *bal costumé* at the Governor-General's . . . Dressing up and exposing your bare arms and shoulders!' " With furs and warm rooms they can stand it; but the old coachman has to wait for them till four in the morning in twenty degrees of frost. Pity might at least be felt for him!"

"This introduction set the tone of the conversation. Here was a man who was passing through a period of passionate repudiation of all the vain, egotistic, predatory and insensate things with

which well-fed gentlefolk sweeten their idle existence. And that the first subjects for exposure should be his own 'ladies' was quite in the nature of things."

It was only later that he realized that he had expected too much of others who had not passed through the strenuous preparations he had during the previous years. What to him seemed easy and inevitable to them appeared impossible, and they could not and would not agree to the change of life he was anxious to adopt.

He wanted to distribute his estates among the peasants, but his wife would not hear of this, and had it in her power to stop him, for it would not have been difficult to get the Tsar to declare him incapable of managing or disposing of his estates. Besides that, Tolstóy had no wish to treat his wife harshly or unfairly, though to him the ownership of property had become impossible. An agreement was difficult to reach, but eventually it was decided that the estates should be divided between the wife and the nine surviving children as though Tolstóy were dead. The dates of the successive arrangements give some indication of how difficult it was to arrive at this settlement.

On May 23, 1883, Tolstóy gave his wife a power of attorney over all his property. He also verbally agreed to let her have control of works he had written up to the end of 1880. In 1891 he announced in the Press that all he had written after 1880, and everything he might yet write, was free to everybody; that is, he renounced all copyright. In 1892 he transferred the estates to his wife and children absolutely, by legal deed. The disposal of his literary works was not legally binding, for at law, though it is possible to give property to this or that person or institution, it is not allowable to give it to everybody indiscriminately. What is evident from the whole sequence of events from the publication of *What Then Must We Do?* to the day of his death, is his unwavering desire to take as little for himself and to give others as much as possible. That so popular a writer should be so concerned to elucidate the great problems of life, and so anxious to share his conclusions with mankind (not only without any profit to himself

but in face of acrimonious denunciations and obloquy) is without parallel in modern times. The authors of the Gospel parables, the psalms, and the Old Testament stories, no doubt worked with the same unselfish desire to serve mankind, but nothing of the sort has been customary in recent generations.

One can however readily understand his wife's bitter disappointment and resentment. And apart from his having expected too much of her, that work *What Then Must We Do?*, impressive and important as it is, contains opinions which led unsympathetic people to jump to the conclusion that Tolstóy's efforts were futile, and he himself a poor and worthless thinker.

He had found himself confronted by people in actual want of food. He himself was very strong physically as well as mentally, and, as readers of *Anna Karénina* know, derived great enjoyment from strenuous field-work among the peasants. It is therefore perhaps not surprising if the direct remedy that suggested itself to him for the misery around him was that everyone should contribute a share of the hard manual labour that had to be done, and aid in the production of the food that was needed. He presented this panacea so ardently, so persuasively, and with such sincerity, that—without grasping the deeper meaning of his appeal that we should share one another's burdens—some people were led to believe that going "back to the land" was the best method of saving both society and their own souls.

He himself for several years did much field-work—ploughing, reaping, mowing, and so on—and found that this occupation did him good. But it was not long before he realized that to change his surroundings often hinders rather than helps a man's efforts to serve his fellows. Several small groups of people, both in Russia and elsewhere, after reading *What Then Must We Do?* went "back to the land," the more readily because what Tolstóy said matched very well with things previously said by Ruskin, William Morris, Carlyle, and other writers. But none of these groups of "Colonists" appear to have succeeded, and their failure was readily accepted as an indication that the whole trend of Tolstóy's thought and teaching was wrong. His excessive exaltation of manual labour

evoked a flood of criticism and denunciation that strengthened the Countess's instinctive disapproval of her husband's views.

Tolstóy's own wish had been to leave Yásnaya Polyána and go to live among the peasants, but his wife would not hear of this and even threatened to commit suicide if he left her. He felt that to arouse anger and rancour in the heart of one so near to him would outweigh any good that could possibly result from making the external conditions of his life accord with the aims he had expressed; but the alterations he made in his way of life show how strenuous and persistent were his efforts to simplify his life and to sit more lightly on the backs of those whose labour supplied the food he ate. He abandoned the use of intoxicants and tobacco, became a strict vegetarian, and gave up hunting. Long before this he had been in the habit (not unusual among Russian landed proprietors) of wearing a loose blouse and leather belt, as shown in a well-known portrait Kramskóy painted of him when he was writing *Anna Karénina* in the 'seventies. But as part of his general simplification of life after writing *What Then Must We Do?* he wore only such plain clothes as often led to his being mistaken for a peasant. And all this was very uncongenial to the Countess.

From that time onwards his writings clearly indicate the direction in which he was steadily striving. He produced most of that wonderful series of short and simple stories for the people, the *Twenty-Three Tales*. He encouraged and promoted the establishment of *Posrédnik* (*The Intermediary*) for the publication of cheap and healthy books for the people. His very useful and excellent famine-relief work in 1891-1893 brought him into conflict with the authorities who wished the existence of the famine to be concealed. This led to his being denounced from the pulpit as "Anti-christ," and after an article that had been suppressed in Russia had been mistranslated into English in such a way as to make Tolstóy appear to have incited the peasants to revolt, one of the Tsar's ministers proposed to have him incarcerated in Súzdal Monastery Prison.

Tolstóy's wife had sympathized with his famine-relief work, which met with warm approval in literary and other circles she

respected, but on realizing that his activities and articles were disapproved of in high quarters and that there was imminent danger of his arrest, she (in a natural desire to safeguard him) published a statement which appeared to deny his authorship of the article in question, and this caused him much annoyance. Though his works were censored, he himself placed under police observation, and some of his friends banished, the Tsar would not consent to his arrest, and after the famine was over Tolstóy was able to pursue his course much calumniated but comparatively unmolested.

It is to that critical period of his life that Bernard Shaw refers in an eloquent passage in the Introduction to my *Life of Tolstóy*, in which, after referring to a Russian saying that "nothing matters so long as the baby is not crying," he goes on to say: "If you have a baby who can speak with Tsars in the gate, who can make Europe and America stop and listen when he opens his mouth, who can smite with unerring aim straight at the sorest spots in the world's conscience, who can break through all censorships and all barriers of language, who can thunder on the gates of the most terrible prisons in the world and place his neck under the keenest and bloodiest axes only to find that for him the gates dare not open and the axes dare not fall, then indeed you have a baby that must be nursed and coddled and petted and let go his own way."

It was while he and his daughters were engaged on strenuous relief-work in the famine district that Tolstóy wrote his strongest denunciations of conscription, of the patriotic hypnotization of the nations and of the suppression of freedom of speech and of the Press. These opinions are recorded in *The Kingdom of God is Within You, Christianity and Patriotism*, and other essays. His wife disliked war, but did not approve of an outspokenness that endangered his safety, and the unfinished play, *The Light Shines in Darkness*, reveals something of the terribly trying conditions under which Tolstóy accomplished his work during his later years.

Closely connected with his anti-war activity was the help and encouragement he afforded to many persecuted sectarians and others who refused conscription on conscientious grounds. It is an indication of the influence he was able to exert that after many

of their group had died from the effects of persecution over seven thousand of these sectarians were enabled to leave Russia and settle in Canada in 1899, where their number has since considerably increased.

The most prominent, and one of the most courageous, of those who co-operated with Tolstóy in that affair was V. G. Chertkóv, whose quarrels with Tolstóy's wife figure so conspicuously in this volume. He and some others issued an appeal for help for the Doukhobors, and the signatories of that appeal were sentenced to banishment to various parts of Russia. But Chertkóv's mother had influence at Court, and he was allowed the option of going to live abroad. As he had ample means and had spoken English from childhood it was no great hardship for him to live in this country for a few years, but it secured for him a share in the halo popular opinion accorded to such famous exiles as Herzen and Kropótkin.

Tolstóy (among whose characteristics gratitude for service rendered to him or to causes he had at heart was very strongly marked) attributed a perhaps exaggerated importance to the part Chertkóv played in this affair, and entrusted to him the entire control of the publication of his forbidden works.

Chertkóv understood that, without making any private profit out of these non-copyright publications, the power to dispose of their first publication was enough to provide a revenue sufficient to maintain a considerable staff of secretaries and assistants. At one time he even kept a private photographer, and over a term of years he collected and published a very large number of portraits of Tolstóy and of anything relating to him.

Tolstóy's writing and activities had long been much disliked by the Russian Government and by its subservient tool the Orthodox Church, and at last, in March 1901, the Most Holy Synod issued a decree of Excommunication against Tolstóy, to which he made a very spirited reply.

Countess Tolstóy was naturally indignant that her husband should be selected from among the thousands of other educated Russians who shared his opinion that the dogmas expressed in the Creeds are senseless and superstitious survivals quite indi-

gestible by educated men of to-day who allow themselves to think with their own heads. But in a letter she published she made her disagreement with her husband's opinions quite clear, as well as the fact that she herself was a faithful member of the Orthodox Russo-Greek Church.

My own acquaintance with Tolstóy lasted from 1888 till his death in 1910, and no one who knew him could fail to realize his complete sincerity or to note his constant efforts to advance towards his ideal. This is very evident in his writings when one reads them in their proper sequence and notes the advance of his ideas from stage to stage and from decade to decade. The approaching completion of the Oxford University Press Centenary Edition of his works, which will for the first time give his works to English readers in their proper order, should do much to remove misunderstanding, by enabling the steady growth of his thoughts to be seen, as well as the logical interlocking and overlapping of his pronouncements on various important problems that still perplex mankind to-day.

After his initial error in *What Then Must We Do?* Tolstóy was always careful to avoid condemnation of his wife both in conversation and writing, even when it was hard to explain his own way of life without referring to the relation between them. As the years went on, however, his wife fell more and more into the habit of misrepresenting his opinions and conduct, and attributing motives to him which she, more than anyone else, should have known to be entirely alien to him.

In speaking of a complex conflict of this kind there is a common temptation to over-simplify things. In the present case a plausible key to all that occurred might be found in the statement that the trouble arose over the Countess's desire to secure control of her husband's works and her embittered struggle with Chertkóv, who aimed at the same thing, and finally by referring to the mental breakdown that resulted from her failure to secure the prize she fought for. But matters were really much more complex than that. From the very first the Countess had been abnormally jealous. In her early Diary she tells how distressed and excited she

became because her sister had gone out riding with Tolstóy. She was hysterical, and soon showed indications of suicidal mania. It greatly distressed her that Tolstóy should abandon the pursuit of literary and financial success, and she felt it a duty to her children to urge and persuade him by all means to do as she wished. Failing in this, it was natural for her to make the path he was following as unpleasant for him as possible; and there were plenty of representatives of the Church, the Government, and the "ever-feasting" class he castigated, to supply insinuations and facile reproaches and arguments with which she could annoy and discredit him.

Many people who know Chertkóv think that Tolstóy over-rated his obligations to him, and express surprise that Tolstóy should have made so close a friend of so domineering, quarrelsome, and vindictive a man. Their dislike of Chertkóv sometimes caused them to side with the Countess in her quarrel. To judge the matter fairly one should however remember that Tolstóy as he grew old was greatly in need of someone he could trust, and who was ready and anxious to undertake the management of affairs he himself neither could nor would attend to. Besides that, many of the people around Tolstóy opposed much that he was aiming at, whereas Chertkóv was his devoted adherent in all things.

One important result of the publication of this diary should be to explode a legend which has long formed part of the stock-in-trade of several irresponsible journalists.

That legend arose as a result of Tolstóy's statement in *What Then Must We Do?* of the changes in life and in habits that then seemed to him obligatory on all decent people. So explicit was he, and so evidently and ardently sincere, that many readers assumed that he had himself already put into practice what he aimed at and wished to accomplish. Even Matthew Arnold, in his admirable essay on *Anna Karénina*, tells us that Tolstóy "earns his bread by the labour of his own hands." The idea of Russia's greatest writer, Count Leo Tolstóy, stripping himself of his title and property and earning his living by ploughing and making boots, was so suited to the purposes of sensational journalism that it has been dished up again and again and even illustrated by faked portraits of

Tolstóy as a beggar "in clothes made by himself" and similar nonsense.

But as everyone who knew him was aware that he still lived at Yásnaya Polyána and was strenuously engaged on literary work, that story had to be altered, though some reference to the legend was carefully retained. This was done by presenting Tolstóy no longer as a self-sacrificing saint, but as an unmitigated humbug who cunningly transferred his estates to a devoted wife in order to be able still to live on the fat of the land while pretending to have accomplished what he had outlined in that famous book. This fresh variant also has furnished a number of credulous or unscrupulous writers with material for misleading paragraphs and articles, so that people may still be met with who are unable or unwilling to recognize Tolstóy's singular sincerity. He meant all he wrote, and though he encountered insuperable difficulties that hindered his living in the way he at first intended, he persisted to the end of his life in fulfilling his major purpose—that of taking as little from others and rendering as much service to others as he could. The sequence of his works, in which he goes from strength to strength in the elucidation of life's great problems—as well as the testimony of all who knew him intimately (except his mentally-unbalanced wife and some partisans who thought to serve her by blackening his character)—is conclusive evidence on the matter.

The publication of this book should help to disperse the smoke-screen of misrepresentation that has often diverted attention from the importance of what Tolstóy has said about the chief problems that still face humanity and perplex men's minds.

The dates given in this book are all "old style," that is, they accord with the Julian calendar in use in Russia till after the Revolution. In the twentieth century this was thirteen days behind the Gregorian new style calendar in use in the rest of Europe: January 1, 1901 in Russia was January 14th in England.

All titles of nobility have been abolished in Russia since 1917. Sergéy Lvóvich Tolstóy, the editor of this book, has not used

the title Count or Countess when mentioning his brothers, sisters, and himself, and Leo Tolstóy had ceased to use the title a quarter of a century before his death.

It seems however permissible to call this English edition *Countess Tolstóy's Diary* because that was her title till two years before her death, and previous volumes have so entitled her.

AYLMER MAUDE

PREFACE

By SERGIUS TOLSTÓY

IN order to understand my parents' mutual relations in 1910 correctly, it is necessary to refer to the past. The discord between them was in fact the discord between the Leo Nikoláevich Tolstóy of former years before the change in his outlook on life, and the new Leo Nikoláevich Tolstóy after that change. His former views which were shared by his wife, conflicted with his subsequent views and in many respects contradicted them. He himself admitted this and expressed it more than once. In relation to his family he was influenced by the considerations that until about 1881 he had been a different man, and that that man—a landed proprietor and literary man—had as it were died, and in his place had been born a new man who did not recognize property-rights and did not write for money but for the good of mankind. So the new Leo Tolstóy handed over to his family the heritage left by the old Leo Tolstóy. On May 23, 1883, he gave Sófyá Andréevna (his wife) a full power of attorney to manage his affairs, after which he did not interfere with them any more, having entrusted to her everything he had published up to 1881 and transferred his landed estates to her and to the children (by a deed of partition drawn up in 1892). And in 1891 he announced that anything of his published after 1881, and anything he might publish in future, could be freely used by anyone who pleased.

My mother received half the Yásnaya Polyána estate, the other half with the home going to the youngest son, Iván (Vánichka), after whose death in 1895 it passed to his five brothers according to the then existing law of inheritance.

My mother did not share my father's negative attitude to the ownership of property, but on the contrary continued to think that the richer her children and grandchildren would be, the better. She managed the estate at Yásnaya Polyána, both her own and that belonging to her sons, and tried to sell her husband's

works profitably, deriving an income not only from those published before 1880 but also from later ones, which other people also were free to publish.

My father could not reconcile himself to this state of affairs. He was deeply grieved by his family's mode of life and by the proprietary management of things at Yásnaya Polyána, which involved the protection of the estate and consequently the employment of violence. As to the sale of his works, he noted in his Diary on March 27, 1895: "That my writings of the last ten years have been sold, has been the hardest thing in my life."

But can my mother be blamed for exerting herself to secure material advantages for her descendants? And can those who sit in judgment on her point to many mothers who do not desire material welfare for their children?

From 1902 they no longer went to Moscow for the winter but remained at Yásnaya Polyána. A certain *modus vivendi* was established between them, and externally—but only externally—it seemed as though all were well. During the first half of 1910 life at Yásnaya Polyána flowed on much as it had done in previous years. Tolstóy's day was divided pretty regularly. Rising generally before eight, he arranged his own room, went for a short walk and then settled down to work. About two o'clock he had lunch, after which he went for a walk or a ride on horseback and after his return took a rest and at about six o'clock dined with the family. In the evening he read talked or listened to music, played chess or bridge, and went to bed towards midnight.

My younger sister Alexándra Lvóvna (Sáscha) ardently copied my father's letters and articles, tapping dexterously and rapidly on a typewriter. Valentín Fedorovich Bulgákov, who lived now at Yásnaya Polyána and now near by at Telyátinki, helped with his correspondence and with the compilation of *For Every Day*.¹ The doctor, D. P. Makovítski, watched over his health and often

¹ A collection of sayings and reflections that accorded with Tolstóy's own view of life, drawn up by him from the sayings of sages and masters of all countries and ages. During the last years of his life he devoted much time and care to this compilation.

accompanied him on his rides, besides visiting the small dispensary and the sick folk in the village every day.

My mother managed the household matters and estate affairs, corrected proofs for her edition of Tolstóy's works, and wrote her Diaries and autobiography, *My Life*. She got up later than my father, at ten or eleven o'clock, and went to bed later than he. She invited Varvára Mikháylovna Feokrítova to stay at Yásnaya Polyána to copy out what she wrote. Varvára Mikháylovna also helped my sister Alexándra to copy Tolstóy's writings and was very friendly with her.

A day seldom passed without relations, guests, and visitors arriving. Oftenest of all came our neighbours from Ovsyánnikovo and Telyátinki. My sister, Tatiána Lvóvna Sukhotín, had a small estate at Ovsyánnikovo, five versts from Yásnaya Polyána (a verst is about two-thirds of a mile). She herself did not live there, but a follower of Tolstóy's, Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, did, and I. I. Gorbunóv-Posádov's family stayed there in summer. At Telyátinki—two and a half versts from Yásnaya Polyána—lived V. G. Chertkóv's wife and son, Anna Konstantínovna and Vladímír Vladímirovich, on a small estate belonging to my younger sister Alexándra, part of which Chertkóv had bought from her, and in summer the pianist A. B. Goldenweiser and his wife lived there. The Chertkóvs had many visitors and guests as well as some peasant lads who lived there and worked on the land with Vladímír Vladímirovich, their son.

By an absurd Government restriction Vladímír Grigórevich Chertkóv himself was forbidden to live in the province of Túla, and this regulation lasted from the spring of 1909 to the summer of 1910. It was withdrawn on June 28, 1910, when he again began to visit Yásnaya Polyána almost every day until Sófya Andréevna opposed it

My mother had a tendency to hysteria and as the years passed lost her mental balance more and more. We must suppose that her dissensions with my father contributed to this result. Her hysteria increased first of all after the death of her adored youngest son Vánichka in 1895, secondly after she had undergone a serious

operation in 1906, and thirdly—probably owing to pathological causes—in 1910. It is evident from her *Diary* that her mental condition deteriorated seriously in the second half of June 1910, when she was agitated by the comparatively insignificant circumstance of her husband postponing for two days his departure from Meshchérskoe, where he was staying with the Chertkóvs. From that time onwards not a day passed without her complaining in conversation and in her *Diaries* of sleeplessness, neuralgic pains in various parts of her body, fatigue, irritability, and so on. Small as well as large occurrences served to bring on these hysterical attacks. She looked at life as through a distorting mirror, and at times lost her self-control completely, so that she cannot be held responsible for some of her words and actions.

Her eldest daughter, T. L. Sukhotín, wrote to her on July 1st that year: "I see that you are suffering from hysteria. That illness causes you to see everything in an exaggerated and perverted form, and therefore you must try to be cured of it . . . Everyone knows that women's ailments act very strongly on their nervous system."

To what an extent my mother's conduct poisoned my father's life from the end of June till he left Yásnaya Polyána, can be seen from all the notes made at that time—the *Diaries* of both my parents, as well as notes made by Goldenweiser, Bulgákov, Makovítski, Feokrítova and others.

As was mentioned in the Introduction to the third part of my mother's *Diary*, her abnormal condition caused her to adopt certain fixed ideas that reduced her to a sad and hopeless state and produced in her a sickly relation towards her life.

In the second half of 1910 she became afraid of being reputed to be like Xanthippe, the shrewish wife of Socrates. She also adopted a very hostile attitude towards V. G. Chertkóv whom she tried to exclude from her husband's life, and she passionately desired to find her husband's will and secure its destruction.

Having during the first years of her married life been accustomed to reading all her husband's *Diaries* and letters, to know all that he wrote, and to copy it out for him, she considered it an affront

that she was excluded from sharing in his work as a writer¹ and that she was not allowed to read the Diaries of his later years, which were kept at Chertkóv's. She suspected, not without reason, that there were some unfavourable allusions to her in those Diaries, and fearing to be reputed a Xanthippe she tried with all her might to secure their return from Chertkóv and their transference to her.

She hoped that her insistence would induce her husband to strike out any remarks to which she objected—which in fact he did to some extent (in the Diaries of 1888 to 1895). And she succeeded in getting him to take back his Diaries from Chertkóv, but only to place them in the Túla Bank for safe custody.

As in her opinion Chertkóv was guilty of preventing her participation in her husband's activity and having the care of his manuscripts, the custody of his Diaries, etc., and as in her eyes it was also his fault that Tolstóy made a will, the most acute of her fixed ideas was that she must separate Chertkóv from Tolstóy, and her unfriendly relation towards him amounted to hatred.

Until the middle of 1910 she tolerated him and was even friendly. In March 1909, for instance, she wrote a letter to the Press in which she spoke of the enactment forbidding Chertkóv to reside in Túla province, as an act of violence, and said that his only offence was his nearness to Tolstóy, and that though she disagreed with him and with her husband in many things, Chertkóv's propaganda was directed to love and to a lofty morality. In the summer of 1910 her attitude changed abruptly, partly owing to Chertkóv's own hostile attitude towards her. On July 1st they had an unpleasant conversation in which he said: "If I wished to, I could smirch you as much as I please—you and your family. . . . Had I had such a wife I should long ago have shot myself or run away to America. . . . If you want to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of killing your husband, I will close the conversation . . ." and so on. There is a note relating to that in Golden-

¹ She had ceased to copy for him early in the 'eighties, when his book *A Criticism of Dogmatic Theology* met with her disapproval, and she declined to copy it. Her place was then taken by each of her three daughters in turn; by Tatiana till she married, by Másha till she died, and by Sáscha till Tolstóy himself died.

weiser's book *Talks with Tolstóy*, and Chertkóv himself mentions it in a letter to Sófya Andréevna. In that letter he withdraws his words about "Had I had such a wife I should long ago have shot myself." But words are not sparrows—once you let them out you cannot catch them, and some words cannot be forgotten.

In general Chertkóv's attitude towards my mother was far from being a kindly one, as is shown in his letters, his actions, (especially after my father's death), and by his writings (both *The Last Days of Tolstóy* and his Introductions to Tolstóy's posthumous works).

In his letters to Tolstóy he repeatedly refers to Tolstóy's family life in most gloomy tones. For instance in the autumn of 1909 he writes to him of the "horrors which already for some years past have gone on around you" In August 1910, when after a talk with P. I. Birukóv, Tolstóy felt doubtful as to whether he had done well to draw up a formal will, Chertkóv wrote him a long letter in which he described Tolstóy's relation to his family in an exaggerated and misleading light. (See that letter, of August 11, 1910, in Maude's *Life of Tolstóy*, vol. II, pp. 489-502.) Though my mother did not read Chertkóv's letter (which was immediately returned to him) she could not but feel his hostility towards her.

That hostility is particularly vividly expressed in a letter he wrote to the Bulgarian, Christo Dosev, who having left Bulgaria in order not to have to serve in the army, made friends with Chertkóv and wrote to him:

"There is nothing worse than slavery. And a particularly bad form of slavery is slavery to a spoilt child one has spoilt oneself. But I know no worse slavery in the world than being enslaved to a stupid, coarse woman. . . . Is not Sófya Andréevna such a woman, and is not Leo Nikoláevich in slavery to her?"

Chertkóv, copying those words in his letter, replied to him:

"You are mistaken in supposing that Leo Nikoláevich is in slavery to Sófya Andréevna and does whatever she wishes. On the contrary there is a limit beyond which he does not go. He does not give way when she demands of him what is distinctly against his conscience." Then he goes on to say that if L.N. has

not gone away from his wife, this is only because he is not yet sufficiently convinced that he *ought* to do so, and does not feel it to be God's will that he should go. . . . "A free and peaceful life (away from Yásnaya Polyána and his wife) in comparison with *that hell*¹ in which he has now to live, would indeed be a real paradise. . . . It is obvious that if he does not do that, it is not from weakness or cowardice or from selfishness, but on the contrary from a feeling of duty and a manly determination to remain at his post to the very end."

In confirmation of his words Chertkóv gives extracts from Tolstóy's own Diary.

Further he says that no one suffers more from Tolstóy's relations with Sófya Andréevna than he himself and Anna Konstantínovna (Mme. Chertkóv), and that at moments of spiritual weakness it was very painful for him to be aware, "*that the crazy will of a woman who does not love him but hates his soul, and whom egotism, malice, and avarice have driven insane, should, as it were, have control over the personal communications between Leo Nikoláevich and ourselves—his nearest and supremely devoted friends.*" It seems to him that "Leo Nikoláevich, owing to the wonderful purity of his own heart, is incapable of seeing Sófya Andréevna as she really is."

Chertkóv saw an achievement in the fact that Tolstóy continued to live at Yásnaya Polyána. "To him who has proclaimed the law of love in its only true and unlimited meaning it was necessary to have the possibility of manifesting in his own life that such unlimited and complete love is attainable. *And for that it was necessary that he should have an implacably cruel gaoler such as his whole life has been bound up with, in the person of Sófya Andréevna.*"

The letter to Dosev would have significance only as expressing to his "friend" Chertkóv's personal opinion, had it not been sent on by A. K. Chertkóv (with her husband's knowledge) to Tolstóy himself. Tolstóy's best friend passes on to him the epithets Dosev bestowed on his wife: "a stupid, coarse woman"—and himself calls her "a woman who hates his soul and whom egotism, malice,

¹ My italics here and later.—S.L.T.

and avarice have driven insane . . . a cruel gaoler" and so on. About that letter Tolstóy wrote to Chertkóv on October 22nd: "The reading of Dosev's letter was, as you rightly guessed, painful and awkward for me. Yours to Dosev was and is (apart from everything else) salutary for me, elucidating the past and the present . . ."

In his Diary he wrote on October 22nd: "In the letter to Dosev there is much that is true, but not all. There is also weakness." And on October 23rd. "The letter to Dosev is chiefly a programme for me, which I am still far from carrying out." And in the small Diary "For myself alone" he wrote on October 22nd: "All very good, but it is unpleasant that the privacy of my Diary is infringed."

Life in the home at Yásnaya Polyána in 1910, the conversations, letters, and Diaries of that period, and my father's final home-leaving, can only be correctly understood in connection with his will.

Till he drew up a formal will his last wishes had been expressed in a Diary-entry of March 27, 1895, when he wrote: "The right in my former works—in the ten volumes and in *The First Reader*—I ask my heirs to give to the public: that is, to renounce copyright in them. But I only ask this. I do not impose it. To do it would be good, and also well for them. If they do not do it, that is their affair. It will mean that they are not ready to do it. The fact that my works have been sold these last ten years has been the most painful thing in my life." On February 4, 1909 he again expressed the same wish in his Diary.

That desire was *not legally binding on his heirs*: it was only *morally obligatory*. His heirs could have disregarded it, but once that wish had been expressed, it *could not have been destroyed or hidden*. Three copies were kept of the entry in the Diary of 1895—one by my sister Másha, one by Chertkóv, and one by me. But even if the original and all the copies had been destroyed, the evidence of those who had read that entry would have been sufficient testimony to Leo Nikoláevich's wish.

A formal will was a different matter. It was *legally binding on*

the heirs, but it could be destroyed; and the possibility of its destruction led to a painful struggle between Sófyá Andréevna and those sympathizing with her on the one hand, and Chertkóv and his partisans on the other.

Chertkóv could not content himself with the testamentary wishes expressed by Leo Nikoláevich in his Diaries. In the first place he was convinced that only a formal will could ensure that the works of Tolstóy should become public property, which he felt would have immense importance by contributing to their cheapness and making them accessible to the working people. ("If he really desired his writings to be freely accessible to everyone after his death, he could not secure that object without making a formal will." *The Last Days of Tolstóy*, by V. Chertkóv, pp. 37-38.) Secondly he knew that only by means of a formal will could Tolstóy's wish that he (Chertkóv) should remain editor and publisher of all his works after his death be fulfilled. The storing, editing, publishing, and circulating of Tolstóy's works was the chief business of Chertkóv's life, and he could not help striving for the opportunity to continue that work.

I do not know how the intention of making a formal will first occurred to my father. I cannot be sure that Chertkóv first suggested it. He himself in his book says that his share in drawing up the will was merely auxiliary and executive, and that he neither initiated nor directed it. However, the first version of the will was written at Chertkóv's place at Krekshino and from the words of Leo Nikoláevich himself ("This affair is painful for me," and "Chertkóv has drawn me into this strife," etc.) it is clear that if Chertkóv was not the originator of the will he had much influence on its formulation. In any case he was ardently in favour of the will, and when it had been written persuaded Leo Nikoláevich by all means to hide it from Sófyá Andréevna and his sons.

My father certainly was under Chertkóv's influence to a certain extent. That influence had grown gradually during their many years' friendly co-operation. My father considered himself under great obligations to Chertkóv, who had helped to found the publishing firm *Posrédník* (the *Intermediary*) which issued

many of Tolstóy's works and other cheap books and booklets of a similar tendency which circulated very widely. Chertkóv had boldly issued a protest against the persecution of the Doukhobors, for which he had suffered a nine-year exile abroad. While there he had established the Free Age Press, which issued Tolstóy's prohibited works, and he helped persecuted sectarians and others who under Tolstóy's influence had refused military service. He exerted himself to arrange translations of Tolstóy's works into foreign languages, formed a collection of Tolstóy's manuscripts, and so on. My father valued all this activity highly and could not but yield to Chertkóv on certain points.

Chertkóv's friend, P. I. Birukóv, wrote: "I was sorry to see how V. G. Chertkóv domineered over Leo Nikoláevich (or so it seemed to me), making him sometimes do things apparently not in accord with his own way of thinking. Leo Nikoláevich, though he loved Chertkóv sincerely, seemed to find this guardianship trying but submitted to it absolutely since it was done in the name of principles dear to him."

It is known that my father's first formal will was drawn up on September 18, 1909 during his stay with Chertkóv at Krekshino. By that will he authorized anyone who wished to do so to republish any of his works printed after 1880, but appointed Chertkóv to edit and publish them. That will proved to be legally inoperative. Then he wrote a second will nominating his younger daughter Alexándra (Sásha) legatee of the copyright of all his writings including those printed before 1881. At that time by word of mouth, and later by means of a supplementary note to the will, he left the editing and the first publication of his posthumous works to V. G. Chertkóv, entrusting it to him to place his works at everyone's disposal.

The story of the signing of that will has been described correctly enough by F. A. Strákhov, whom Chertkóv sent to Yásnaya Polyána to ask Leo Nikoláevich to write out a formal will nominating as his heir a definite person—namely, Alexándra Lvóvna. Strákhov performed that mission successfully, and on November 1, 1909 my father himself wrote out his will, but did it reluctantly

and with qualms of conscience. This is what he said to Strákhov: "All this business is very disagreeable to me, and it is quite unnecessary—there is no need to safeguard the dissemination of one's thoughts by various legalities! Christ—though it is strange that I should seem to compare myself with him—was not concerned lest people should appropriate his thoughts as their personal property, but uttered them boldly and went to the cross for them. And those thoughts were not lost. A word cannot vanish without a trace if it expresses the truth, and if the man who utters it believes in its truth. These external measures of precaution only come of our doubts about what we utter."

From these words of my father's it is evident that the initiative in drawing up a formal will did not come from him, or he would not have said that it was unnecessary and that he found it hard.

The form of the will my father wrote when Strákhov called on him proved again to be invalid, and he rewrote it again and again. The last version of it he wrote on July 22, 1910 sitting on a tree-stump in the State forest of Zásėka, near the village of Ugryúmo.

Though officially Alexáandra Lvóvna became my father's heir, she was actually to be only a transmitter. An "accompanying note" to the will definitely placed the editorship and publication of Tolstóy's literary inheritance in the hands of V. G. Chertkóv, who was to throw open the right of publication for general use.

Was a formal will essential and was it necessary to keep it secret from Sófya Andréevna? Would serious harm have been done to the activity of publishing and circulating Tolstóy's works after his death had he not written a formal will? I think not. Even assuming that some of his heirs-at-law would have wished to avail themselves of their right, not all members of the family would have agreed with them. Would not those of his family who wished to fulfil his request have opposed the others' demand? My sister Tatiána, for instance, intended to claim for herself the right to publish some of his works and to allow anyone to do so. Probably some compromise would have been arrived at, and the

interests of the *Posrédník* (the *Intermediary* publishing firm) and other publishers—friends of Tolstóy, and even of Chertkóv himself—would have been taken into consideration. The devil was not as black as Chertkóv painted him.

It is true that my father could not summon the family and announce his formal will to them as Birukóv proposed. That would have evoked a storm which he could not have endured, and as a result the will would have been destroyed. But had there been no will or had he himself destroyed it, he could not merely have summoned his family and informed them of his wish, but could have announced in the Press that he wished all his works to become common property after his death. That wish would have been morally binding on his heirs, and both the Press and public opinion would have dealt sternly with them had they failed to carry it out.

My mother began to suspect the existence of the will from July 24th onwards. Her suspicions were aroused by a remark she overheard my father make to Chertkóv about some "paper," and then by my father's and Sáša's refusal to reply to the question put by her and by her sons Andréy and Lév as to whether there was a will. She rightly concluded that since they refused to answer the question, it meant that there was one. And beginning in October—having read Leo Nikoláevich's Diary "For myself alone"—she not only guessed, but knew, that there was a will; but she did not know what it contained, which tormented her unendurably. The secrecy with which the will was enveloped, her ignorance of its contents, her fear that she and her children would be deprived of the literary inheritance and that the collected edition of Tolstóy's works she was publishing would remain on her hands unsold, all intensified her diseased condition and poisoned her own and my father's life more and more.

She felt herself hurt and ill-used. How could her husband, who had lived with her for forty-eight years, conceal his testamentary dispositions from her? She was partial and far from being always truthful, as is characteristic of those who suffer from hysteria. Of course she had mercenary aims—not for herself but only for her

children and her "twenty-three grandchildren,"¹ as she was fond of repeating. She was convinced of her right: Tolstóy's inheritance ought to belong to his family, and she tried by all means to find the will in order to get it destroyed.

Chertkóv for his part wanted to preserve the will and to conceal it from Sófya Andréevna. Hence the strife between them.

Those two were each surrounded by sympathizers—Sófya Andréevna's being her sons Lév and Andréy, and some visiting relations, friends and acquaintances; while Chertkóv's were his wife Anna Konstantínovna, my sister Alexándra (Sásha), V. M. Feokrítova, A. B. Goldenweiser, and others. And so there arose around my father something that can only be called intrigues.

Sófya Andréevna importuned him with questions as to whether there was a will. He replied evasively. She arranged hysterical scenes and threatened suicide. My brother Andréy preemptorily demanded an answer from my father, who replied that he did not consider himself obliged to give one. The same reply was given by my sister Alexándra to my brother Lev. A Miss Almedingen came to see my mother and sounded her as to the possibility of all Tolstóy's works being purchased by the publishing firm *Prosveshénie* for a million rubles. Sófya Andréevna sought means of arranging this, but Leo Nikoláevich was indignant and of course would not give his consent—and so on.

Chertkóv and his sympathizers developed an intensive activity to maintain the secrecy of the will. Chertkóv wrote Tolstóy a long letter in which he tried to prove that Sófya Andréevna was a monster, and that she and her sons were actuated by avarice; Alexándra Lvóvna was harsh with her, and being named in the will was particularly anxious that her mother should not learn of it; and V. M. Feokrítova and A. B. Goldenweiser interfered in the Tolstóys' family affairs and made their mutual relations more difficult. For instance, A. B. Goldenweiser during his rides with Leo Nikoláevich spoke of the "terrible stories" about Sófya Andréevna and said that Birukóv "acted badly by speaking to you

¹ Actually the "twenty-three" included children as well as grandchildren.
A.M.

(about the will) without having consulted any of those near to you who were acquainted with the affair." After that conversation my father noted in his Diary "For Myself Alone": "Rode with Goldenweiser For some reason I find his company oppressive."

When Tolstóy rested from the oppressive atmosphere of Yásnaya Polyána by staying at his daughter Tatiána's at Kochetý, Goldenweiser for some unknown reason sent him a note in which V. M. Feokrítova had taken down almost verbatim some hysterical remarks she had overheard from Sófyá Andréevna on September 4th. Why should Feokrítova have taken down those remarks, and why should Goldenweiser have passed them on? He thereby only still more depressed Tolstóy, who was already much depressed. In reply to that letter Tolstóy wrote: "However hard it is for me to know all that and to know that so many *outsiders* know about it, it is salutary for me, though in Varvára Mikháylovna's note and in your opinion on the subject *there is much and bad exaggeration, disregard of her sickly condition, and confusion of good sentiments with bad ones . . .*"

That letter shows better than any commentary how unpleasant the intrusion of outsiders into his family life was for Tolstóy. I am ready to admit that both Goldenweiser and Feokrítova acted out of love for him, but how little they understood him and his relations with Sófyá Andréevna.¹

P. I. Birukóv in his *Biography* has described impartially enough the circumstances prevailing at Yásnaya Polyána in 1910. He writes: "Those living at Yásnaya Polyána were then experiencing a depressing time. People arriving there received the impression of some kind of a fight between two parties: one (at the head of which stood Chertkóv) was represented by Alexándra Lvóvna

¹ That lack of understanding is also seen in Goldenweiser's book, called in English, *Talks with Tolstóy*. In that book there is much valuable material, but Goldenweiser was under Chertkóv's influence, and as a witness and a participant in the drawing-up of the will, believed in that will and attributed great importance to it. So though he says that he has no intention of condemning Sófyá Andréevna he does in fact condemn her and his attitude towards her cannot be considered impartial.

and Varvára Mikháylovna Feokrítova, and the other by Sófyá Andréevna and her sons¹ Tatiána Lvóvna, who was not often at Yásnaya Polyána, stood rather aside and might have served as a good intermediary between the parties had circumstances been favourable thereto."

Such was the position of affairs at Yásnaya Polyána in 1910. The best evidence of the correctness of my point of view is my father's small intimate Diary "For Myself Alone." From the end of July he kept two Diaries: a large and a small one, of which the large one was given to Chertkóv to copy. Everybody read it—Chertkóv and all those to whom he chose to lend it. But the small Diary my father did not give to anyone to read, not even to Chertkóv. Its very heading, "For Myself Alone," shows that my father disliked Chertkóv and others reading his Diary, and the small Diary proves that he more than once doubted whether he had done well to make a formal will.

In August he wrote that he agreed with P. I. Birukóv that it would have been better simply to call his heirs together and announce his will to them, and that only Chertkóv's persistence had restrained him from doing so. And the following words in the small Diary cannot be forgotten: "Chertkóv has drawn me into strife, and that strife is very hard and repulsive to me" (written on July 30th, soon after drawing up the will). "Have received a letter from Chertkóv containing reproaches and accusations. They tear me in pieces. I sometimes think I ought to get away from them all" (September 24th). To Chertkóv he wrote: "The circulation of my writings will hardly be worth the suspicion caused by the inconsistency of my actions." (He was referring to the making of a formal will which relied on legal authority.)

He was troubled by doubts even during his last illness at Astápovo. On November 5th he said to his daughter Tatiána: "On Sónya much is falling. We have arranged badly." And to Dr. Nikítin he began to dictate, but delirium prevented his con-

¹ Of the sons only Andréy and Lev were completely on their mother's side. Ilyá and Mikháil were seldom at Yásnaya Polyána, and at that time I was rather opposed to my mother's demands than in favour of them. S.L.T.

tinuing: "Abandon all my plans . . . Why don't you want to take it down? It is very important."

As is seen from the Diary "For Myself Alone" my father told his daughter Tatiána of his will. At first she expressed full sympathy with it, but later on she was of a different opinion. On October 18th she wrote to her younger sister Sáscha: "I told you my opinion about the affair. When I first heard of it, my heart contracted before I could weigh anything. I think that was because I immediately pictured to myself the blame and anger against Papa and you and Chertkóv that will spring up as a result of it. In the second place the necessity of applying to the Government to confirm and enforce the will is very unpleasant to me." Furthermore she wrote that if after our father's death no formal will was found, those of the family who did not wish to avail themselves of their rights would take the portion legally theirs and would hand it over for the public benefit.

She wrote this before she knew of the "supplementary memorandum" to the will. Had she known of that she would probably have sympathized even less with the will. At the end of her letter she asked her sister to show it to their father, which the latter did not do.

As is known, on the night of October 28th (old style) my father left Yásnaya Polyána intending not to return but to settle in some other place under different circumstances.

Why did he go? And why had he not gone sooner?

It is not possible to give a simple and categorical reply to those questions.

V. G. Chertkóv admits that. He says in *The Last Days of Tolstóy*: "No investigation however careful can exhaust all the outer and inner circumstances receding into an endless past, that have brought about the event in question. Besides, even in the domain of Tolstóy's personal life which admits of inquiry, the direct and indirect causes of his 'going away' are so numerous and many-sided that it is beyond the power of a single individual to make an exhaustive enumeration of them."

The dream of abandoning the manner of life in which he had

grown up and beginning a new and simple life in other surroundings, had arisen in my father's mind long before—as far back as the early 'eighties, when the change occurred in his outlook on life. From that time he constantly dreamt of living a simple and hard-working life in accord with his beliefs. But that was impossible while he lived with his family who were accustomed to a comparatively luxurious life, and impossible too at Yásnaya Polyána which had been his property and was managed as a landlord's estate with the usual legal protection that involves the use of force. The dream of "going away" showed itself in many of his works—in the story of Fedor Kuzmích, of Father Sergius, and others, and especially in his play *The Light Shines in Darkness*. Twice, in 1884 and in 1897, he tried to go away, but did not accomplish his purpose. He considered it contrary to his duty to leave his wife and children, and that was the fundamental cause of his remaining at Yásnaya Polyána. But perhaps there were other causes besides that fundamental one: the possibility of writing his works in the favourable surroundings of Yásnaya Polyána, or simply his attachment to his family. There is some amount of truth in what V. Veresáev says in *The Artistic Life of L. N. Tolstóy*: "Sófya Andréevna is not a Xanthippe, nor is Tolstóy's relation to her that of Socrates to his wife—enduring with stoical tranquillity the family life fate had allotted him. Tolstóy loved his wife ardently and tenderly. . . . Such being their mutual relations it is easier for us to understand why it was so mortally hard for him to leave his wife. It meant for him to tear out of his heart with blood and torture the love that had grown deep into it, and to tear out all pity. While he was deeply and blissfully breathing the fresh air of a clean new life, the sick, tormented woman would be wandering about exasperatedly somewhere in solitude, uttering curses and complaints against life, or possibly even lying on the ground cut to pieces by the wheels of the train that had borne him away—like Anna Karénina 'cruelly vindictive . . . triumphant, having carried out the threat of inflicting on him a totally useless but irrevocable remorse.'

"That was what for thirty years kept Tolstóy from going

away, and not the temptation of the tomato salad and barley-coffee with cream that Sófya Andréevna prepared for him."

However that may be, until October 28 (o.s.), 1910 my father did not desert his family. In his Diary (and in *The Light Shines in Darkness*) he wrote that his part was *uródstvo*—which meant that he endured people's condemnation for an apparent, but not real, contradiction between his way of life and his beliefs.

He said that when in doubt how to act, one should take the decision that involves most self-denial, and he considered that remaining at Yásnaya Polyána was such a decision. Three days before he went away he confessed to M. A. Schmidt his desire to do so, and spoke of it as a weakness. He knew what a blow the separation would be to his wife. He knew that she would employ all possible means, even to the point of suicide, to keep him at Yásnaya Polyána or to bring him back if he went away. But life there became at last a burden beyond his endurance. In 1910 he completed his eighty-second year and tranquillity was essential for him. But instead of tranquillity he had to encounter my mother's hysterical attacks, in which the same things were repeated again and again: reproaches, complaints of what she considered to be her unhappy fate, hostile thrusts at Chertkóv, insane suspicions, demands that her husband should hand his Diaries to her and disclose the contents of his will, threats of suicide, and so forth. The strife that arose concerning the meetings with Chertkóv and his friends poured oil on the fire. It was contrary to my father's nature to do anything secretly, and particularly to conceal anything from his wife. But Chertkóv and his partisans persuaded him in all sorts of ways to conceal the will from her, repeating to him the ill-considered speeches of Sófya Andréevna and exaggerating the consequences of disclosing and destroying the will. He felt that the fundamental reason for staying at Yásnaya Polyána—namely a life with his family—had lost its meaning. His old dream of a different life again rose up, and on October 28th (o.s.) he received "the jolt that incited him to leave." Indignant that Sófya Andréevna should be searching in his study he went away secretly during the night. He could not leave openly. Sófya

Andréevna would have employed every possible means to keep him from doing so, and if he had persisted would have followed him.

The point of view I have expressed agrees with the opinion of my sister Tatiána and my brother Ilyá.

My sister T. L. Sukhotín concluded her article *Sur la mort de mon père* (*Extrait D'Europe*, No. 67, Les Éditions Rieder. Paris 1928) with the following words:

Telle a été, pour l'essential, la vie de deux êtres aussi rapprochés par un mutuel amour que séparés par la divergence de leurs aspirations. Infiniment près l'un de l'autre, mais aussi infiniment distants l'un de l'autre. Cas particulier d'une lutte éternelle: la lutte de la puissance de l'esprit et de la grandeur de chair.

Et qui prendrait sur lui de désigner le coupable? L'esprit peut-il renoncer à défendre sa liberté?

Peut-on faire grief à la chair de lutter pour l'existence? Peut-on reprocher à ma mère de n'avoir pas été capable de suivre son mari sur les hauteurs? Ce fut encore plus son malheur que sa faute, et ce malheur l'a brisée

Et mon père était il coupable d'avoir voulu sauver ce quelque chose dont "parfois il sentait la trace en lui" . . . (as he wrote in his Diary on October 28, 1910).

In 1928 my brother Ilyá added two chapters on my father's will and home-leaving to his book *Reminiscences of Tolstóy*. The following extracts show his view of the case:

"He (my father) was thrust into a position from which there was absolutely no way out. To tell everything to his wife was out of the question, for that would have grievously offended his 'friends.' To have destroyed the will would have been worse still, for his 'friends' had suffered for his principles morally and materially, and had been exiled from Russia, and he felt himself under obligations to them.

"And on the top of all this came his fainting-fits, his increasing loss of memory, the clear consciousness of the approach of death and the continually growing nervousness of his wife, who in her heart of hearts felt the unnatural estrangement of her husband and could not understand it.

"And if she asked him what he was concealing from her, he would either have to say nothing, or tell her the truth.

"But that was impossible.

"What was he to do?

"And so it came about that the long-cherished dream of leaving Yásnaya Polyána presented itself as the only means of escape."

Undoubtedly the question of leaving home confronted my father throughout the last thirty years of his life.

That is to be seen from many entries in his Diaries and from various passages in his correspondence with friends.

For thirty years that ardent dream loomed continuously before his mind's eye and for thirty years he set it aside considering that he had not the right to fulfil it.

"Sufferings are necessary for spiritual growth," he said to himself, and in suffering he sought consolation.

To go away from Yásnaya Polyána and shake its dust from his feet would have been far easier and pleasanter for him than to remain there, and for that reason he did not go.

In his penultimate letter to Serezha and Tánya (Sergius and Tatiána) dated from Shamárdino, 4 a.m., October 31, 1910 (o.s.) he wrote: "I cannot help being afraid of everything and cannot free myself from a sense of responsibility but I had not the strength to act otherwise."

My father's home-leaving resulted in his illness and death. A week before he left, M. N. Novíkov (a peasant with whom he was friendly) tried to dissuade him, saying that at Yásnaya Polyána his life was, as it were, artificially preserved, and that he would not survive harder conditions. And that remark proved prophetic.

Those journeys he made from October 28th to November 1st in the depth of autumn, could not but be harmful to him at his age. During that time he drove with horses from Yásnaya Polyána to Shchókino station, and then by rail to Kozelsk, being in a stuffy third-class carriage from Gorbachevo onwards. At Kozelsk he alighted and drove with horses to Óptina Pústyn and Shamárdino. Then back to Kozelsk, and on to Astápovo by rail. Altogether

he drove more than fifty versts in bad weather and over wretched roads. And what was worse, he was in an agitated and depressed condition all the time.

My father's home-leaving might also have resulted in the death of my mother had her attempted suicide not been prevented. But mental rather than physical suffering was her lot, as is seen by her Diary. On November 29, 1910, for instance, she wrote: "Unendurable anguish, gnawing of conscience and pity for my late husband that amounts to suffering. How he suffered during the last period!" And on December 13th: "Oh, these terrible sleepless nights, alone with my thoughts and tormented by conscience! The darkness of the winter nights, and the darkness of my soul!"

A. B. Goldenweiser wrote of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána on December 7, 1910, as follows: "When I came out (from Tolstóy's bedroom) Sófyá Andréevna stopped me. I shall never forget her face and her whole figure. In a trembling and broken voice she began: 'What happened to me? What overcame me? How could I have done it? I myself don't know what it was. . . . If you only knew what I am enduring, Alexander Borísovich! These terrible nights! How could I have been so blind? You know I killed him!'"

N. N. Gay, junior, an old friend of the Tolstóy family, wrote on January 30, 1911, to a friend of his: "I went to Yásnaya Polyána to say good-bye to Sófyá Andréevna before I left. Never have I experienced such pity as I felt for that poor unhappy woman, abandoned by everyone in her old age and tormented by belated and impotent remorse. Yet I cannot say that she has renounced the senseless strife with Chertkóv which conduced to Tolstóy's tragic end."

After 1910 my mother lived almost continuously at Yásnaya Polyána till her death in 1919. She continued to attend to the estate management, which was uncongenial to her, wrote her memoirs, received visitors, willingly showing them Leo Nikoláevich's room, and often went to his grave. Her nervous system recovered somewhat but was never fully restored. The fear that

she would be thought badly of after her death continued to torment her, and she sought to justify herself in all sorts of ways—in conversations, in letters, and in her memoirs. She became quieter and was gentler to those about her, but she continued to be hostile to V. G. Chertkóv.

Chertkóv himself contributed to that. Soon after Leo Nikoláevich's death he and my sister Alexándra Lvónna adopted a series of hostile measures towards her in order to obtain possession of Tolstóy's manuscripts which she had deposited for safe custody in the Historical Museum in Moscow. In a letter of his in 1913 to Kasso, the Minister of Education, applying for the transfer of those manuscripts to Alexándra Lvónna (and consequently to himself) Chertkóv did not even admit Sófya Andréevna's abnormal condition. He wrote:

"Some people have tried to convince themselves and others that Sófya Andréevna's relations to Leo Nikoláevich, which rendered his further residence with her impossible, arose chiefly from considerations quite unrelated to any interest in his literary property. They attribute her conduct to various causes, chiefly to her illness, diseased psychic condition, and the sickly and abnormal state of her nerves. Against such an explanation I feel it my duty, in the interests of truth, most resolutely to take exception."

This categorical assertion of Chertkóv's is evidently wrong, contradicting as it does the doctor's diagnoses and Tolstóy's own opinion. Sófya Andréevna undoubtedly suffered from an acute form of hysteria.

The struggle between Sófya Andréevna and Chertkóv ended in her favour. By a decree dated December 6, 1914 the Senate decided to hand back to her the Tolstóy manuscripts she had lodged with the Historical Museum for safe custody. She did not justify Chertkóv's apprehensions either by destroying anything or by utilizing the manuscripts for her own advantage. On January 28 and 29, 1915 she took them from the Historical Museum and handed them over for perpetual custody to the Rumyantsev Museum (now the Lenin Library) where they now are. In 1918 she allowed her daughter Alexándra Lvónna

to work on them, and from that year preparations were begun for the Academy Jubilee Edition of L. N. Tolstóy's works.

After Sófya Andréevna's death Chertkóv published a book, *The Last Days of Tolstóy* (London, 1922), which is a one-sided diatribe against her. The appendix in which he says that he does not condemn her is not at all convincing, for the whole book is a continuous condemnation of her. I hope that the publication of the Diaries of my father and mother, together with the commentaries, will be sufficient to show the erroneousness of V. G. Chertkóv's judgments.

Of the last illness and death of my mother I have spoken at the conclusion of this book.

Though twenty-five years have passed since then, the writer of this Introduction can still not think without pain at the heart of the events that occurred at Yásnaya Polyána in 1910. That however does not prevent his taking an objective view and not suppressing anything either here or in the notes to this book.

S L TOLSTÓY

NOTE

DURING the first six months of 1910 the relations between Tolstóy and his wife remained in the state mentioned by Count Sergius Tolstóy in his Introduction to this volume: "A certain *modus vivendi* was established between them, and externally—but only externally—it seemed as though all were well."

The entries in the Countess's Day Book, the only diary she then kept, are mainly a matter-of-fact record of the weather, the names of visitors, the state of her own and other people's health, and so on. In this English edition of the book many of these entries are omitted.

Only after the middle of June does her Diary proper begin, and from that time on the entries in the Day Book lose importance as being chiefly a mere repetition of what she says in her Diary.

The reader should remember that entries marked "L.T." are from Tolstóy's Diary.

D.B. = The Countess's Day Book.

D. = The Countess's Diary.

L.T. = Tolstóy's Diary.

L.T.2 = Tolstóy's Diary, "For Myself Alone"

DIARY 1910

2nd January

D.B. News of death of my brother Stepa,¹ his children have gone to his funeral.

3rd January

D.B. Have prepared everything for the Christmas tree, with the children—the grandchildren. The Sukhotíns have come by the express train: the two Tányas,² and Michael Sergéevich. Everybody cheered up and was gay and pleased. We went to bed late.

4th January

D.B. Unpleasantness since the morning. The Circassian [forester] complains about the steward, and the steward about the Circassian. Then preparations for the Christmas tree, and in the evening a masquerade.³ We all dressed up, even I as a witch, and we danced. The children were very merry. Nádyá Ivánova came. They played bridge with Leo Nikoláevich. The morning was bright and warm. Towards evening windy.

¹ Sófya Andréevna's brother, Stepán Andréevich Behrs (1855-1909), who suffered from progressive paralysis and died in a lunatic asylum at Viléyka near Vilna. He left a son and a daughter. He was the author of an interesting and reliable book about Tolstóy *Recollections* (Smolensk, 1893), the English edition of which, *Recollections of Count Leo Tolstóy* (London, 1893)—wrongly attributed to C. A. Behrs—is one of the earliest and best biographical sketches of Tolstóy that have been published. A.M.

² "The two Tányas," Tatiána Lvóvna and her daughter Tatiána Mikháylovna Sukhotín (b. 1905). In the Tolstóy household Tatiána Lvóvna was called "Tánya," and her daughter "Tánichka" or "Little Tánichka." In 1930 Tatiána Mikháylovna married an Italian, Leonardo Albertini, and Tatiána and her daughter now live in Rome. S L T.

³ The family festivities—the Christmas tree, the masquerade, and the many guests, with the bustle of coming and going, all oppressed Tolstóy, and prompted the entries in his diary on January 2nd and 4th. S L T.

L.T. Very sad. Those around me are very alien to me. I reflected on how one should behave towards irreligious people of our world. Rather perhaps as we do to animals: love them, pity them, but do not try to enter into spiritual intercourse with them. Such intercourse produces an unkindly feeling. They do not understand and by their non-understanding and self-assurance, employing reason to darken the truth, disputing against truth and goodness, they draw one into unkindly feeling. I cannot express it, but feel that one must cultivate in oneself a special relation towards such people in order not to infringe love towards them.

5th January

D.B. Preparations for the Christmas tree. I sat with the children. Nikoláev¹ and Abrikósov arrived. In the evening the Christmas tree. They all danced. Little Tánichka is charming: light and graceful. They played bridge noisily. I sat unoccupied and spared my eyes. My leg pains me. I am tired, but it was merry. It is warm and snow is falling.

6th January

D.B. It is warm. Took a walk. Our son Serezha (Sergius) has gone. To-day has been entirely devoted to the cinematographer. Drankóv² took a film of us all, and in the evening showed our journey with Leo Nikoláevich to Chertkóv at Krekshino, and then in Moscow with the crowd at Kursk station.

¹ Sergéy Dmitrievich Nikoláev (1861-1910), an economist, and a disciple and propagandist of the teaching of Henry George on the Single Tax on the rent of land. He translated Henry George's works into Russian. In 1910 Nikoláev, with his wife, Larissa Dmitrievna and their children, lived in Yásnaya Polyána village. S.L.T.

² Alexander Ósipovich Drankóv (b. 1880), the founder of Russian cinematography, and of the first Russian cinema studio (1907). In 1908 he produced the first artistic Russian film, *Sténka Rázin*. He filmed Tolstóy several times. Tolstóy first saw a film in Moscow in 1909. S.L.T.

There was an accident with the horse, and Sáscha [Alexándra], I, and above all Little Tánichka, were almost crushed, but I managed to throw the child into the snow in time. Boulanger¹ was here. Bridge.

L.T. Sáscha behaved badly with Sónya [her mother].

7th January

D.B. The guests hinder my occupying myself seriously. I played Schubert's trio as a duet with Nádyá Ivánova. The opening is beautiful. I played with Tánichka, and the evening was all taken up with the cinematograph. Drankóv gave me the whole reel showing our departure from Krèkshino and Moscow. Bulýgin has come. I read my memoirs² to Sukhotín and Olsúfyev and they praised them.

L.T. I suffer not so much helpless anguish as unceasing shame before people. Is it possible that I shall finish my life so, in this shameful condition? Lord help me . . .

12th January

D.B. Two name-days—the Tatiánas: mother and daughter. The mother is ill, the daughter is triumphant. Nazhívin,³ Boulanger and Márya Alexándrovna have come.

¹ P. A. Boulanger had held a good position on one of the railways. He was devoted to Tolstóy and his ideas and was for years self-sacrificingly active in promoting them, though he went to pieces after the Revolution and came to a sad end. A.M.

² These "memoirs" are *My Life*, begun by S. A. Tolstóy in 1905. This work was made up from recollections and diaries, and to a considerable extent repeats the diaries, but is insufficiently supported by documents. S.L.T.

³ Iván Fedorovich Nazhívin (b. 1874), a writer formerly in agreement with Tolstóy's religio-philosophic teaching. He has written *Recollections of Tolstóy*. S.L.T.

16th January

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich went to Túla in the morning to the trial of some peasants said to have attacked the post.¹ They were acquitted. He went there safely. It is warm and quiet in the fields. I played Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. The end is charming, and pleased Leo Nikoláevich. In the evening I played bridge with Tánya, Leo Nikoláevich, and Varvára Mikháylovna. Leo Nikoláevich was pleased at receiving *A Circle of Reading* from the editors of the Odessa *Listók*. It is a good edition.

L.T. . . . I went there. First there was the trial of the peasants. The lawyers, the judges, the soldiers, and the witnesses. It was all very new to me. Then the trial of the political prisoner, who was accused of having read, and self-sacrificingly spread, views about the organization of life juster and more reasonable than those now prevailing. It was very distressing. People had gathered to look at me, but thank God only a few. The administration of the oath agitated me. I hardly restrained myself from saying that this was a mockery of Christ. My heart contracted and as a result of that I was silent.

17th January

D.B. Wrote to Lev and Másha. Looked at Haydn's sonatas and played Chopin's *Nocturne*. Then I sat with Tánichka. All our

¹ Tolstóy went to Túla with Dr. Makovítski to obtain information from some men in prison who were accused of committing murder on the estate of N. N. Figner, a well-known singer, and also to attend two trials: that of the Denisov peasants for robbing the post, and that of I. I. Afanásev for belonging to the Socialist-Revolutionary group and for having in his possession, and circulating, illegal literature. Tolstóy was not allowed to obtain information from the men accused of murder, but he was present at the trial of the peasants.

The Túla *Molva* of January 17th published an article about this, and said that Tolstóy defended the accused by his mere presence. The Denisov peasants were acquitted, while Afanásev was sentenced to the minimum punishment then allowed by law for his offence—namely, three years' confinement in a fortress.

folk went out—Leo Nikoláevich on horseback and the others in two sledges. Boulanger and Márya Alexándrovna have come, and also Bulgákov,[†] who will assist Leo Nikoláevich in arranging a new *Circle of Reading* for children and peasants. They played bridge noisily, and I sewed all the evening by myself.

21st January

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich slept late in the morning, and when he awoke remembered nothing and did not recognize Ilyúshka [Ilyá, his grandson]. He came into my room and said he had forgotten whether I had gone to Moscow or was at home. He ate nothing all day, but lay down to sleep and slept till the evening. He is weak: heartburn, hiccups, and wind. His temperature was 98·9 and later 98·4.

L.T. Woke up with a terrible feeling. I remembered nothing and did not even recognize the children. My head ached and I was very weak. Could do nothing, but had satisfactory thoughts of the nearness of death and wrote a little.

22nd January

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich got up fresh enough and passed the whole day satisfactorily. He took the herbs and two rhubarb tablets. He is always constipated. In the evening I administered an enema with oil. He played bridge. I occupied myself all day with my memoirs, which makes me sad.

L.T. A little better, at least memory has returned.

[†] Valentín Fedorovich Bulgákov (b. 1887). He was Tolstóy's secretary from the middle of January 1910 to November that year, after N. N. Gúsev had been banished. He was recommended to Tolstóy by V. G. Chertkóv. During his stay at Yásnaya Polyána he kept a diary which he published later under the title of *Leo Tolstóy in the Last Year of his Life*. We shall have occasion later to cite his book *The Tragedy of Leo Tolstóy*, compiled from data contained in that diary.

23rd January

D.B. Again occupied with my memoirs. Had a bath. Neuralgia in my temple, eye, and under my right eye-brow. I am afraid of going blind. Played a duet of Mozart's. Leo Nikoláevich went for a walk and wrote a great many letters. He is interested in the Co-operative movement and wrote a reply on that subject to Prince A. V. Golítsin¹ and to Totamiants.²

24th January

D.B. Busied myself solely with practical affairs: sorted out accounts and papers and put them in order. My temples and eyes ache. In the evening our son Ilyá came, sad and aged.³ His throat is troubling him, and his financial affairs are bad.

25th January

L.T. Ilyúsha (Ilyá) was here yesterday. We get on well together, thank God. I am sorry for him. One cannot demand what is not there.

26th January

D.B. Serēzha (Sergius) left in the morning. At two o'clock my son Andréy arrived with his wife Kátya.⁴ Then in the evening

¹ Prince Alexander Vladímirovich Golítsin, a doctor, son of Prince V. M. Golítsin, at one time Governor of Moscow. He now lives in California. At that time he was interested in the Co-operative movement, and had written to Tolstóy about it.

S.L.T.

² Vakhán Seménovich Totamiants, a lecturer in the Petersburg higher educational establishments on the theory and practice of Co-operation, had asked Tolstóy to express his opinion on that subject. Tolstóy replied that he could not but sympathize with the Co-operative movement.

S.L.T.

³ Ilyá Lvóvich Tolstóy (1866-1933) Tolstóy was grieved that his sons did not live in accordance with the religious interests by which he himself lived. In the last years of his life, however, Ilyá Lvóvich, who died in America in December 1933, was deeply religious in the spirit of his father's teaching.

S.L.T.

⁴ Andréy Lvóvich Tolstóy came to Yásnaya Polyána with his second wife, Ekaterína Vasílevna (b. 1876)

S.L.T.

Sergéenko¹ brought a gramophone—a present from the Gramophone Society for whom Leo Nikoláevich had made a record in four languages. I do not like gramophones.

L.T. Andréy with his wife. I was able to behave well and affectionately towards them without effort Sergéenko with a gramophone. It was unpleasant to me.

27th January

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has gone to Moscow. Thank God we parted well.

29th January (Moscow)

D.B. In the morning I sent for the various business people, and then went to three banks. In the evening to Landovska's concert and to a ball at the Glébovs'. Old acquaintances are affable. I am very tired. I had previously driven to the Glébovs' to see the grandchildren—Mísha [Mikhaíl's] children.² They are very nice.

31st January (Moscow)

D.B. Went with Orlóv [an artist] to the Peredvizhnáya and the Soyúz Exhibitions. In the former was Répin's portrait of Leo Nikoláevich in an armchair and Morozov's³ portrait of him writing.⁴ The latter is not bad. In Répin's portrait the expression of the eyes and the whole face is sickly, sad, and embarrassed. In the evening I went to Hofmann's Concert. He played Chopin's Sonata and Ballade rather lifelessly.

¹ Peter Alexéevich Sergéenko brought a gramophone as a present to Tolstóy from the Gramophone Company "Zimmerman." S.L.T.

² In 1910 Mikhaíl Lvóvich Tolstóy had five children: Iván (1901), Tatúána (1903), Alexándra and Vladímír (1905), and Peter (1907). In Moscow they lived with V. P. and S. N. Glébov, his wife's parents S.L.T.

³ I. E. Répin's "Tolstóy in an armchair," 1887, is now in the Tretyakóv Gallery in Moscow. S.L.T.

⁴ "Tolstóy at work in his study at Yásnaya Polyána," 1909. Two variations of this portrait are now in the Tolstóy Museum in Moscow. S.L.T.

1st February (Moscow)

D.B. Have finished my business and purchases in Moscow. Was engaged in the morning at the Museum with Pável Ivánovich Birukóv, who dined with us. In the evening I remained at home. Prince Paul Dmítrovich Dolgorúkov opened a people's library at Yásnaya Polyána.¹

3rd February

D.B. I reached Yásnaya Polyána in the morning. Sónya Mamónova is here, and I spent the greater part of the day with her. In the evening I drew profiles and cut them out. Listened to the gramophone. Dórik Sukhotín has measles. Leo Nikoláevich rode a long way to the orphans.²

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has returned. It is pleasant.

4th February

D.B. I wrote to Molostvóva,³ S. A. Stakhóvich, Nuta Behrs,⁴ and Lev. Sónya Mamónova and Tánya have gone to Túla. Eight

¹ Prince P. D. Dolgorúkov (1866–1927), President of the Moscow Peace Society, active in the Zémstvo movement, a Member of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth State Dumas, President of the Central Committee of the People's Freedom Party (the "Cadets") Emigrated in 1918.

In 1910 he went to Yásnaya Polyána on behalf of the Moscow Committee of Literacy, to arrange and open a People's Library in commemoration of Leo Tolstóy's eightieth birthday S.L.T.

² Peter and Tatiána Khokhlón, peasant children from the village of Kolpná. Later on M. N. Tolstóy [Tolstóy's sister] took an interest in their fate, and the girl became a schoolmistress, while the boy did farm work. S.L.T.

³ Elizavéta Vladímírovna Molostvóva, *née* Ber (b. 1873), was the wife of a nephew of Zinaída Modéstovna Molostvóva, with whom Tolstóy was in love in 1851 in Kazán. She made the Tolstóys' acquaintance in 1905, visiting Yásnaya Polyána several times and corresponding with Leo Nikoláevich and Sófya Andréevna. She is the authoress of several books, including one of recollections of Tolstóy. S.L.T.

⁴ Nuta Behrs—Anna Alexándrovna Behrs (b. 1892), daughter of Sófya Andréevna's brother, Alexander Andréevich Behrs. S.L.T.

degrees of frost. The orphan girl and her brother have come. I am placing her and her brother in an orphanage in Moscow. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback, and is always correcting his new *Circle of Reading*. His stomach is out of order and he had no dinner. In the evening I played bridge.

5th February

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has gone away. I spoke to her yesterday of my wishes and expressed my dissatisfaction that the Readers [presumably his First and Second Readers for teaching Russian] are sold at a high price. She began saying that nothing would be left for the family, and positively declined to meet my wishes.

7th February

D.B. I went to the newly opened Library, but doubt its success. There was a crush of lads there, but few adults. I played with the children, listened to the gramophone, and did not attend to any business. My eyes ache and I have been feverish for three days. There are reports of an attempt to steal the hay. Leo Nikoláevich is angry with the Law Court and was grieved by letters from Felten¹ and Molóchnikov.²

¹ Nikoláy Evgénevich Felten (b. 1884), a Finn, who had worked in the editorial office of *Obnovlénié* and later, in England, for V. G. Chertkóv. In 1909 he was arrested for circulating Tolstóy's works, and on February 1 1910 was sentenced to six months' confinement in a fortress. Felten's letter agitated Tolstóy very much. Tolstóy noted in his diary "A touching letter from Felten." Felten wrote of the painful impression he received from a meeting with A. M. Khiryákov, who was also confined in the fortress for publishing an illegal edition of Tolstóy's writings S.L.T.

² Vladímír Ayfálovich Molóchnikov (b. 1871), a locksmith and brass-worker from Nóvgorod. An adherent of Tolstóy's teaching. Acquainted with Tolstóy since 1907, and corresponded with him from 1906. Tolstóy wrote him forty-two letters. He visited Yásnaya Polyána in 1907, and afterwards wrote some books about Tolstóy. In 1908-1909 he was sentenced to a year's confinement in a fortress for circulating Tolstóy's works. In March 1910 he was again arrested and accused of inciting two men to refuse military service, but after awaiting trial in prison for three months he was acquitted. S.L.T.

8th February

D.B. Wrote to Andrúsha [Andréy] and to my sister Tánya. During the day worked diligently enough at my memoirs. Leo Nikoláevich was troubled by the appearance of an article in three papers under the heading of "The Last Stage of My Life."¹ The thoughts seem to be his but the wording is not. I am still feverish but rather less so

10th February

D.B. Ólga has gone with the children to Túla and Taptýkovo. Tánichka has fallen ill, temperature 101·5. Sáscha coughs, temperature 100·4. Dórik's is 102·2. I am very depressed and much alarmed for them all.

11th February

D.B. Tánichka's fever has gone. Sáscha's has increased, and Dórik's also. It seems that Sáscha is going to have measles too. I started in the evening for Moscow, and took the two orphans to the orphanage.

13th February (Moscow)

D.B. Went early in the morning to a rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, where I talked to Zilótti and to Rachmaninoff.² From there to the Museum, where I did a little work. Then business. In the evening a concert. Rachmaninoff played his *Concerto* well at the Philharmonic Concert.

¹ V. G. Chertkóv wrote to the editors of the papers concerned: "That article is an extract from Tolstóy's diary of 1889, previously translated into French and now retranslated into Russian and distorted to the point of being unrecognizable." S.L.T.

² Sergéy Vasílevich Rachmaninoff (*b.* 1873), pianist, composer, and conductor. One of the great musical figures of the commencement of the twentieth century. After the Revolution he went to America, where he now lives and enjoys immense popularity. S.L.T.

14th February (Moscow)

D.B. Went to Kérzin's concert, where the Czech orchestra again played very well. In the evening Mozart's *Requiem*.

15th February (Moscow)

D.B. Have finished my business. A telegram from home that Sáša and Tánichka have measles, which is taking its usual course. Temperature over 102. I wanted to return to Yásnaya, but Berkenheim¹ assured me that it was all right, and I went to the Museum instead, where I worked for more than three hours. Dined at the Máslovs and read them *The Devil*² Went to the Czech concert and then started for home. Sergéy Ivánovich (Tanéev)³ was at the Máslovs.

16th February

D.B. Things are bad at home. Sáša had a temperature of 104·7 during the day. Bad attack of measles and a cough. During the night she was sick and had diarrhoea. We wrote for Nikftin and Parásya Gay.⁴ I am tired and my heart is troubled. Tánichka has the measles only slightly. I sat with her a little while.

¹ Grigóry Moiséevich Berkenheim (*d.* 1919). A Moscow doctor who treated Tolstóy in the last years of his life. At one time he stayed at Yásnaya Polyána as house doctor. He was present during Tolstóy's last illness and death at Astápovo. S.L.T.

² Tolstóy wrote *The Devil* in 1889, but considered it unfinished, and it was only published posthumously. S.L.T.

³ S. I. Tanéev was the pianist and composer with whom Sófya Andréevna had considered herself to be in love, as indicated in previous parts of her diary. A.M.

⁴ Praskóvya Nikoláevna Gay (*b.* 1878) was a daughter of N. N. Gay, junior. She was a trained nurse, who knew the Tolstóys, and who had stayed at Yásnaya Polyána. In 1910 Sófya Andréevna engaged her to look after Alexándra Lvóvna (Sáša) when she was seriously ill with measles.

D. P. Makóvitski wrote of this in his *Notes*. "Alexándra Lvóvna had a temperature of 104·7 degrees in the evening and a very severe cough. Leo Nikoláevich often went to her room, sat there a long time and wept." S.L.T.

19th February

D.B. Sáscha has been better since the morning. Her ear aches, but her temperature is lower, though towards evening it was again 101·3. Dr. Nikítin left yesterday evening. I was busy with the editions. Leo Nikoláevich is continually complaining of heartburn and constipation, and is worried about Sáscha. But he is always working, and to-day had a long ride on horseback to Ovsyánnikovo and round the neighbourhood.

20th February

D.B. I am always busy working at the new edition. A Jew from Túla has come—the lawyer Goldenblat¹ with two children—and also a Jew from Norway—a Russian correspondent. Sáscha is better, 99·0 degrees. I wrote to Lev, Kátya, Líse, Másha, and Lína.

21st February

D.B. Books again, Sáscha is still improving. Temperature about 98·6. Guests are always preventing my working. The Molostvóvs, husband and wife, have come.² Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback, but he seems weak all this time and eats but little. He played chess with Molostvóv.

22nd February

D.B. Entertained the guests (the Molostvóvs) all day. Made a toy theatre for the grandchildren. Leo Nikoláevich rode fifteen

¹ Boris Osípovich Goldenblat (b. 1882), a Túla lawyer, who at Tolstóy's request acted as advocate for the defence in several legal actions. He defended the peasants accused of robbing the postman, previously mentioned. S.L.T.

² Vladímír Germánovich Molostvóv (1859–1918), an ex-officer, an instructor in the Bulgarian Army, who had formerly travelled a great deal. In 1905–1917 he was Marshal of the Nobility in the Tetyúshky district of Kazán province.

Elizavéta Vladímirovna Molostvóva has been mentioned in a previous note. S.L.T.

versts through the woods at a foot-pace. He is always working on the *Circle of Reading*, and often speaks of death. Sáscha coughs a great deal, her tooth aches and her temperature is again 100·4. She is worn out, poor thing!

23rd February

D.B. The Molostvóvs left this morning. I arranged books all day and am completely exhausted. Sáscha is better. Leo Nikoláevich has been to see Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt who is in failing health, and he tried himself and his leg is bad.¹ In the evening he, Mikhaíl Sergéevich, and Tányá read aloud parts of Paul Bourget's *Barricade*,² that Galperin-Káminski has sent us from Paris. It is clear and beautiful.

25th February

D.B. Books once more, and the toy theatre for the little grandchildren. Ólga and the children have come. . . . Leo Nikoláevich does not leave his room, but his leg is better. Sáscha still has neuralgic pains in her forehead. My foot aches, and I feel inwardly oppressed.

26th February

D.B. At last I have shown the toy theatre and with great success. Leo Nikoláevich felt poorly all day and ate nothing till 6 o'clock, but wrote a great deal. In the evening he was better. Nádyá Ivánova has come. Sáscha is up now.

¹ Tolstóy suffered from varicose veins.

S.L.T.

² Bourget's play, *La Barricade*, was written in 1910 at a time of acute class-struggle in France. At that period of workmen's strikes the labour movement was sharply condemned in the play. Thanks to Bourget's brilliant handling of the topic the play was a triumphant success when it was produced, and caused a sensation.

S.L.T.

27th February

L.T. Sásha and Sónya are quarrelling again.

28th February

D.B. A warm, fine day. I walked about the farm a great deal, which much oppressed me, and then went to the People's Library. There were sixty-nine people there to-day, and there have been as many as eighty. In the evening I played Mozart's trio and some of his overtures as duets with Nádyá Ivánova. I did no business—little Tánichka hindered me. She very touchingly asks me to be with her. All are well, thank God. Dórik has gone to Túla. There are unpleasant disappearances of money.

1st March

D.B. Lay in bed all day. Have an internal chill, and had pains in the stomach.

L.T. Am afraid I have caught cold. Sónya is unwell.

2nd March

D.B. Am better to-day. Got up, and was busy with the accounts. Read Part II of Molostvón's biography of Leo Nikoláevich. It is very poor, and the illustrations are abominable! Lëv Isáakovich Shestóv, a Jew and apparently very learned, has

* Sófya Andréevna is quite right in her low opinion of Molostvón's and Sergéenko's *Biography of Tolstóy*. It suffers from many serious defects, and especially from mistakes in the dates. It has a great many photographs of Tolstóy, chiefly in his later years, and drawings by Samokísh-Sudhóvsky. B. V. Bulgákov quotes Tolstóy's remark about it: "Astonishingly poor. All that is spiritual has been omitted, and what is left is handled rudely and clumsily."

arrived.¹ Leo Nikoláevich as usual took him to his room to talk . . . Wrote to A. I. Máslova, Ólga, and to Bulýgin about wood for fuel.

4th March

D.B. To-day I feel worse. Bright sun this morning, then fog. Leo Nikoláevich rode to Ovsyánnikovo with Goldenweiser, who had ridden over to see Márya Alexándrovna. In the evening Goldenweiser played beautifully. Everybody recalled Sergéy Ivánovich's [Tanéev's] playing, and I wished so much that I could hear him. Leo Nikoláevich read aloud to us a translation from the German of the reflections of a Buddhist on Europeans. It was very good, powerful and true.

5th March

L.T. Yesterday Goldenweiser was here I am ashamed to say that his playing agitated me.

8th March

D.B. Was again engaged with Tánichka. Mikhaíl Alexándrovich Stakhóvich has gone. Boulanger, Nikoláev, and Gorbunóv² have arrived. Leo Nikoláevich complained of being tired of visitors. I also get very tired and dream of solitude in which to

¹ Shestóv, the pseudonym of Lev Isáakovich Schwartzman (b. 1866), a Russian writer with a leaning towards the philosophy of Nietzsche. He enjoyed some notoriety in the years 1905-1915. Shestóv is the author of the book: *Goodness in the Teaching of L. N. Tolstóy and of F. Nietzsche*. Tolstóy remarked about him in his diary: "Little of any interest. A writer, but not at all a philosopher!" V. F. Bulgákov also cites the following remark about him: "Some writers think for the public, others think for themselves." Tolstóy put Vladímír Solovyev, Khomykóv, and Shestóv in the former group, while in the latter he put Schopenhauer, Kant, and others S.L.T.

² Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv-Posádov, editor of the publishing firm *Posrédmík (Intermediary)*, went to Yásnaya Polyána to arrange with Tolstóy about publishing *The Paths of Life* in separate pamphlets. S.L.T.

get on with my work. Had a bath. Am not well. It has rained, and everything is thawing rapidly. Seven degrees above freezing point. Have begun reading aloud Leo Nikoláevich's forbidden works¹ with Varvára Mikháylovna.

9th March

D.B. I get nothing done. Fritter my day away with small cares about everybody and everything. Zósya Stakhóvich has come. Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv has helped me with suggestions for the new edition.

Leo Nikoláevich is absorbed by thoughts of compiling an encyclopaedic dictionary for the People's Libraries. Someone has left 15,000 rubles to be used for a good purpose and has asked Leo Nikoláevich's advice as to *what* the good purpose shall be. He advises such a dictionary.² Wrote to my son Lévl.

11th March

D.B. Wrote my *Life*, and in the evening Varvára Mikháylovna and I read an addition to volume IV of Leo Nikoláevich's works that we are preparing for the press. Zósya read aloud Leo Nikoláevich's letters to the late Countess Alexándra Andréevna Tolstóy.³ Admirable letters in which he coquets before her, displaying his best, artistic, side, and showing it off.

¹ These "forbidden works" were those Chertkóv had printed in England in 1901-1906. Sófyá Andréevna read them to see if there was anything the censor might allow her to include in the twelfth edition of Tolstóy's Collected Works that she was preparing to issue in Moscow. S.L.T.

² Tolstóy had received a letter from Vsévaloda Yúlevich Shimanóvski, an ex-officer who in 1885 had become a village schoolmaster and a protagonist of Tolstóy's ideas on education. Shimanóvski asked Tolstóy what good purpose he would advise him to leave these 15,000 rubles to, and Tolstóy suggested that the money should be used for the production of an encyclopaedic dictionary for the people. S.L.T.

³ Countess Alexándra Andréevna Tolstóy was a cousin of Tolstóy's, who passed almost her whole life as a lady-in-waiting at the Imperial Court. Leo

7th-8th March

L.T. Have been reading Alexandra Andréevna's notes and experienced a very strong emotion: first of tenderness aroused by good recollections, and secondly of sadness and a clear recognition of the fact that she, poor thing, could not but believe in the Redemption and *tout le tremblement*¹ because, if she ceased to believe in it, she would have had to condemn and change her whole way of life—that is if she wished to be a Christian and to have intercourse with God. Irreligious people can live without any belief and so they do not need a nonsensical one. But in her case a belief was necessary, and as a reasonable one would have convicted her she had a nonsensical one—and how firmly she held to it! The third feeling I experienced was a consciousness of how unstable and unconvincing external assertion of one's belief and the condemnation of others is. She insists on hers so confidently and condemns so resolutely. Fourthly I felt how often I have been in the wrong—by expressing my views so impetuously in regard to beliefs alien to me (if only scientific ones).

12th March

D.B. Wrote a great deal of my *Life* to-day. In the evening Zósya read aloud some very interesting letters of Leo Nikoláevich's

Nikoláevich had from his youth been in friendly relations with her. M. A. Stakhóvich, as President of the Petersburg Tolstóy Museum Society, undertook to edit the correspondence between Tolstóy and Alexándra Andréevna, about which he consulted Tolstóy and Sófya Andréevna. (The book appeared in Petersburg in 1911.) Stakhóvich's project reminded Tolstóy of his relations with Alexándra Andréevna. S L.T.

An English translation of the book was published by Methuen in 1929. entitled *The Letters of Tolstóy and Alexándra Tolstóy, 1857-1903.* A.M.

¹ By these words Tolstóy implied the solemn atmosphere of the Church and the Court.

The expression is used by Bilíbin in *War and Peace*, and there is a note on it on p. 560 of volume 1 of that novel in the Tolstóy Centenary Edition. A.M.

to Countess Alexándra Andréevna Tolstóy . . . The artist Meshkóv¹ has come. He is painting Leo Nikoláevich.

14th March

D.B. Wrote to my sister Tánya. Have finished writing 1893. Tried to play Chopin, but am so overwrought that I could not go on. Alexéy Alexéevich Stakhóvich has come.² In the evening they read aloud Leo Nikoláevich's letters to Countess A. A. Tolstóy, which form a complete and interesting, though one-sided, biography. In them Leo Nikoláevich displays for her benefit his feelings, thoughts, and the *best* side of his being.

15th March

D.B. Was busy with various business papers and letters. Made a new night-shirt out of old ones. In the evening the same reading of letters. Very good material for a life of Leo Nikoláevich, and interesting. Stakhóvich has gone. Leo Nikoláevich complains of heartburn and hiccups. He eats very little, and has not been out to-day. He does too much mental work. Played bridge in the evening.

16th March

D.B. Passed the day idly. Read my memoirs to Zósya, and we finished reading Leo Nikoláevich's letters to Countess A. A. Tolstóy . . . Sáscha drove into Túla yesterday to hear Hoffman,

¹ Vasíli Nikítich Meshkóv, an artist. In 1910 he made two portraits of L. N. Tolstóy—a large one in chalk, now in the Tolstóy Museum in Moscow, and "Tolstóy at Work," which Meshkóv has kept. S.L.T.

² A. A. Stakhóvich (1858–1915) was the elder brother of M. A. and S. A. Stakhóvich, and was Marshal of the Nobility of Elets, and a Member of the Second Duma. S.L.T.

and was enraptured by him. Have sent Lév 400 rubles and Ilyá 200.¹

20th March

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich has been coughing badly. He is taking Ober-Salzbrunn waters with milk, and staying indoors. He works a great deal. But I am always sparing my eyes. Did nothing but unpick a dress. Ólga has come with Sónyushka and Ilyúsha. Eleven degrees above freezing point, but the country and the roads still look wintry. Dórik Sukhotín has come from his Túla boarding school.

21st March

D.B. Ernfeld² and his son and daughter have come, as well as Díma Chertkóv³ and Bulgákov. There were seventeen at

¹ Most of the sons had exhausted the portions they received when Tolstóy's estates were distributed, and the Countess herself, who mismanaged the Yásnaya Polyána estate, was by this time not at all affluent, though she made some income by the sale of those of her husband's works which she could publish. The impression English readers get by the mention of men-servants and horses is apt to be misleading. Men-servants were far cheaper in Russian than maids were in England, and horses were also cheap, and absolutely necessary on an estate ten miles from the nearest town. A.M.

² Árvíd Alexándrovich Ernfeld (Árvíd Jarnfelt, b. 1861), a Finnish writer with views akin to Tolstóy's. The author of *My Awakening*, which contains his correspondence with Tolstóy; also of some plays. In a letter to V. G. Chertkóv, Ernfeld incidentally writes: "On the first day of our stay at Yásnaya Polyána we spoke with warm appreciation of the pleasant impression made upon us at your house, and also by Duma at Telyátunki. Sófyá Andréévna interrupted our enthusiastic remarks by indignant exclamations. . . . Leo Nikoláevich could not stand this, and got up and went away. She was displeased that I expressed a wish that Leo Nikoláevich should go to Stockholm in July for the Peace Congress, and I promised her I would not speak to Leo Nikoláevich on the subject"

Tolstóy remarked to Ernfeld that "one looks on death as something very joyful." S.L.T.

³ Vladímír Vladímírovich Chertkóv, the only son of Anna Konstantínovna and Vladímír Grigórevich Chertkóv. S.L.T.

dinner. I entertained visitors all day. Leo Nikoláevich is better. He coughs less and is fresher. Sáscha was not well. My eyes are better.

22nd March

D.B. Took it into my head to copy my portrait in oils which I abandoned as long ago as 1906.¹ It went badly. I can't manage it at all. Leo Nikoláevich is better. Ernfeld, Díma Chertkóv, and Bulýgin are here again. The weather is delightful—clear, with a touch of frost, I don't go out. Am busy all the time.

23rd March

D.B. Again absorbed in painting the portrait. It does not get on at all. It is bad. A lad with cymbals came and played. I did not like him. An untrained musician, but talented.² Leo Nikoláevich still coughs and does not go out.

L.T. The cymbalist was very sympathetic.

24th March

D.B. Ólga and the children have gone. Altered the portrait, sewed, and passed the day uselessly.

L.T. The cymbalist's music is not up to much.

25th March

D.B. *Lady Day*. Went for a walk with the two Tányas, Mikhaíl Sergéevich, and the Dunáevs, who have arrived. We sank in everywhere—in the snow at one place, and in the mud at

¹ This was a copy of V. A. Sérov's portrait of Sófya Andréevna, finished by herself.

S.L.T.

² This was an Ukrainian, A. P. Daynichénko (b. 1888).

S.L.T.

another. Then a mist, and in the evening the temperature was 37 degrees. Stupidly altered my portrait by candle-light, and have made it still worse. Leo Nikoláevich complained of sadness. There is much evil in the world and it all torments him. Sáscha still has bronchitis.

27th March

D.B. To-day Leo Nikoláevich neither walked nor rode nor dined, but he is in good spirits. I did a lot of sewing, and read *The Kingdom of God* with Varvára Mikháylovna. The censor will hardly pass it for the new edition.

28th March

D.B. The Cherkess¹ and Anísya the laundress have begun work. Chertkóv and Bulgákov were here. Leo Nikoláevich is still not quite well, but he went riding.

29th March

D.B. Walked a great deal. We made channels for the rivulets and helped them on. There is still a lot of snow, and it is terrible driving, but people already go on wheels. Read my *Life* to Stakhóvich and Sukhotín, and they praised it. Stakhóvich has left. Masaryk² and Strákhov have arrived. A bright and beautiful day.

¹ Akhmet, a Cherkess, was hired by the Countess as a forester to protect the estate of Yásnaya Polyána from damage or wood-felling S.L.T.

² Thomas Masaryk (b. 1850). Professor of Philosophy at Prague University, author of a series of works on philosophy and the social sciences, and first President of Czechoslovakia. He had visited Yásnaya Polyána previously, in 1888. D. P. Makovítski noted that Tolstóy "received a very joyful impression from a religious conversation with Masaryk." Tolstóy himself wrote in his diary: "When out walking in the morning met Stakhóvich and Masaryk. I like them both, especially Masaryk. . . . He is a professor, but believes in a personal God." S.L.T.

30th March

D.B. Was busy putting things away at home. Sat with the guests. Stakhóvich and Masaryk have gone away, having contributed nothing interesting. Masaryk is so very silent. But Leo Nikoláevich got on with them very well.

31st March (Moscow)

D.B. Came to Moscow via Túla with Mánya Rydzévskaia. There was a Baroness from Yalta, a chatterbox, in the carriage. Changed my dress quickly and went to a lecture by Stakhóvich on Leo Nikoláevich at the Tolstóy Museum House. He mentioned the services I am credited with rendering, and when he named me the whole assembly in that literary-artistic society rose and applauded loudly and unanimously. I rose and bowed to the lecturer and then to the public and felt terribly confused. To-day is the anniversary of Vánichka's birth. He would have been twenty-two years old.

1st April (Moscow)

D.B. Went to the Museum. Birukóv and Stakhóvich were there. Looked over the letters in Stakhóvich's collection for publication by the Tolstóy Museum.¹ At five o'clock Stakhóvich, Birukóv, Butúrlin, Gorbunóv, and Serèzha discussed with me the new edition as regards the censor. In the evening at home received the account of the book-sales for two months.

2nd April (Moscow)

D.B. Yesterday till late in the evening went over the proofs of Maude's English *Life of Tolstóy* that he has sent me. Went to

¹ M. A. Stakhóvich proposed to publish collections of letters under the title of *The Tolstóy Museum*, not to appear at regular intervals, but as the material available should allow. Eventually two such volumes were published: *The Correspondence of L. N. Tolstóy with the Countess A. A. Tolstóy* in 1911, and the *Correspondence of L. N. Tolstóy with N. N. Strákhov* in 1912. S.L.T.

the Peasants' Bank in the morning, and then was busy at the Museum till three o'clock. M. A. Stakhóvich came there. Shopping, running about, fatigue. A tranquillizing telegram from home.

4th April (Moscow)

D.B. Went to the Philharmonic rehearsal at 8.30 a.m.—a Rachmaninoff Concert in which he himself is taking part, and which consists entirely of his own works. One cannot appraise it at once, but it is interesting. Had coffee at the Loskútny Hotel and then went on to the Petersburg Artists' Exhibition. It was interesting. The big pictures by K. Makóvsky were bad, but Veltz Ignátovich and others were good. Read *After the Ball* to Kérzina. In the evening left for Yásnaya. It rained heavily.

6th April

D.B. Wonderful summer weather. The grass is getting green, the roads are drying, and the crocuses are blooming in the meadow. Walked all round, and planted some little linden trees. Work is going on everywhere. Serězha's son, Díma Chertkóv, Bulgákov, and the boy Lèv Sergéenko¹ have come. At night I acted insanely—altered my portrait again and quite spoilt it.

7th April

D.B. Sásha is ill in bed with bronchitis. There is a south-east wind. There are yellow flowers, and the lungwort is in bloom. Vladímir Vladímirovich Filosófov² came, and Bulgákov and

¹ Lev Petróvich Sergéenko, who has taken the stage name of Ruslánov. Son of P. A. Sergéenko the journalist, and an acquaintance of the Tolstóys. He is now in the Vakhtánov Theatre in Moscow. S.L.T.

² Brother of the writer D. V. Filosófov, Marshal of the Nobility of Pskov province in 1910, emigrated after the Revolution. He asked Tolstóy for an autographed portrait for the Home for Aged Writers. Tolstóy wrote of him in his diary: "Dead—like almost all of them." S.L.T.

Bélinki¹ walked over. We are indignant that Leo Nikoláevich is refused permission to visit the murderer in prison. He needs it for something he is writing. It is said in a letter to Márya Arkádevna Ofrosímova that the Government does not trust Tolstóy much.

8th April

D.B. Finished reading the proofs of Maude's English *Life of Tolstóy*. Walked about with Tánichka. There is a strong warm wind. Sáscha is still laid up. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback. He works a great deal. Wrote to Maude and to Nordman.²

9th April

D.B. Anxiety about Sáscha. She coughs very much. We sent her phlegm to be analysed, and under a powerful microscope they found a trace of tuberculosis. She is preparing to go to the Crimea (for a cure). . . . Went for a walk with Tánichka, and we picked lungwort and yellow flowers. Tánya has been to Túla. Leo Nikoláevich went out riding. He is very busy with the *Circle of Reading* and its preface. I industriously compared *Childhood* with Leo Nikoláevich's manuscripts.

10th April

D.B. Dr. Gruslétski was here, and found that Sáscha has crepitation in the upper part of her left lung. She coughs terribly, and at the Túla bacteriological hospital they have found traces of tuberculosis. We are all very much upset. She is getting ready to

¹ Samuel Moiséevich Bélinki, a typist who followed Tolstóy's teaching. Had been sent to Telyátinki by V. G. Chertkóv to be at Tolstóy's service. He went to Yásnaya Polyána every day. S.L.T.

² Natálya Borísova Nordman (1863-1914), a dramatist, belletrist, and publicist, who wrote under the pseudonym of Sevérova. Born at Helsingfors, the daughter of an admiral. She was the civil wife of I. E. Répin. S.L.T.

In Russia a "civil" wife was one who was not married by any legal ceremony. A.M.

go to the Crimea with Varvára Mikháylovna. Nádyá Ivánova and Bulgákov have come. I played duets with her. . . . Am looking through the whole of *Childhood*. Wrote to Andréy and to Filósofov.

L.T. Sáscha is going. She is sad. I had a good talk with her. We both burst into sobs.

11th April

D.B. Walked much with Tánichka and Tánya. Tánichka flicked her eyes with a twig. Díma Chertkóv came; and Ólga with her children, Sónya and Ilyúsha. Worked a little on the new edition. Leo Nikoláevich went riding, saying that his writing does not get on. He says: "Have bathed myself out . . ." as Sergéy Nikoláevich tells of his old servant.¹

12th April

L.T. Tormenting pangs caused by consciousness of the vile-ness of my life surrounded as I am by working people hardly able to keep themselves and their families from starvation. In our dining-room fifteen people are gorging themselves on pancakes, while five or six servants who have families are running about hardly able to prepare and serve up what we devour. I am tormented and terribly ashamed. Yesterday I rode past some stone-breakers, and felt as if I were having to run the gauntlet. Yes, poverty, and envy and hatred of the rich, make this life a burden, but I do not know a life that is not tormenting and shameful.²

13th April

D.B. A wonderful, bright spring day. Walked a great deal with Ólga and Anna Alexéevna Goldenweiser. The lungwort and

¹ Tolstóy's brother, Sergéy Nikoláevich, used to tell a tale of an old servant of his who, on being invited to bathe, replied: "No, I won't go. I have already bathed myself out." Tolstóy applied this expression to himself in reference to his literary work. S.L.T.

² The impressions of that day once more turned Tolstóy's thoughts to the discord between what he believed to be right and the conditions around him.

yellow flowers are covered with swollen buds. Cloudlets in the sky, and towards evening rain. They are ploughing and sowing oats everywhere. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna have left for the Crimea. Sáscha's cough is very bad. Gorbunov, Márya Alexándrovna and Goldenweiser have come. He played, and Leo Nikoláevich enjoyed it. I did nothing all day. Everything hindered it—both regret at Sáscha's leaving and the presence of the guests. Ilyá's children came.¹

L.T. Awoke at five, and kept wondering how to get away, or what to do, and I do not know. I thought of writing; but to write while remaining in this kind of life seems repellent. Talk to her about it? Go away? Change things gradually? It seems that I shall, and can, only do the latter. But all the same it is hard. Perhaps, and even surely, that is good for me.

14th April

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich was melancholy during the night. He slept badly. Photographers from the firm of Mey came and photographed Leo Nikoláevich alone, and then a group: the two Tányas and me, then little Tánichka with me, then me alone. We sorted books and newspapers, and I could not get any real work done. Leo Nikoláevich is reading the thoughts of Leskóv² and is delighted with them. He rode to Ovsyánnikovo to-day. Nikoláev came. Wrote to Zósya, my sister Tánya, Sáscha, Kérzina, and Ilyá's boys.

L.T. It was very depressing yesterday.

¹ Her grandsons, the sons of Ilyá Lvóvich, Mikhaíl and Ilyá. S.L.T.

² V. F. Bulgákov noted in his diary of April 9, 1910: "Yesterday I began to read *The Thoughts of Leskóv*, and by certain unmistakable indications came to the unexpected conclusion that those thoughts which have so touched Tolstóy belong not to Leskóv but to Tolstóy himself. Apparently they were taken from Leskóv's note-book, in which he had simply written down various thoughts of Tolstóy's which pleased him. Only later, when turning over the pages of the pamphlet, Leo Nikoláevich remarked: 'I am glad. I recognize my own thoughts.'"

S.L.T.

15th April

D.B. Tánya and Ólga drove to Túla. I walked about with the grandchildren. We did some pruning and plucked flowers. The weather is wonderful, like summer, it is hot even with nothing over one's dress. Fragrant violets are in bloom. Busied myself a little with *Childhood*. In the evening played duets with Ólga: two overtures of Mozart's and Haydn's trio. Strawberry leaves have begun to show themselves. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback, and is always writing *For Every Day* [another version of *A Circle of Reading*]. His health is better. Wrote to Birukóv.

16th April

D.B. Wrote to Andréy, to my sister-in-law, Máshenka, and to Denísenko. Passed the day fruitlessly, putting things away and enjoying the quite delightful spring. Only Sáša weighs on my mind. I think about her all the time. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback to Telyátinki to see Díma Chertkóv. He is trying to write a play¹ for the villagers. Tánya and Olga and the children drove to Ovsyánnikovo to the Gorbunóvs'. Díma Chertkóv and Lev Sergéenko came here. Wrote to Sáša.

L.T. Someone—I forget whether it was Dósev or the Kiev student—exhorted me to abandon the life of a landed proprietor to which, as it seemed to him, I am held by nice food, riding, and the like. That reproach is good for me. It is *urodstvo*.²

17th April

D.B. As soon as I got up I went into the woods with the grandchildren, Tánichka and Ilyá, to look for sweet violets.

¹ This play was *The Cause of it All*, which Tolstóy wrote for amateur theatricals, and Díma Chertkóv arranged for the peasant lads at Telyátinki. It was written between the end of March and June 1910. S.L.T.

² See explanation on p. 40. A.M.

We went along the ravine, and were caught in the rain and the thunder. During the day we were all very merry colouring eggs.¹ In the evening I sat with Tányá and Sergéy. Hardly saw Leo Nikoláevich all day, only in the evening. He had callers of some kind. I wrote to A. A. Behrs² Sergéy wrote to Birukóv. It is quiet and starry. The bells are ringing for midnight service.

18th April

D.B. Easter Sunday. An officer wearing his decorations came here with verses denouncing Leo Nikoláevich.³ He repented. Rolled Easter eggs on the balcony with the children. A warm summery day, 72 degrees in the shade. The birch trees look charming in their fresh tender foliage. The bees hum merrily and the birds are singing. A bright clear day, with mutterings of thunder in the distance. They are singing in the village. Sergéy has left. He played a little and his compositions are good. In the evening Nikoláeva came. Talks without end. I have been prevented from getting anything done to-day.

19th April

D.B. In the meadow there are beautiful bulbs in bloom, as well as daisies and violets. The same wonderful bright weather.

¹ Dyed hard-boiled eggs were a prominent feature of the Russian Easter.

A.M.

² Alexander Alexándrovich Behrs (1844-1921), a cousin of Sófya Andréevna's. He married her sister Elizavéta Andréevna Behrs.

S.L.T.

³ Bulgákov notes: "An elderly officer called in dress uniform and wearing his medals and sword. He sat with Leo Nikoláevich in his study for a long time, disputing with him about non-resistance, and accusing him of inconsistency." After their talk he became upset and said of his verses: "What am I to do with them now? I shall have to burn them, and I have had two thousand copies printed." On April 20th he came to Yásnaya Polyána again and reproached Tolstóy for riding a horse, and Tolstóy gave up riding for some time in consequence.

S.L.T.

Tolstóy had a good horse, though a very old one, named Délire. He had him unshod, but after a while, finding no other exercise suitable for his age and strength, had him reshod and resumed his rides.

A.M.

We dined on the verandah and rolled eggs there. Two genuine Japanese arrived.¹ One of them runs many schools in Japan, the other is a student in Moscow. Márya Alexádrovna Schmidt and Gorbunóv came, also Mezhekova² the typist with her little daughter. After dinner we took the gramophone to the Library in the village.³ Many people came to listen. Leo Nikoláevich chatted with the peasants, and they asked him about the comet, and some of them asked about the construction of the gramophone. Tánya is packing up. It is sad. I am sorry to part with Tánichka. I played "opinions" with the children, and Tánichka after much thinking said: "Grandma is an angel!"

20th April

D.B. My two dear Tánichkas, mother and daughter, left this morning. Corrected *Childhood* industriously. I feel sad without my daughters, and anxious about Sáscha. In the evening settled down to play the piano—Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique* and another of his sonatas. Leo Nikoláevich listened with pleasure.⁴

¹ D. P. Makovítski wrote of these Japanese: "The elder, Kharada, was a Samurai, a man of fifty and a Christian, who had been educated in America, and was director of the first school in Japan, founded in 1864. He is acquainted with Tolstóy's teaching, but does not share his views on non-resistance and the State. The other, Kadzhu Midzutaki, who is twenty-seven, has been through the university in Japan, and is now attending the People's University in Moscow. He was sent by the Japanese Government to learn the Russian language and the technology of Russian industry." Tolstóy noted in his diary: "Savage people—in ecstasies over European civilization." S.L.T.

² A young lady who stayed some time at Yásnaya Polyána as copyist for Sófyá Andréevna. She had a four- or five-year-old daughter named Nina.

S.L.T.

³ Bulgákov noted about this: "We put on an orchestral piece, and singing, and a balaláyka. The latter pleased them particularly. A dance was arranged to the music of the *hopák* (an Ukrainian dance). . . . Leo Nikoláevich was very lively and communicative. He went about among the people, talked to the peasants, introduced them to the Japanese, told each about the others, and explained the construction of the gramophone to the peasants." (*Leo Tolstóy in the Last Year of his Life*) S.L.T.

⁴ F. V. Bulgákov noted in his diary: "Sónya Andréevna played Beethoven.

21st April

D.B. L. Andréev the writer has come.¹ Leo Nikoláevich went for a walk with him, and there was heavy rain, with thunder and wind and hail. We were alarmed, but Leo Nikoláevich and Andréev were already close to the wing-house. Our son Mikhail arrived in the evening, and Díma Chertkóv. I read *After the Ball* aloud to Andréev. Painful news from Sáscha, that she has tuberculosis in both lungs. Leo Nikoláevich is depressed, and my heart is as heavy as lead.

L.T. Andréev has come. Not very interesting, but kindly and pleasant.

Leo Nikoláevich coming in to tea said that he had listened to her playing with pleasure. She quite flushed. 'You are joking!' she said 'No, not at all. That *adagio in quasi Fantasia* is very easy.' How pleased Sófyá Andréevna was! She afterwards said 'I never so much regret being a bad pianist as when Leo Nikoláevich hears me' "

S.L.T.

¹ Leonid Nikoláevich Andréev (1871-1919), the well-known author. In 1911 he wrote his recollections of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána—*Half a Year before Death*. There he says. "I stayed one day, during which I talked much with Leo Nikoláevich and Sófyá Andréevna and others, and they all seemed to me excellent people. They still appear so to me, and they always will. Only six months divided Leo Nikoláevich from death, which means that what brought him to the terrible decision of abandoning home and family already existed, but I noticed positively nothing of it. On the contrary, there was much in Sófyá Andréevna's treatment of her husband and in her words that touched me by its sincere affection, and gave me a false confidence that Tolstóy's last days would be passed in peace and joy. I cannot think that in this there was, on either side, any conscious or unconscious deception such as often occurs in the presence of outsiders. I explain my mistake to myself by there having been in their lives two truths, one of which I saw. What the other was no one knows but themselves, and no one else will know it now! But what do the 'others' matter. . . . I looked most at Leo Nikoláevich and remember him best, and this is how I saw him. Completing the round of his life with almost mathematical exactitude, he had attained an extraordinary softness and quite childlike purity and freedom from ill-will. . . ."

Bulgákov noted on April 22nd: "Andréev produced a good impression on us all at Yásnaya Polyána. His manner was extremely modest, and even timid."

S.L.T.

22nd April

D.B. Goldenweiser has come. Yesterday he played Beethoven's sonata *quasi una fantasia*, a ballade of Chopin's, and several little things. We walked with Leo Nikoláevich, the children, and the Goldenweisers, by the plantations. In the evening Boulanger, the Gorbunóvs, Nádyá Ivánova, the Nikoláevs and others, came. Am tired. Wrote to Tánya and my daughter-in-law Sónya.

L.T. Talked with Andréév. He lacks a serious relation to life, but touches on such questions superficially.

23rd April

D.B. Wrote to Dolgorúkov at Leo Nikoláevich's request about cheap booklets in the Yásnaya Polyána Library, also to the Swiss Society about a French translation of the peasant stories for their people, to Ónichka,¹ and to the Discount Bank. The weather is changeable, it has turned cold. The oats are budding, and the cowslips are out. Mowed the grass round the bulbs in the meadow; there are quite a lot of them. Sent Sásha a telegram. In the evening Síbor² and Goldenweiser played on violin and piano: a lovely sonata by Mozart, some old fragments, and Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*.

24th April

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich ate nothing all day, complained of a bad taste in his mouth and of weakness. He slept or drowsed all

¹ Onísim Ivánovich Denísenko, Tolstóy's grand-nephew, son of his niece Eléna Sergéevna Denísenko. S.L.T.

² Boris Óspovich Síbor, violinist, professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, and an acquaintance of the Tolstóys. Of Goldenweiser's and Síbor's playing Tolstóy noted in his diary on April 23rd: "Was much agitated by the music."

the time.¹ I was busy editing *Childhood* for the Collected Edition. Ólga and her children have gone to Taptýkovo and Ovsyánnikovo. Leo Nikoláevich has ordered his horse Délire to be unshod because someone told him that his having so good a horse arouses envy among the peasants.

L.T. Weakness since the morning, and a headache. Did hardly anything and did not go out. Sleepiness and marasmus.

26th April

D.B. In a terrible state of nerves, am short of breath, and keep wanting to cry. I have too many different things to do. Thank God Leo Nikoláevich is better. He walked about a lot with Ólga and the children. Am busily engaged on the edition, but it is very hard. Am preparing to go to Moscow.

29th April (Moscow)

D.B. Went to see Ekaterína Fédorovna Junge after working at the Museum. She is in a very bad state, and it is sad to see the energy she expends on her artistic life, and her love of it, when her exhausted physical organism is collapsing. In the evening to the Davýdovs'² At Home.

30th April (Moscow)

D.B. In the Museum again. I sadly read over and copied out what related to the time of Vánichka's death. Finished my business,

¹ Dr. Makovítski noted on April 22nd: "Leo Nikoláevich is unwell. He did not go to sleep till 2 a.m., but then slept on till ten o'clock. He ate nothing till evening, and lay down and went to sleep several times during the day. He is feeble. His pulse is 74 and weak. Hiccups. Has difficulty in moving his tongue, and he lisps. Says he is tired of his body. . . ." S.L.T.

² Nikoláy Vasílevich Davýdov, at whose house for many years guests, including many eminent men, used to gather on Thursdays. S.L.T.

dined at the Máslovs. Called on old Praskóvya Vasílevna and saw Sergéy Ivánovich [Tanéev] who seemed quite pleased to see me. Started for home in the evening.

1st May

D.B. Reached Yásnaya. Leo Nikoláevich met me and I was very glad to see him. He is preparing to go to Tánya's at Kochetý¹ and has grieved me by not being willing to wait a day for me. Twenty students from the Modern High School called, and Leo Nikoláevich gave them all autographed pamphlets.² Nikoláev, Díma Chertkóv, an Englishman,³ and Márya Alexándrovna were here. Leo Nikoláevich is packing up.

2nd May

D.B. This morning Leo Nikoláevich left with Dr. Makovítski and Bulgákov his secretary, for Kochetý to the Sukhotíns'.⁴ The same wonderful weather. An abundance of apple-blossom with all its magic beauty.

3rd May

D.B. Was quite alone in the house with Márya Alexándrovna, corrected proofs of the newly printed articles and checked over

¹ The hereditary estate of M. S. Sukhotín, Tolstóy's son-in-law and the husband of Tatiána Lvóvna. It consisted of an old park and a large house, and was on the border of the Tula and Orel provinces. S L T.

² In his diary on May 1st Tolstóy noted. "Twenty nice lads from the High School. I had a good talk with them" Bulgákov writes that Tolstóy showed them a Hindu method of proving the theorem of Pythagoras (the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides). S L T.

³ A friend of V. G. Chertkóv's photographer, Mr. Tapsell. S L T.

⁴ Bulgákov in his diary wrote of the Sukhotíns' house at Kochetý. "It was moderately luxurious and very comfortable. Many old things on the walls—weapons and portraits of ancestors—cupboards with family silver, presentation snuff-boxes, and so on. The surroundings and everything in the house have an air of pleasant squiredom. solidity, simplicity, and cleanliness. And the members of the household are well-bred, pleasant, and cordial." S L T.

Boyhood. In the evening played some of Beethoven's sonatas and Chopin's *Nocturne*. Walked in the apple orchard. Wrote to Leo Nikoláevich, Várya Nagórnyaya, Lev, and others.

4th May

D.B. Quite alone all day. Occupied with proofs of the newly printed article and with acknowledgments from Stasyulévich. Andréy and his family have come, and it is rather sad to see them. Wrote to Lemke.¹ A storm, with torrential rain. They have planted potatoes.

L.T. I am again tormented and oppressed by the burden of luxury and the idleness of a landowner's life. Everyone is working except me. It is torture and torment.

5th May

D.B. Spent the day with Andréy's family. In the evening finished my affairs, and sent off my correspondence and the corrected proofs. Went to bed at 3 a.m. It is raining and cold.

6th May

D.B. It poured and poured with rain all day. Towards evening it was clear, cool, and moonlight. Andréy and I sorted and copied out various articles relating to Leo Nikoláevich's youth—interesting and never yet published. Sent a telegram to Kochetý to say I should not come.

¹ Mikhail Konstantínovich Lemke (1872–1922), an historian of literature, author of a series of books, and editor of the annotated and complete works of A. I. Herzen in twenty-two volumes. In 1910 Lemke managed the printing-works and bookshop of M. M. Stasyulévich in Petersburg, and was in correspondence with Sófya Andréevna about her publishing affairs. S.L.T.

7th May

D.B. Again did not go to Kochetý on account of my illness and the awful weather. Very busy with Andréy sorting out and copying Leo Nikoláevich's manuscripts. The weather is depressing and cold, and it is sad to contemplate Andréy's new family and his unsatisfactory financial affairs.

9th May (Kochetý)

D.B. Left early in the morning with Andréy by train. Cold northerly wind. Beyond Orel with an old Polish woman and a Miss Sudbínina, who was very pleasant. At Kochetý the two dear Tányas, the doctors,¹ and Bulgákov. Mikhaíl Sergéevich (Sukhotín) seems to have lost his gaiety. Leo Nikoláevich looks well. Vladímír Grigórevich Chertkóv is here.² That must be why Leo Nikoláevich was in such a hurry to leave home.

L.T. The insanity of our life becomes clearer and clearer to me. Sónya and Andréy have come. The meeting with Andréy was not good—brusque. To Sónya for the first time I expressed part of what weighs on me. Then, to soften what I had said, I kissed her silently. She quite understands that language.

¹ At Kochetý, besides Dr. Makovítski, who had gone with Tolstóy, there was Dr. Peter Grigórevich Dushkévich, a former revolutionary who had for many years been exiled to Siberia, but had escaped and had been granted an amnesty in 1906. S.L.T.

² V. G. Chertkóv was at that time living at Meshchérscoe, near Stolbovóy on the Moscow-Kursk railway. In March 1909 the Tsar's Government had forbidden him to live in the province of Túla because he had propagated Tolstóy's—in their eyes—"harmful" teaching. He had received special permission to see Tolstóy at Kochetý, which is on the border of the Túla and Orel provinces. In June he was again allowed to live at Telyátinki (three versts from Yásnaya Polyána) while his mother stayed there, and later, in September, his ban on his living in Túla province was lifted. S.L.T.

10th May (Kochetý)

D.B. Spent all day with granddaughter Tánichka. We love one another very much. It is peaceful, simple, and good here. But the weather is still cloudy and cold. Leo Nikoláevich again rode about twenty versts on horseback, looking for some peasant sectarian.

12th May (Kochetý)

D.B. Spent the morning with granddaughter Tánya, then took extracts from my letters to my daughter Tánya and painfully relived through the sad years 1894 and 1895. He always lives in my soul.¹ Leo Nikoláevich is well and active. He drinks bilberry juice and does not take soup . . .

13th May (Kochetý)

D.B. Walked in the morning with Tánichka, then made extracts from my old letters to Tánya. It is interesting and sad. Sukhotín's two sons have arrived: Lev² with his wife and boy, and Serëzha [Sukhotín]. There are a lot of people here, and it makes it hard for Tánya. Leo Nikoláevich is very well satisfied: great care is taken of him and he has a large suite—Chertkóv, Bulgákov, and Makovítski. It is still fresh, only 57 degrees in the daytime.

14th May (Kochetý)

D.B. A clear, beautiful, but chilly morning. Leo Nikoláevich is well, and is continually revising the *Circle of Reading*. Bulgákov has already copied it out over and over again. The children Tánya

¹ The reference is to her youngest and best-loved son, Vánichka, who died in 1895. S.L.T.

² Lev Mikháylovich Sukhotín (b. 1879), son of M. S. Sukhotín by his first wife. His son Mikhail is the "Míka" mentioned in the next entry. S.L.T.

and Míka are dear little things. Wrote to Marúsyá and Lév Went a long walk with the little ones. Leo Nikoláevich walked to some village to talk with the peasants and Tányá rode there to fetch him.

15th May

D.B. Have left the Sukhotíns'. Leo Nikoláevich still stays there with his suite. I drove over with Tányá to the Abrikósovs.¹ They have a little house, and their parents are there, and their children. It is a sympathetic family. I travelled with the old Abrikósovs to Záséka² station, where I got out. Am terribly tired. The house is empty, and there are all sorts of things to do. I found Kátya and Márya Alexándrovna here.

16th May

D.B. Very busy again: proof-correcting, copying old manuscripts of Leo Nikoláevich's, deciding on the contents of the different volumes; besides the estate management. Towards evening felt quite crazy with weariness, but left for Moscow from Záséka—forgetting my keys and having to return for them. The boy has been taken to the orphanage.

17th May (Moscow)

D.B. Museum, bank, and shopping. From eleven o'clock onwards Ólga and I did not leave the *drozhky*. Managed to get many things done. Terribly tired. Handed volumes IV, XI and XII of the new edition to the printer.

¹ Krisánf Nikoláevich Abrikósov (b. 1877) was living on an estate eighteen versts from Mtsénsk. He was married to Natálya Leonídovich Obolénsky, a grand-niece of Tolstóy's. They had two children, and Abrikósov's parents also lived with them. S.L.T.

In the third volume of Sófyá Andréevna's diary, S. L. Tolstóy mentions that K. N. Abrikósov had made the Tolstóys' acquaintance in 1898, and went that year to England to Purleigh in Essex. He did not stay there long, but helped with Chertkóv's Free Age Press. A.M.

² Záséka was the nearest railway station to Yásnaya Polyána

A.M.

18th May (Moscow)

D.B. Have had a great deal of pain in the stomach all day, but took precautions and managed to drive out and do some shopping, attend to business, and work for about an hour at the Museum—though with great difficulty. In the evening left for Yásnaya Polyána. Had a tranquillizing telegram from Leo Nikoláevich from Kochetý.

19th May (Yásnaya Polyána)

D.B. Andréy arrived at night and I in the morning. Kátya and her daughter¹ are here. Ill-health and weariness prevented my doing anything of importance. I made leather-cloth covers for the tables, and covered the sofa in the dining-room with Andréy's help. Went to bed late.

20th May

D.B. Walked about in Yásnaya Polyána for some three hours. As long as I was simply picking flowers and admiring the sky and nature everything was all right. But the beautifully flowering garden has been attacked by weevils, the rye is thin because the ground was not manured, and there is strife with the peasants about the forest and about the cattle trespassing on the meadows. This whole business of estate management is a torment. Leo Nikoláevich, Makovítski, and Bulgákov have returned from Kochetý. Leo Nikoláevich is quite well. In the morning our grandson Sergéy Sergéevich arrived with his tutor. Andréy left for Moscow. Wrote to Tánya, Sáša, and Léva.

¹ Andréy and his wife Ekaterína Vasílevna (Kátya) had a daughter Márya (b. 1908). S.L.T.

21st May

D.B. Our son Sergéy arrived, and then Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, and things became more cheerful. Busied myself with the new edition, allotting the various articles to the different volumes. Then I pasted in some Press notices, and the steward and I considered renting out plots of land. In the evening we put on the gramophone, and then Sergéy played the piano—which is much pleasanter.

I am not well, and at the same time have too much to do.

The weather is delightful, and everything in Nature is beautiful.

Sad news of the death of my brother Peter.

L.T. Complaints from the village women. I mentioned it to Sónya.

22nd May

D.B. I wrote to Felten and to Krashenínnikov the house-painter. Think sadly all the time of my good, kind, dead brother Peter. Andréy has returned, and the Gorbunóvs (husband and wife) have come. Little Sergéy and his tutor went with her to the bathing shed, which is not yet in order. A clear, hot day. The nightingales are singing. Leo Nikoláevich is well, and is correcting his play for the village theatre. He rode on horseback with Bulgákov. In the morning I lost my way and came out on the State forest-nursery. I am very busy with the estate, the edition, the house, arranging the books and so on, and I feel sad.¹

L.T. Had an unpleasant talk with Sónya. I did not behave well. She has done all that I asked.

¹ In her entry for that day Sófya Andréevna does not refer to the misunderstanding that occurred between her and Leo Nikoláevich. Bulgákov wrote in his diary: "There was a misunderstanding to-day with Sófya Andréevna concerning the Cherkess [the forester], who would not let the peasants pass through the homestead to their work. All was settled to the general satisfaction."

23rd May

D.B. Felt terribly distressed all day. Everything seems useless and has become repulsive. Leo Nikoláevich has become, as it were, wooden: does not talk to me or caress me, and does not interest himself in anything, and consequently I feel unhappy. I made him a waistcoat and trousers. A mass of people—Bulýgin, Nikoláev, Dmítri Obolénski, Díma Chertkóv, Sergéenko, and a dark one.¹ It is very warm. Hot during the day.

L.T. Am agitated by my thoughts. Either lack the strength or cannot find the form in which to express them.

25th May

D.B. Every day Leo Nikoláevich gets up early and brings me a bouquet of wild flowers. He is writing for a series of forthcoming booklets, which interests him very much. He and Bulgákov rode over to see Gorbunóv in Ovsyánnikovo about those booklets. Have finished arranging the books. Am still not well. I lack energy to do things, and so I mended socks and wandered about.

26th May

D.B. Andréy has gone to Tambóv with his family. Goldenweiser was here. Sásha and Varvára Mikháylovna arrive at night from the Crimea. Busied myself with the edition. Made a cap for Leo Nikoláevich. In the evening went with my grandson Sergéy to find dame's violets.

¹ Two people who shared his religious views visited Tolstóy that day: Mikháil Pávlovich Skipétrov, an ex-student of Moscow University, who left it under the influence of Tolstóy's writings and died of consumption soon after Tolstóy's own death; and David Lukích Maksimchuk, a young Ukrainian sailor, who intended to refuse military service that autumn. (From Bulgákov's diary.) The "dark one" was Skipétrov.

S.L.T.

In the Countess's language the "dark ones" were people of no social position who sympathized with Tolstóy's social, religious, and pacifist opinions.

A.M.

27th May

D.B. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna reached home last night. N. N. Gay¹ and Bulýgin have come. Was busy with the edition. Made Leo Nikoláevich three caps and a waistcoat. He rode on horseback through the woods, and is excited by a letter from Chertkóv, in which he tells him of an actor named Orlénev² who intends to start a theatre for the people.

L.T. Sáscha has arrived. We both wept for joy. She is too energetic. I feel afraid. Kólichka Gay is an agreeable fellow.

29th May

D.B. A painful talk with Leo Nikoláevich. In reply to my complaints of the difficulty of estate management he reproaches me with our artistocratic way of life. He drives me away from Yásnaya Polyána to live at Odóevo, Paris, or somewhere else.³ I went out. It was very hot, my leg hurt, and my pulse beat terribly. Lay down in a ditch till they sent a horse for me. Then went to

¹ Nikoláy Nikoláevich Gay, junior, was then a French subject and lived in Switzerland, from which country he was visiting Russia after a long absence.

S.L.T.

² Pável Nikoláevich Orlénev (1869-1932), a well-known Russian actor, whose company gave free performances for the peasantry at Galítsyno. Chertkóv saw one of these performances and wrote a long letter to Tolstóy on the subject telling him that Orlénev had long wished to share his art with the common people, and that he offered to give 30,000 rubles (about £3,000) which he had earned on tour in Siberia, towards the organization of a People's Theatre. Tolstóy was much interested in the idea, and wished to make Orlénev's acquaintance. Orlénev visited Yásnaya Polyána on June 8, 1910, and also saw Tolstóy on a subsequent occasion, but he and Tolstóy were not favourably impressed by one another.

S.L.T.

³ Leo Nikoláevich did not "drive" Sófyá Andréevna anywhere, but in reply to her complaints pointed out that she was not compelled to live at Yásnaya Polyána, but that it was possible to live anywhere, even at Odóevo—a small provincial town.

S.L.T.

bed, ate nothing, and cried. Paul Trubetskóy and his wife have come.¹

L.T. Felt very weak. A talk with Sónya. She became excited. I was alarmed, but thank God her excitement passed off.

30th May

D.B. A number of people: the Trubetskóys, Nádyá Ivánova, Gorbunóv, N. N. Gay, Nikoláevna, and then Zósya Stakhóvich to dinner. An unpleasant theft has occurred of three horses from the drove. Reported this in writing to the Governor. Also an unpleasant note from Shchkána [Tanéeva] to which I have replied to-day. Much to do and little time to do it. Sáscha still has a cough, which is alarming.

31st May

D.B. Such a bustle that one can do nothing. Drove to Ovsyánnikovo to the Gorbunóvs' and Márya Alexándrovna. The children are there. Grandson Sergéy and N. N. Gay went with me. Trubetskóy is always making sketches of Leo Nikoláevich and of all of us. He is gifted and loves his art. Zósya Stakhóvich and Kólichka Gay have gone. Goldenweiser was here. A hot day; a drought has begun. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback with Trubetskóy. He is correcting his two-act comedy² and is busy on the farthing booklets.

One of the stolen horses has been found in Túla. Wrote to the Governor and to Glébova. The plasterers have begun work

¹ Paul Trubetskóy in 1910 modelled a new statue of "Tolstóy on Horseback," of which there is a bronze copy in the Tolstóy Museum in Moscow. Sófya Andréevna's entry on May 31st mentions that Trubetskóy "is always making sketches of Leo Nikoláevich." There are three pencil drawings of Tolstóy by Trubetskóy in the Museum, and one large sketch in oils, "Tolstóy at Work."

S.L.T.

² This "two-act comedy" was *The Cause of it All*.

S.L.T.

in the servants' quarters and the men who are repairing the roof are putting a cowl on the laundry chimney.

Leo Nikoláevich had haemorrhage yesterday as a result of constipation.

1st June

D.B. Finished making Leo Nikoláevich's waistcoat. Wrote to my son Ilyá. There is something wrong with my stomach and my rupture causes me pain.¹ Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback with Trubetskóy yesterday and to-day. Sáscha is typing the play.

L.T. A very pleasant kindly feeling for Sónya—good, spiritually affectionate.

2nd June

D.B. Bathed for the first time. The Trubetskóys bathed alone, both husband and wife going straight into the little river, to our surprise. Photographed Leo Nikoláevich with Trubetskóy (unsuccessfully) and also Andréy's family, and developed them in the evening. They mowed for silage. Lídiya Alexéevna Ivánova has come from Tátevo—a glib lady.² My daughter Tánya arrived at night. A beggar, an artist with his wife, a lunatic with a persecution mania—people all day!

3rd June

D.B. Went to bathe with Tánya, Másha Zúbova, Varvára Mikháylovna, and Sáscha—who is forbidden to bathe. Felt quite

¹ A consequence of the serious operation (the cutting out of a cyst) performed on Sófya Andréevna in 1906 by Professor V. F. Snegirev. S.L.T.

² Lídiya Alexéevna Ivánova, a landed proprietress from the village of Tátevo, eight versts from Yásnaya Polyána. This was her first visit to the Tolstóys. Tolstóy wrote of her: "Yesterday we had a visit from a quite wild lady with a petrol motor and a turn-out *à l'anglaise* and *avec tout le tremblement*." Bulgákov regarded her less severely, and noted: "She seemed to me a decent woman, but was very talkative—from timidity, I fancy. She herself said she felt nervous, and I noticed that her hand trembled." S.L.T.

cheerful Sáscha is over-anxious, but looks well, though who knows in how far that is so? It is very hot. Trubetskóy is modelling a small figure of Tolstóy on horseback. Did some copying and pasted in photographs. Wrote to Kátya (Tolstóy), Marúsyá Malakóva, and to Ossovétski about paint.

L.T. An unkindly feeling towards Sergéy, against which I did not sufficiently struggle. But on the other hand a very good feeling for Sónya—God help me!¹

4th June

D.B. Bathed, did some work, but do not get to real things—what with the heat and the bustle of guests. O. K. Klodt,² Díma Cherkóv, Bulgákov, and Boulanger came. Leo Nikoláevich is upset because the Cherkess brought in Prokófý³ for stealing part of a tree. He is an old man who used to work with him. Oh, how this estate management oppresses me!

L.T. Went riding with Dushán [Makovítski]. We had a good ride and then came on the Cherkess bringing in Prokófý. I felt terribly depressed. My one thought was to get away from here, but now, at 5 a.m. (June 5th), it does not seem possible. Darling little Tánichka has come. I sobbed while talking to

¹ Leo Nikoláevich's relations with Sófya Andréevna after the painful conversation on May 29th were peaceful for some days. S.L.T.

² Ólga Konstantínovna Klodt (b. 1856), an artist and drawing mistress, an adherent of Tolstóy's Aunt of the Finnish authoress Árvíd Ernfelt, and acquainted with Leo Nikoláevich since 1898. In 1910 she was living at the Chertkóvs' in Telyátinki. S.L.T.

³ Akhmet the Cherkess, the estate forester, who watched to see that the peasants did not fell the trees or carry off wood, or trespass on the meadow-land, dealt roughly with offenders. He stopped Prokófý Vlášov, a Yásnaya Polyána peasant who was carting away part of a tree, and took him to the estate office for a formal charge to be drawn up against him. This man had been a pupil in Tolstóy's school at Yásnaya Polyána in 1859-1862, and later on Tolstóy had gone mowing with him, and was friendly with him and used to go to see him. S.L.T.

her, which was wrong of me. Always considering my own satisfaction and not my work. Afterwards I inquired about the Cherkess and Sónya said that everything would be all right. I had not the least ill-feeling against her.

5th June

D.B. Corrected the proofs of the first pages of volume xii. Went to bathe with Másha. The water cold, and only 52 degrees outside towards evening. Leo Nikoláevich posed on horseback for Trubetskóy, who models with great enthusiasm.¹ Our Tánichka left in the morning. I went with her. A peasant writer, Semenov, has turned up. I took some more photographs.

L.T. Did no work, and felt sorry for myself. I wished to be pitied, wanted to cry, and felt angry with everybody like a capricious boy. But all the same I restrained myself. Only at dinner I said that I wanted to die, and I do really desire death very much and cannot refrain from doing so.

6th June

D.B. *Trinity Sunday.* It is clear dry weather, chilly towards evening. Wrote to Lev, Lísá Obolénskaya, Molostvóna, the proof-reader, and to Chertkóv. A great many peasants came here from the three villages of Yásnaya, Telyátinki, and Grummont. There were concertinas, tambourines, balaláykas and gramophones, songs and dances. Sáscha and Másha gave sweetmeats to the children and I gave some money to the women. Leo Nikoláevich talked a

¹ Dr. D. P. Makovítski notes: "Trubetskóy insisted that Tolstóy should pose on Krivóy and not on Délire, considering that it would be more characteristic. Before beginning to model Tolstóy, Trubetskóy modelled the horse, taking only a few minutes to do so, and doing it so successfully that one could at once recognize Krivóy. Leo Nikoláevich posed for ten minutes before going out, and again on his return, and in the evening sitting in an arm-chair."

great deal to the peasants about landed property, religion, and so on. Goldenweiser, Klodt, Nikoláev, and Semenov were here. I corrected proofs.

L.T. I was walking in the wood and met a lad who asked whether he might walk there, as the Cherkess beat people. It made me feel very depressed.

7th June

D.B. More unpleasantness in the morning with Leo Nikoláevich as to why I keep a Cherkess forester—it *looks* bad to keep a Cherkess at Tolstóy's home. I said that with him here the trees are not stolen and so all is peaceful; there are no police and no charge-sheets of thefts. Once more it resulted in a distressing conversation and reproaches. I cried nearly all day and lay down all the evening incapable of doing anything. Leo Nikoláevich is in a terrible state of mind: he torments both himself and me. Sergéy has gone away. It is a dull, cold day, dry, with a north wind. Nikoláev was here, and the way he disputed with Leo Nikoláevich was insupportable.

L.T. Spoke to Sófya Andréevna about the Cherkess, and again there was agitation and irritation. It is very hard. I want to cry all the time. In the evening Nikoláev was here. A senseless discussion.

8th June

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich has fallen ill.¹ He slept longer than usual in the morning, and had forgotten everything when he woke.

¹ Concerning Tolstóy's illness there is an entry in Makovítski's diary: "Leo Nikoláevich got up at ten o'clock. He had evidently fainted during the night, and in the morning his pulse was 82 and his temperature 99 degrees. He started out on a walk, but staggered and had to come back. He sat more than half the day in an arm-chair, reading or drowsing. The rest of the time he lay in bed."

Temperature 98.6 and later on 99, but towards evening 98. Probably it is his distended liver. He is in a depressing mood—gets angry and refuses to be doctored. It is cold, dry, and still windy. Nikítin and Nádyá Ivánova came, as well as Orlénev the actor, Díma Chertkóv, and Bulýgin. Finished reading the proofs of Maude's *Life of Tolstóy*. Mended socks and felt sad.

L.T. Orlénev was here. He is terrible. All vanity, and guided by the very lowest material considerations. Simply terrible. Chertkóv rightly compares him to Sýtin.¹ There may possibly be a divine spark in each of them, it is even certain that there is, but I am unable to discern it.

9th June

D.B. Wrote to P. I. Birukóv, Gúndaltsev, Landóvská,² and my daughter Tányá.³ Leo Nikoláevich is much better. He had dinner with us, but is very feeble and stayed indoors all day. He drafted another letter to the Press asking people not to apply to him for money which he does not possess, but he did not send the letter off. Nikítin has gone away. Was very busy arranging the contents of the volumes for the new edition. They have mowed the garden. My stomach is upset.

¹ Sýtin was a publisher who did a very large business in books of the "penny dreadful" type, but was persuaded that there would be a market for Tolstóy's short stories (*Twenty-Three Tales*, etc.), and succeeded in selling an immense quantity of them and of other stories of similar tendency. He was of great use in securing the circulation of Tolstóy's work among the people, but his aims were strictly commercial. A.M.

² Wanda Landóvská (b. 1877) played the harpsichord, and gave concerts in Russia and abroad. She visited Yásnaya Polyána more than once, and played a great deal on the clavecin she brought with her. Tolstóy enjoyed listening to her playing. S.L.T.

³ Sófyá Andréevna in a letter of June 9th wrote to T. L. Sukhotín: "It is a long time since I have seen papa in such an agitated, unkindly (not to say more) state as he has been lately. Evidently the liver cannot be controlled by any Christian ideas." S.L.T.

10th June

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich is better, and has even been out on horseback with Bulgákov. A Czech¹ of some kind—a school-master—has come. Played my two favourite Beethoven sonatas. Developed photographs: Leo Nikoláevich on horseback, and Trubetskóy with the statuette. Wrote to Chefánov and the printing-office. They have cleaned out all the wells and finished plastering the servants' quarters.

11th June

D.B. Worked industriously at proofs. Konissi,² a Japanese, has come, besides the Jewish-Czech teacher. They are preparing to go to the Chertkóvs'. Sáscha is not well and is hesitating whether to go, but her father will of course not wait for anyone on earth.

12th June

D.B. They have gone to the Chertkóvs'—Leo Nikoláevich, Sáscha, and the whole suite: Dr. Makóvitski, secretary Bulgákov, and Ilyá Vasílevich the man-servant. Went walking with N. N. Gay and Varvára Mikháylovna. They are mowing the grass in the garden. The Trubetskóys have gone, he having finished the statuette of Leo Nikoláevich and a peasant mowing. Wrote to Máslova and to the house-painter. Sent off the proofs of the *A.B.C.* book and of *Forty Years*.³

¹ This was a Jewish friend of Makóvitski's—a German master in the Realschule at Prague S.L.T.

² D. P. Konissi, a Japanese converted to Orthodoxy. He had been a student at Kiev Theological Academy. Worked at experimental psychology in Moscow, then returned to Japan and was a professor at Kioto and Tokio. He visited Tolstóy several times and corresponded with him. S.L.T.

³ *Forty Years* was an Ukrainian legend published in 1876 by the historian N. I. Kostomárov. In 1890 Tolstóy felt interested in it, and wrote an additional chapter to it which was afterwards included by Sófya Andréevna in her collected edition of Tolstóy's works. S.L.T.

13th June

D.B. *All Saints' Day.* Felt unwell, and got up late. N. N. Gay and Varvára Mikháylovna have gone to Krylsóvo and Khatýnki to see Bulýgin. Was correcting *The Power of Darkness* and *The Kreutzer Sonata* from one to six o'clock. How horrible they both are—especially the latter! Dined quite alone. Walked about for two hours on the estate and farmstead. My son Ilyá came in the evening. He was born on All Saints' Day forty-four years ago. Wrote to Lev and to Tánya.

15th June

D.B. Was overjoyed to get a letter from Leo Nikoláevich¹ from the Chertkóvs'. Wrote a short note to Leo Nikoláevich and letters to Sášha, Chefánov, and Pílkóv, and sent off volume XIII to the printer. They have brought in the first fruit. Still the same work on the edition. Gave further orders about the work in the house. Rearranged the furniture.

¹ In his letter of June 14, 1910, from Meshchérsкое, where he was staying with the Chertkóvs, Tolstóy wrote to Sófya Andréevna: "I am quite well and living as I do at Yásnaya Polyána, except that there are no visitors or petitioners, which is very pleasant. This is a very interesting district owing to its unusual Zémstvo [County Council] activity. Three versts away there is an enormous lunatic asylum for seven hundred patients, and another (a State institution, which is also psychiatric) for 1,500 patients, a prison, a hospital for political agitators, and one for convalescent lunatics. To-day I visited one such institution where there are fifty men. I talked to many of them and found one of them very interesting. Up to now I am not writing anything particular. I am always turning over the old things. But I hope to make some use of this leisure. However good it may be to be on a visit, home is better. And I shall return as I intended, certainly not later than the 24th, if all goes well with me and you.

"How are you and your affairs—both the editing and the household? Don't they worry you too much? To have a tranquil mind is the chief thing—more important than all material considerations. I am very sorry Ilyá did not find me at home. How is he? Goodbye, my dear old wife. I kiss you. *Au revoir*—I hope."

16th June

D.B. Was in Túla all day. Had a tooth stopped, consulted Kádálova, a woman doctor.¹ Went to the bank, and then shopping with Varvára Mikháylovna. I feel very tired. There is complete chaos at home. The painters have come and the plasterers are at work. A very cordial letter from my daughter Tánya.² Goldenweiser and Nikoláev were here.

17th June

D.B. It rained all day and I corrected proofs industriously. Such dirt and muddle with the workmen. The carpenters have come. Was alarmed by a telegram from the *Petersburg Gazette* inquiring about Leo Nikoláevich's health. I sent off a reply and two letters. Also wrote to Tánya,³ and sent congratulations to

¹ Sófya Andréevna apparently consulted this woman doctor about the hernia that had resulted from the operation she underwent in 1906. S.L.T.

² In her letter of June 14th T. L. Sukhotin wrote to her mother: "After leaving you, your words still sounded in my ears: that you are so overwrought and find things so trying and so distracting, and that the number of things you have to do is too much at your age. That is quite true, and at your age people very often live a restful life. I say quite sincerely that I consider you have so little egotism that to give pleasure to others may be a pleasure to you. And so the question involuntarily presents itself: Why and for whose sake do you lead a life of such hard labour that you are a 'harnessed jade'? Papa constantly suffers on account of it." S.L.T.

³ Referring to her differences with Leo Nikoláevich, which were assuming a more and more diseased character, Sófya Andréevna, replying to her daughter Tánya's letter on June 17th, wrote to her:

"You refer to my position and your father's imaginary unhappiness too tragically. What has happened? Forty-eight years of life at Yásnaya Polyána have gone their usual and inevitable way. And suddenly from all sides people have begun to cry out about sufferings and violence, merely because a stupid Cherkess caught Prokófý stealing wood, for which I gave him a severe scolding. The Cherkess does not now lay his finger on anybody, but the fact that people are afraid of him has this effect, that no more trees get cut down, and consequently there are no more unpleasant incidents. You write that I take care of everything that relates to papa's health and material wants. But if he ceased

Sáša.¹ Sat idly in the evening, feeling upset and having pain in my stomach and eyes.

18th June

D.B. Sásha's birthday. She is twenty-six. Did not sleep at night, but kept expecting a reply to my telegram. In the morning I heard from Leo Nikoláevich that all was well, and that he was surprised by my inquiry. Went to bathe with Ólga, Sónya, and Ilyá. In the evening Márya Alexándrovna and the Goldenweisers came. Terrible thunder and rain in the evening. Goldenweiser stayed the night. I myself made the necessary arrangements. Wrote to Leo Nikoláevich and Léva.

20th June

D.B. Am still living alone with Nature, flowers, and my thoughts. Read proofs in the morning and then went to bathe with Varvára Mikháylovna before dinner. Walked to the Nikoláevs' in the evening. There are children there. A warm quiet day. The hay harvest is being got in everywhere. Now it is night and I can hear singing in the village. Leo Nikoláevich makes no reference to his return. I have become unnecessary to him. He puts the Chertkóvs first. I must create *my own* personal life, or my own *personal death*.²

to live materially, how and where would his spirit live? For the manifestation of the spirit a bodily existence is necessary, and this has to be looked after. I am not capable of arranging a new life. Papa's so-called inner life has been hidden from me for a long time already, and in reality taken away from me by that hateful Chertkóv.

"Do not regard this letter as a justification of myself, dear Tánya, but consider it as an explanation. I feel your love and rejoice in it." S.L.T.

¹ Sófya Andréevna congratulated her daughter Alexándra on her birthday. A. L. Tolstóy was born on June 18, 1884. S.L.T.

² The last paragraph of this entry was evoked by Tolstóy's letter of June 19th, which we give here in its entirety:

"I am expecting your letter, dear Sónya, but meanwhile I write to let you

21st June

D.B. Developed photographs all day. I want to give my son Sergéy an album of photographs I have taken for his birthday. A hot, beautiful day, and a quiet night Drove with Varvára Mikháýlovna, Vérochka Sidórkova,¹ and Tánya Nikoláeva to bathe. In the evening arranged Leo Nikoláevich's room and washed my photographs. We had tea on the verandah—the two of us. All around is charming, but everything is empty. Leo Nikoláevich has arranged a sad position for me in my old age. Yes, and for himself! "All is sad," as Vánichka used to say

22nd June

D.B. Am ill both with nerves and with my heart. Varvára know about myself and to talk to you. All goes well here. Yesterday I rode into the village, where there are mentally afflicted women I was met by a peasant I know (S. T. Kúzin), who was in Moscow twelve years ago and joined my Temperance Society, and has not touched strong drink since. The sick women were interesting. When I got home doctors had come from Troítsky, three versts off, to invite me to a performance and a cinema show there. Troítsky is the district hospital for the most serious cases of mental derangement, and they have a thousand patients. I promised to go, and intend to go to look over the hospital. The cinema performance takes place to-morrow at the Meshchérskoe hospital. I shall go with Sásha. She is not getting on badly. As usual she is working for me, and she is brisk and cheerful. How time flies! I have not had time to look round, and a week has already gone by—only five days more. We have decided to leave on the 25th. It is good to be on a visit, but better at home. How are you going on, and how are all your occupations? Érdenko the violinist wants to come here. Goldenweiser will probably not come. *Au revoir*, dear Sónya, I kiss you. Greetings to Kólya [N. N. Gay] and to Várya [Feokrítova]. A whistle has sounded—which means lunch or dinner. I slept a long time to-day and feel energetic.—L T.

"Have been to the District Hospital. It was very interesting and good, and I did not feel tired. Have just had a bath and am feeling well. On returning to the house I received the welcome news that Chertkóv is permitted to be at Telyátunki during his mother's stay there. They are going there on the 27th. The news comes from Mikhaíl Stakhóvich. How extraordinary such a permission—for the period of his mother's stay—is! I kiss you again." S.L.T.

¹ Véra Ilínichna Sidórkova (b. 1891), the daughter of a former servant of the Tolstóys'. After the Revolution she married Tolstóy's grandson Ilyá Andréévich Tolstóy, from whom she separated in 1923. S.L.T.

Mikháylovna telegraphed to Leo Nikoláevich, but he will not come.¹ This senile eroticism for that false hypocrite Chertkóv is repulsive. He separates us, and I hate him for it. I wish for death and yet fear suicide; but I shall probably train myself to that thought. Life is unendurable while Leo Nikoláevich has this unmerited, continually unkind feeling towards me. . . . Oh, how I am suffering! Heart, head, soul—they all ache.²

23rd June

D.B. Of course he has not come and will postpone it again. A telegram: "More *convenient* to come to-morrow morning." It is Chertkóv's heartless style. For two days I have not taken anything into my mouth. Have prepared two poisons: opium and spirits of ammonia. Still lack the courage. Is it possible that I am a coward? Is it not worse to live? My temperature has gone up to 99·8. My feet and hands are like ice.

They arrived in the evening. A painful explanation. Everything by which I have lived my long life is lost. Love is lost and broken.³

¹ From V. M. Feokritova's diary of 22nd of June:

"As soon as she read the telegram 'More convenient to come on 24th' she began to sob, flung herself on her bed, and cried: 'Don't you see that this is Chertkóv's expression? He won't let him go! They want to kill me, but I have some opium myself. Here it is!' And she ran to the cupboard and showed a phial containing opium and spirits of ammonia, and declared that she would poison herself if Leo Nikoláevich did not come. 'Send an express telegram!' She ran over to the table, sat down, and wrote: 'Think it is essential Varya.' 'Why have you signed my name?' I asked 'It's your telegram.' 'Let me use it, or they will say that I myself am summoning them and will not come!' she said 'Well, as you please,' I replied "

S.L.T.

² From Bulgákov's diary of June 22nd. "Late in the evening when we had all gone to bed two telegrams of a strangely contradictory character arrived from Yásnaya Polyána concerning Sófya Andréevna's nervous state. They are summoning Leo Nikoláevich to Yásnaya Polyána."

S.L.T.

³ From this time onwards Sófya Andréevna's hysterical condition became much more acute. In her more lucid moments she was herself conscious of this, as is shown by her words at the beginning of this diary: "In my nervous state I wrote these ravings," and at the end of that entry "I wrote that in a severe fit of hysteria"

S.L.T.

L.T. Had just lain down but had not yet fallen asleep when a telegram arrived: "Beseech you come 23rd." I will go and am glad of an opportunity to do what I have to do. May God help me!

Yásnaya Polyána. Found things worse than I expected. Hysteria and exasperation beyond description. Restrained myself pretty well, but was not gentle enough.

D. On June 22nd I fell ill with a severe attack of nerves. I was expecting Leo Nikoláevich home on the 23rd and in my nervous state I wrote these ravings:

YET ANOTHER SUICIDE

(A sick woman's ravings)

Memorandum before death

I am sitting alone and thinking only of Leo Nikoláevich's return from the Chertkóvs', where he went with Sásha and his whole suite (doctor, secretary, and man) on the 12th. I justify myself mentally for having sent telegrams to summon him on account of my illness. For the second day I am in my room, wearing nothing but my chemise, now lying down and now jumping up horrified by my own rising sobs, which leap out suddenly and suffocate me. For three days I have not eaten or drunk anything. I have spasms in my throat and pain in my heart. Yesterday in particular I suffered torments from pain in my whole back and left side. To-day my head aches terribly and there is always the same feeling in my heart, a temperature of 99 degrees and icy hands and feet.

What is the matter with me? Hysteria, a nervous stroke, angina, the beginning of insanity? I do not know. I have spasms in the throat and cry all the time—cry day and night. Where do so many tears come from? Even before this illness I was terribly melancholy. Let me confess the truth. I was wretched because of this long

separation from Leo Nikoláevich, to which I am unaccustomed. He has a repulsive, senile love for Chertkóv (in his youth he used to fall in love with men) and is completely subject to his will . . .¹

Chertkóv is our *divider*—a cunning, despotic, and heartless man, who has made himself the person nearest to Tolstóy, a position more advantageous and more *en evidence* than that of an insignificant, stupid officer of the Guards.²

I am insanely jealous of Leo Nikoláevich's intimacy with Chertkóv. I feel that he has taken from me all I have lived by for forty-eight years. I was so accustomed to love him, take care of him, and look after his works! And now I am completely thrown aside. He finds me a burden.

Yesterday when I was in a terrible state of physical and mental suffering and not responsible for my actions, I became frightened of myself and of what I might do. So I appealed to the man I love to save me from myself, and sent him a telegram: "I *beseech* you to come." Instead of coming he sent a reply saying that it would be *more convenient* to come on the 24th—that is, two days after Varvára Mikháylovna's first telegram telling him that I had fallen ill with a *severe nervous breakdown*. In the words *more convenient* I recognized Chertkóv's cold style, and all my sufferings were accentuated by that reply. I was enraged and wept again. And yesterday when I was quite beside myself I might easily have done something desperate. All the methods of suicide passed through my mind, and the best of them all seemed to be to sink beneath the waves of the sea. I did not like the idea of throwing myself on the rails before a train, though I thought of going to Stolbovóy and lying down there under the train in which Leo Nikoláevich would be travelling *more conveniently*. I thought of going to Túla to ask the Governor's permission to buy a pistol as if for the servants, and then shooting myself right in the temple, like Másha Kolokóltseva (Dyákova). In my cupboard there is a

¹ After these words in the diary an expression was written in the margin and then erased which does not admit of publication. S.L.T.

² V. G. Chertkóv had been an officer in the Guards and had left the service before he became acquainted with Tolstóy. A.M.

large phial of old opium, and I have prepared both opium and spirits of ammonia. I took Florínsky's medical handbook and looked up the results of opium poisoning: first excitement, then sleepiness—and then the end! There is no antidote to it.

I must write to my husband, who recently went with the Chertkóvs to visit a hospital for insane women, and ask him whether he studied it well, as Chertkóv would probably find it *more convenient* to place me in it. . . . But no! I will not allow that. I have the opium. Chertkóv would find it very *convenient* to get Leo Nikoláevich completely into his clutches and even to carry him off.

And you, Andréy, avenge your mother's death! You loved her and understood who was her enemy. That enemy has taught my husband to be a hypocrite too. In his first letter he wrote: "However good it may be to be on a visit, home is better. And I shall return as I intended, certainly not later than the 24th." I believed him. And how glad I was to get that letter!

Afterwards he began to postpone his return a day at a time, now to the 25th and now to the 26th. All these things were written and done to prevent my going to the Chertkóvs' to see my husband, and so that he might continue to enjoy and revel in his pitiful, senile love!

And I yearned with all the intensity of my soul and my forty-eight-year love to go to see him. I waited for just a hint of his desire to see me, awaited a call! I was sad, and wept in solitude. . . . while he wrote me falsely affectionate letters and continued to live at Meshchérscoe¹ with his handsome idol!²

And now I have recovered my sight and have broken down. What a terrible wind! My head feels like bursting with pain. What a rumbling there is of carts returning laden with hay! And what a rumbling there is in my head!

¹ Four words that followed here and were struck out by Sófyá Andréevna are not suitable for publication. S.L.T.

² V. G. Chertkóv was a handsome man, but he was fifty-six years of age, and Tolstóy himself was eighty-two. Such suspicions therefore as Sófyá Andréevna hints at, directed against a husband who had never been unfaithful during the forty-eight years of their marriage, were palpably insane. A.M.

But perhaps it will suddenly seem to him sinful to think only of his love and his *convenience*, and he will come in the evening. I am afraid of him, I fear his eyes bent on me in anger for infringing his enjoyment—those eyes which now always look on me with hostility, but that once doted on me so passionately . . .

How quietly time passes! Seven o'clock . . . Again I shall neither eat nor drink nor sleep. Four days have already passed like this.¹ Oh, these sleepless nights!

While things are quiet and one is well-nourished one does not poison oneself. Now my head is splitting, everything is confused, and the pain in my head and heart tortures me beyond endurance. Splendid! The worse I feel the better . . . How the moths beat against the blinds! . . . The painters have come asking whether they are to paint the roof. And I immediately see a vivid picture of a rounded coffin-lid covered with rose-coloured or white brocade, and under it—myself. How enormous my nose will seem as it sticks up. My husband will go away. He will be annoyed that his customary way of life is temporarily disturbed, especially so pleasant a one as it has been just lately . . . And the children? Away, away with all thought of them! There is pain enough already in my heart. I loved them very very much. Could it have been more? But all the same we are now all living apart . . .

Oh, what anguish! May there be more and more of it, so that it will be easier to poison myself! The opium will come out of the phial too slowly. I must pour it all into the narrow tumbler which had the roses in yesterday—then I can drink it off more quickly . . .

What a turmoil there will be! How Duniyásha will whimper and blame me . . . and what will the whole world say? What nonsense! What does it matter? An interesting occurrence. No one in the whole world will know that I perished from the cruelty of my husband's lost love, and from jealousy of a *man* . . .

Another hour has passed. It will be soon! I shall take poison a few minutes before his arrival. I shall watch his fright with angry joy—my revenge on him for deserting me *for a man*—and I shall fall asleep for ever . . .

¹ This sentence was written in above the line, and probably later. S.L.T.

Could not write more. I am tired. The pain in my head has made me lose my senses. It is swollen up as if it would burst.

It is late. They have lit the lamp. The train has passed. Yes, my husband will come directly . . . The phial is in my hand . . . Shall I put it off? No, with his arrival fresh torments will begin . . . I hear the wheels of a vehicle on springs. Now it is coming up the alley . . .

Quicker! Quicker! It will be too late . . . I have drunk the opium . . . He is coming.

[*Written in later.*] So it was. But unfortunately I did not succeed in poisoning myself . . . I am afraid of something. The sin? Yet what could be worse than the sufferings I endure? But they are a retribution for my sins and must be borne, and above all I must live in order not to yield up Levochka [her pet name for Leo Nikoláevich] to his idol, Chertkóv. "Keep yourselves from idols."

[*Written still later.*] I wrote that in a severe fit of hysteria. I was waiting for Leo Nikoláevich and feared that he would not come, and tried to shorten the time by writing. Had he not come I should probably have poisoned myself. I have never been in a worse state in my life.

24th June

D.B. I had a good explanation and made peace with Leo Nikoláevich. He wept. I have been weeping continually for a long time.¹ Busied myself with the photographs for Sergéy. It has tired me. Wrote to Chefánov, and to the clerk about volume XII. In the evening there was a talk about madmen,² suicide,³ and so

¹ From Bulgákov's diary of June 24th: "Things are better to-day. She says: 'Why don't you forgive me for all that I have been saying?' So she is conscious of her abnormality." S.L.T.

² Tolstóy wrote an article on *Madness* in 1910 that was not published during his lifetime. S.L.T.

³ In his diary on June 24th Bulgákov noted Tolstóy's words: "I am engaged on an article about madness I want to make it as clear and as good as possible. So I am not hurrying, but write it little by little. I want it to show all the insanity of our life, which gives rise to suicide." S.L.T.

on. Leo Nikoláevich is writing on the subject. He has written to the Slavonic Congress,¹ and says he has written two more tales . . .

L.T. Sónya came to me during the night, still unable to sleep. She came again in the morning. She is still agitated and does not calm down. Went for a walk after a tormenting conversation with her.

25th June

D.B. I do not sleep at night, and cannot eat anything. This morning I became quite reasonable and suffered terribly. I asked Leo Nikoláevich to help me to recover my balance, but he is powerless, for he does not love me but Chertkóv.² He drove with me to Ovsyánnikovo at my request though contrary to his own wish. Everything about me ached: stomach, legs, and heart. Leo Nikoláevich kept trying to get out of the carriage and leave me. I cried. I don't know whether he noticed it, but he did not leave me and we drove up together. I felt a little better after the drive. Goldenweiser and Márya Alexándrovna have come and Nikoláev walked over. Corrected proofs.

¹ On June 20th-24th Tolstóy wrote to the Slavonic Congress in Sofia in reply to their invitation to take part in a Congress S.L.T.

² D. P. Makovítski notes in his diary of June 25th "Sófya Andréevna continued yesterday's torture of Leo Nikoláevich and of herself. Dissimulation. She did not eat or drink, but sat alone in the large room. When Leo Nikoláevich went to her she got up and then fell down and complained that she had hurt her knee. But afterwards she ran away to the closet adjoining her own room, fell on her knees there, and raised to her lips a phial containing 100 grains of a solution of opium. She told Leo Nikoláevich that she had drunk only a little of it, but my opinion is that she had not drunk any at all."

The entry in Goldenweiser's diary is. "This morning Sófya Andréevna stood with a phial of opium in her hand and kept repeating 'Only one gulp!' Alexándra Lvóvna told her that, as the youngest daughter, she would not be responsible for all that was going on, but would at once telegraph to her brother Sergéy and her sister Tánya. Those words had an immediate effect on Sófya Andréevna, and she at once quieted down. She looked ghastly. I feel very sorry for her, as she is undoubtedly in an abnormal condition." S.L.T.

L.T. Wrote about madness, and wrote a letter. Suddenly Sónya came in in the same irritable and hysterical condition. It was painful again. Drove with her to Ovsyánnikovo and she became quieter. I held my tongue, but could not be kind and affectionate, I was unable to.

26th June

D.B. Another tormenting day. It is four o'clock in the morning and I have not been to bed. I am still considering what to do. And I cannot concentrate. I feel very ill. Is it possible that I shall not die? Leo Nikoláevich is still indifferent and angry as before. I torment him, he is to be pitied! But he has health and mental strength, while I am perishing.

D. Leo Nikoláevich, my husband, has handed over all his diaries from 1900 onwards to V. G. Chertkóv.¹ He began to

¹ The trouble about Tolstóy's manuscript diaries is referred to by various people

Goldenweiser says: "To-day when Alexándra Lvónna was with us Leo Nikoláevich returned from a ride Sófya Andréevna began asking where his diaries were (In October 1909 they had been taken to Moscow on Leo Nikoláevich's instructions and placed by me in a safe at the *Crédit Lyonnais*) Leo Nikoláevich said that he had not got them. Sófya Andréevna asked when they had been taken away Leo Nikoláevich said he did not remember. She began to shout: 'You have lied to me! You are lying!' Leo Nikoláevich completed his last diary at Meshchérscoe, and on going away he left it with Chertkóv. Sófya Andréevna started walking about the garden in the rain with no coat, and afterwards sat on the balcony just outside Leo Nikoláevich's room and began to groan aloud, so that he came out to her and tried to calm her, and was unable to have his usual sleep before dinner."

F. M. Feokritova says. "In the evening Sófya Andréevna came to Sáscha and me as we were typing and began complaining about Leo Nikoláevich. 'To-day I asked him to show me his last diary, and said: "Give it to me! What can it matter to you? Quiet my heart. . . ." And at once I found what he had written about me. "I want to struggle with Sófya Andréevna by kindness and love." Am I a miscreant that he must struggle with me? Why must he struggle with me? What do I do? Tell me, Varvára Mikháylovna, what does "struggle" mean? If I keep a Cherkess it is only to guard my children's woods and land. He says I should give up the land to the peasants. I cannot

write in a new note-book while a guest at the Chertkóvs', where he went on June 12th. In that diary, which he has let me read, he says among other things: "I want to resist Sófyá Andréevna by kindness and love." Resist! What has he to resist, when I love him so much and so ardently, and when my one thought and care is that things should be well with him? But he feels he must represent himself to Chertkóv and to future generations who will read his diaries¹ as an unhappy and magnanimous man struggling against some kind of imaginary evil.

My life with Leo Nikoláevich becomes more intolerable every day owing to his heartless and cruel attitude towards me. And all this has been caused gradually and very consistently by Chertkóv. He has got the unfortunate old man into his hands in all sorts of ways, he has separated us, and has killed the artistic spark in Leo Nikoláevich and inflamed the spirit of condemnation, hatred, and denial that is apparent in his later articles—which have been prompted by Chertkóv's stupid and evil spirit. [This last phrase was inserted later.]

Yes, if there is a devil, he is certainly incarnate in Chertkóv who has ruined our life.

I have been ill all these days. Life has tormented and exhausted me. I am tired of every kind of work. I live a solitary life, without help and without love, and I pray to God for death, which is probably not far off. Like a wise man, Leo Nikoláevich knows

do that. It is for my children. Why should I take it from them and give it away to God knows whom? I have twenty-three grandchildren. He wrote it on purpose—I understand! Oh, how fame spoils him! He did it so as to be able to say that he is unhappy, that I torment him, that he suffers on my account . . . And Chertkóv has carried everything off. He has taken those diaries and will print them . . ."

S L.T.

¹ Tolstóy did not intend his diaries for publication. When I was staying at Yásnaya Polyána in October 1910 he said that only some selected thoughts from them were worth publishing. He subsequently authorized Chertkóv to use his own discretion as to what should, or should not, be published after his death, and Chertkóv decided to publish everything. Tolstóy's constant condemnation of himself in the diaries for thoughts and expressions he regretted show clearly that they were not written for publication, and certainly did not aim at creating a favourable impression of himself.

A.M.

how to get rid of me. He is killing me gradually with the help of his friend Chertkóv and now my end is near.

I fell ill suddenly. I was living alone with Varvára Mikháylovna at Yásnaya Polyána. Leo Nikoláevich, Sáscha, and the whole suite—doctor, secretary, and man—had gone to Meshchérskoe to the Chertkóvs'. For the sake of Sáscha's health after her illness I was forced to have everything in the house painted, and the floors put right. I hired all the workmen, and moved the furniture, pictures, and things myself with the help of Varvára Mikháylovna. There were also many proofs to correct and estate matters to attend to. This all tired me terribly, the separation from Leo Nikoláevich became harder and harder to bear, and I had so serious a nervous breakdown that Varvára Mikháylovna sent Leo Nikoláevich a telegram: "Severe nervous attack. Pulse over a hundred. Is in bed. Cries. Insomnia." He wrote of it in his diary: "Have received a telegram from Yásnaya. Distressing." And he did not send a word in reply, and of course did not come.

By the evening I had become so much worse that the spasms in my heart, the pain in my head, and a kind of intolerable despair, made me tremble all over. My teeth chattered, and sobs and a nervous contraction in my throat choked me. I thought I was dying. I do not remember a more painful state of soul. I was frightened, and to save myself from that fear naturally threw myself on the man I love for help, and sent a second telegram: "Beseech you to come to-morrow, the 23rd." On the morning of the 23rd, instead of his coming by the train that starts at eleven, a telegram was sent: "*More convenient* to come morning of 24th. If essential will come by night train."

In the words *more convenient* I recognized the cold, heartless despotism of Chertkóv, and my state of nervousness and despair, and the pains in my heart and head reached their utmost limits.

At the Chertkóvs' they had calculated that I should not have time to reply to that telegram, but I too was calculating, and saw their cunning, and we sent an *express* telegram in Varvára Mikháylovna's name: "Think it is essential."

But the violinist Érdenko and his wife happened to be visiting

the Chertkóvs just then, and of course Chertkóv suggested to Leo Nikoláevich that it would be awkward for him to leave—not of course saying straight out that the violinist was more important than a sick wife, but suggesting it—and he kept Leo Nikoláevich there. And he was glad to stay, if only for an extra morning, with his adored and handsome idol.

On the evening of the 23rd Leo Nikoláevich, accompanied by his tail, returned home disgruntled and not at all affectionate. Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv look upon me as their *divider* just as I look upon Chertkóv as our *divider*.

A painful explanation took place. I spoke out all that was in my mind. Leo Nikoláevich sat on a stool, bent down and miserable, and remained almost completely silent. What could he have said to me? There were moments when I pitied him terribly. If I refrained from poisoning myself during those days it was merely because I am a *coward*. There were many reasons for doing it, but I hope that God will take me to Himself without my committing the sin of suicide.

My children, and you people who worship Leo Nikoláevich! Know all of you that he *killed* me, has killed me spiritually and will kill me physically. He has an immense intellect, a huge talent, a great susceptibility [these last words were written in later] but *no heart*. (In his youth he was still more susceptible, and above all [one word omitted by the Russian editor] sensual. But all that has been blunted) And being killed spiritually, God grant that I may also die physically! Grant it, O Lord! Look upon the sufferings that tear my heart!

During our painful explanation the beast suddenly leapt out in Leo Nikoláevich. Anger flashed in his eyes and he began to say something harsh. I hated him at that moment, and said: "Ah, that is what you really are!" and he was immediately silent.

Next morning my unquenchable love took the upper hand. When he came I flung myself on his neck, asked him to forgive me, to pity me, and to caress me. He embraced me and wept, and we decided that we would make a fresh start, would remember, and would spare one another. But will that last long?

But I could not bear to part from him. I wished to be near him, and to grow together with him, so I asked him to drive with me to Ovsyánnikovo. He evidently did not want to drive with me, but made an effort, and we set out. On the way however he kept wanting to get out and walk. Then I began to cry again, as a solitary drive had no meaning for me.

We drove up together and I felt tranquil. A little ray of joy shone at being *together*.

To-day I read Leo Nikoláevich's diary which he gave me, and again I received a cold douche and was upset to learn that he had handed all his diaries from 1900 onwards to Chertkóv on the plea of taking extracts. The son of that cunning Sergéenko is employed by Chertkóv and is probably copying out the whole of them for future purposes and advantages—and in his diaries Leo Nikoláevich everywhere presents me, as he is now doing, as a tormentor whom it is necessary to *resist*, while he *restrains* himself and presents himself as great, magnanimous, loving and religious¹ . . .

But I must lift up my soul and understand how unimportant Chertkóv's intrigues and Leo Nikoláevich's petty efforts to humiliate and kill me are in comparison with death and eternity. [This last sentence, inserted later, is written in the margin.]

Yes, if there is a God, Thou seest, Lord, my soul which hates falsehood, and Thou seest my love of goodness and of many people—a love that is not intellectual but heartfelt!

Evening of 26th June

D.B. Another explanation and more anguish! Life is impossible like this. I must put an end to myself. I asked: "What

¹ That was part of the delusion from which Sófya Andréevna was suffering. In reality it was remarkable to what an extent Tolstóy refrained from blaming his wife, and how ready he was to make excuses for her and find fault with himself—not only in his diaries but in his conversation during all the years I knew him. Even when placed in a very difficult position by her conduct and her statements he seldom blamed her, and if he occasionally did so in his diary he generally readily agreed to such statements being erased when she asked it.

is it in me that you want to resist?" He replied: "The fact that we disagree about everything: about the land, and about religion." I said: "The land is not mine. I consider it family property, a patrimony." "You could give away your own land." "But why are you not offended by Chertkóv's landed property and his fortune of a million?"¹ I asked, "Ah! Ah! I will be silent. Leave me alone . . ." At first a cry and then angry silence.

When I first asked Leo Nikoláevich where his diaries from 1900 onwards were, he replied quickly that he had them. But when I asked him to show them to me, he hesitated, and confessed that they were at Chertkóv's. I asked again: "Where are your diaries? At Chertkóv's? Why, there may be a police search there and they will all be lost! I need them as material for my own memoirs."

"He has taken precautions," replied Leo Nikoláevich. "They are in some bank."

"Where? What bank?"

"Why do you want to know that?"

"Why, I am the person nearest to you—your wife."

"The nearest to me is Chertkóv, and *I do not know* where the diaries are. Isn't it all the same?"

Who knows whether what Leo Nikoláevich says is true? Everything is being done secretly, cunningly, and falsely. It is all a conspiracy against me. It has been going on for a long time, and will only end with the death of the unfortunate old man Chertkóv has ensnared.

I think I have found what I must do. A few days before Leo Nikoláevich went to Chertkóv's he spoke indignantly about our way of life, and when I asked: "What can we do?" he exclaimed in an indignant voice: "Leave here, give it all up! Not live at Yásnaya Polyána, not have beggars around us, not employ a Cherkess, nor have menservants waiting at table, and petitioners and visitors! All that is terrible to me."

¹ Sófya Andréevna much overstated her case. Chertkóv's mother was a very wealthy woman, and was devoted to Vladímír Grigórevich, her only son, but he hardly had a fortune of a million even in rubles.

I asked: "Where should we, old people, go now?"

"Wherever you like. Paris, Yalta, or Odóevo. I of course will go with you."

I listened, listened to all that angry speech, took thirty rubles and left the house, meaning to go to Odóevo and settle there.

It was terribly hot. I ran to the high road, panting from agitation and weariness, and lay down beside the rye on some grass in a ditch.

Presently I heard something—it was the coachman coming in the cabriolet. Being exhausted I got in and returned home. Leo Nikoláevich had had a brief heart attack. What was to be done? Where go? What decide on? This was the first breach in our relations.

Having reached home the same burden of life awaited me. My husband is sternly silent, and there are estate affairs, painters, the clerk, guests, and proofs to be attended to. They all have to be dealt with and satisfied. My head aches, something enormous seems to distend it, and there is something that swells within me and compresses my heart.

And then this evening, walking some ten times round the avenues and the garden, I decided, without disputation or any talk, to hire a corner in someone's hut and settle down in it, abandoning all my affairs and all our life, and becoming just a poor old woman in a hut where there are children to love. I must try it.

I began to tell Leo Nikoláevich that I was not merely ready to change to a simpler life with him, but looked upon it as a joyful idyll, and only asked him to say just *where* he wanted to go. At first he said: "To the south, to the Crimea or the Caucasus." I said: "All right. Let us go, but soon . . ." At that he began to say that first of all *kindliness* was essential.

Of course he won't go anywhere as long as Chertkóv is here, and won't go to Sergéy in Nikólskoe as he promised. Kindliness! But when for the first time in twenty years he could have shown his kindness (which I have not experienced for a long time), when I *besought* him to come, he and Chertkóv composed a tele-

gram that it was *more convenient* not to! I asked Leo Nikoláevich who composed and wrote that telegram. He did not reply at once: "I think it was Bulgákov and I—but I don't remember."

I questioned Bulgákov, and he said that he knew nothing about the telegram and had nothing to do with it.

One could not but see that the style was Chertkóv's, whom Leo Nikoláevich wished to shield, and to my horror simply told an untruth. [These last words were written in the margin and probably later.]

I am writing alone at night in the large room. It is dawn. The birds have begun to sing and the canaries are fluttering about in their cage.

Is it possible that I shall not die of the sufferings I am enduring? To-day Leo Nikoláevich reproached me with being at variance with him *in everything*. In what? About the land, about religion, and in everything . . . And that is not true. I simply do not understand Henry George's view of the land question. I consider it most unfair to give away the land over our children's heads. We cannot differ on religion: we both believe in God, in goodness, in submission to the will of God. We both hate war and capital punishment. We both of us love the country and live in it. We neither us like luxury . . . The only thing is that I love Leo Nikoláevich and do not like Chertkóv. And Leo Nikoláevich does not love me but loves his idol.

L.T. Sónya is agitated again, and again it causes us both to suffer. Lord help me! This is an occasion for prayer. (1) Before God alone. (2) The whole matter—at once. (3) I thank Thee for this trial. [Headings of prayers.]

27th June

D.B. Tried to be with Leo Nikoláevich all day without irritating either him or myself. In the evening sat by while he played chess with Goldenweiser. Suddenly Bulgákov arrived

and said that V. G. Chertkóv had come with his mother. All my feelings were again aroused, and I decided to go in the morning to see my son Sergéy on his birthday, though I am quite ill. Leo Nikoláevich decided that he would go with me.¹

¹ From V. F. Bulgákov's diary: "Sófya Andréevna is upset. To quiet her Leo Nikoláevich has agreed to go with her to-morrow to their eldest son, Sergéy Lvóvich, whose birthday it is."

From Goldenweiser's diary: "Alexándra Lvóna says that Sófya Andréevna sat up yesterday till 5 a m. She (Alexándra Lvóna) guarded Leo Nikoláevich from her—putting Makovítski in the drawing-room for the night, and herself keeping guard on the other side. In the morning Sófya Andréevna was already up at eight. Leo Nikoláevich has shrivelled up very much. He said to Alexándra Lvóna in the morning 'I am played out. I have no strength left at all.'"

Goldenweiser also noted down about that day: "Bulgákov came and announced that Vladímír Grigórevich (Chertkóv) had arrived. Sófya Andréevna flushed up: 'What? This morning? Did Sáscha know of it?' She jumped up and ran to Varvára Mikháylovna, crying: 'Chertkóv has arrived I hate him!' Hysteria and cries began again 'I can't stay here!' and so on. She ran into the garden, then returned and sat down with us again, quite red in the face. 'You know, Alexander Borisovich, to an outsider it may not be so evident. I admit that I am perhaps out of my mind, but I can't control myself. If I see *him* God knows what will happen to me. I had better go away. I will rest for two days, refresh myself, and then come back when I am quieter. Just now I can't control myself at all.' She wrote two telegrams—one to Tatiána Lvóna to say they were going, and one to Sergéy Lvóvich to say that two of them were coming—brought them to us, read them out, and sent them off. When she had gone, Leo Nikoláevich said to me: 'Just as one meets with quite unexpected coincidences and accidental combinations in chess, so does one in life, and even more curiously. In this case, for instance, I have begun a work in which I advance the view that large groups of humanity are subject to fits of general madness of which the separate individuals are unconscious because it is general. Then I go to Chertkóv's and it turns out that there are two immense hospitals for the insane in that neighbourhood, and the doctors call, and invite me to see the hospital and show me everything and give me books. I am exceedingly interested in the matter. I return home to Sófya Andréevna, who is unquestionably mentally deranged. She has an *idée fixe*—vanity. She is afraid that people will say that she spoils my life, and with all her might she wants to prove the opposite—that she alone is good, and that all the rest are scoundrels and liars. I am reading a book by Korsakóv, the well-known psychiatrist. It is weak, because the doctors are always encountering the fundamental consciousness of the *ego*, from which everything proceeds, but they try all the time to exclude the *ego* from their consciousness. . . . But there is much information in that book that interests me in the highest degree. Among other things it states that these illnesses are only curable in the early

27th June

L.T. Last night she spoke of going away somewhere. I did not sleep all night and am very tired. Went for a walk and thought all the time of one and the same thing. There are duties to God and to man that I ought to fulfil in these last days and hours of my life, and so I must be firm. *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*

. . . Insanity is always the result of an irrational and therefore immoral life. That seems correct, but it must be verified and considered. Insane people always attain their ends more successfully than healthy people because they have no moral barriers: neither shame, nor truthfulness, nor conscience, nor even fear.

28th June

D.B. Chertkóv called in the morning with a letter for me.¹

stage (if at all). When the symptoms are repeated and become chronic a cure is very rare. That is very alarming, and I am thinking of how to get a psychiatrist to come and see Sófya Andréevna. Everyone here is in such a depressing and unnatural condition—unable to speak naturally about anything. We have to conceal things from her and she finds out, and screams aloud that everybody is lying. I have read in these books that when such things happen in a coarse family it is the patient who suffers, because they insult and ill-use him. But in sensitive surroundings, where they try to protect and spare the patient, it is the existence of those around him which becomes quite unendurable.' ” S L.T.

¹ Chertkóv's letter of June 28th to Sófya Andréevna was as follows:

“Much respected Sófya Andréevna,

“On behalf of my mother and myself I hasten to thank you cordially for the consideration you showed by sending your horses for her. I much hope that you will make her acquaintance, for she is a good and worthy woman and I am convinced that you would appreciate her. She has not the defects that I have, and good relations between you and her will, I am sure, serve as a new bond between you and me, apart from the bond that has drawn us together—namely, Leo Nikoláevich. In this connection I feel it necessary to tell you that I have heard that you have lately expressed an inimical feeling towards me. I cannot believe that such a feeling can be other than a temporary irritation evoked by some misunderstanding which a personal meeting would very quickly disperse as an extraneous, superficial obsession. There is too

L.T. Slept little. Sónya has been in an excellent mood since morning. She asked me not to go. But then came Chertkóv's letter. A good letter, but all the same she is annoyed with him.

29th June

D.B. These two days have been full of events. At Sergéy's, besides his own family, there were Vára Nagórnova, the artist Orlóv and his large family, and Tánya Behrs.¹ We walked a great deal. My daughter Tánya was also there, and I had some painful and not kindly talks with her. With Vára Nagórnova, on the other hand, I had some comforting conversation. We returned home at night. The train stopped on the bridge and it was not easy to get out.

L.T. A crowd of people at Sergéy's. Dull and difficult.

30th June

D. Anxiety all day on account of Leo Nikoláevich's ill-health and feebleness. His bowels have not acted for four days, and he

much, in the person of Leo Nikoláevich—that is to say the very best that either of us has in life—that forms a deep and inseparable bond between us. We may be angry with one another at times, but it is impossible for us to become enemies. On the contrary, you were profoundly right, dear Sófya Andréevna, when, on the day of Leo Nikoláevich's jubilee, you so cordially told me that I am your family's best friend. No secret calumnies by my enemies, though they may temporarily provoke you against me, can alter that fact which gives me such pleasure. I am confident that at our first personal encounter all that seems to have come between us will be easily removed. And for my own part I hope that God will afford me an opportunity to prove my sincere friendship for you and all your family not merely in words but in deed. It is a long time since we met, and conceptions of me have evidently formed in your mind which will crumble away at the first renewal of our personal relations. I am so convinced of this that I now zealously ask you to allow me to kiss your hand and attest my unimpaired and sincere devotion.

"V. Chertkóv."

S.L.T.

¹ Tatiána Stepánova Behrs (b. 1892), who was spending the summer at Nikólskoe, was the daughter of Sófya Andréevna's brother Stepán Andréevich Behrs.

S.L.T.

refuses to take an aperient. Towards evening he seemed to be better. I too feel very unwell. I bustled about all day but did not eat anything, my heart beat painfully and I was irritable. All the same I corrected the proofs of *The Power of Darkness*. It was hot during the day, but fresh at night.

D. On the 28th we went to Nikólskoe to see our son Sergéy on his birthday: Leo Nikoláevich and I, Sáša, Dushán Petróvich [Makovítski], and N. N. Gay. We all got up early and I went to Leo Nikoláevich to say that if he did not feel well he should not go and I would go with N. N. Gay. He had previously given me his word that he would go with me, and now said that he would do so. No doubt he felt ashamed to draw back.

I still felt very ill, and had decided the previous evening that I would not go. Afterwards, as I sat watching Leo Nikoláevich playing chess with Goldenweiser, Bulgákov came in and said that Chertkóv, who had been exiled, had returned to Telyátinki with his mother. I jumped up as if I had been stung, the blood rushed to my head and my heart, and I decided to go to Sergéy's in any case. I packed quickly and had no sleep all night. In the morning Leo Nikoláevich told me that he would go on ahead on foot, and that I could overtake him in the carriage. Then Chertkóv came, and Leo Nikoláevich immediately lost his head and went towards Ysenkí instead of Záseka.¹ They recollected themselves, however, became alarmed, and went quickly up the hill to the stables, and from there, Chertkóv's horse being already harnessed, they drove and overtook me, but Leo Nikoláevich got out while they were still some distance away and came over to my cabriolet, and we drove on together.

At Bastýevo station, where there should have been a conveyance to meet us, there was none. Sáša and Gay had got out at Chern station and had driven from there in a *troika* to Nikólskoe, where it turned out that our telegram had not been received. It had simply not been forwarded from Bastýevo. It is long since I had such a

¹ Ysenkí is the next station to Záseka, but is farther from Yásnaya Polyána.

fit of spleen as during the three hours of waiting at that dirty little unattractive station.

Leo Nikoláevich again went on ahead and took the wrong turning, and again had to be looked for when the carriage from Nikólskoe arrived. It was a good thing I had taken some cooked oatmeal and milk and coffee with me, and could give him something to eat. I never think of myself, and ate nothing. I had only a cup of bad tea and one egg during the whole day.

At Nikólskoe we found our daughter Tánya, the Orlóv family, Tánya Behrs, and my dear Várya Nagórnova. We had some beautiful walks, but it was all painful and hard for me. My talks with Tánya only made me feel more upset than before. She uttered so much harsh condemnation and made such pitiless demands—impossible to fulfil¹ Várya on the other hand was extremely cordial, and her attitude to my sufferings was most wise and affectionate.

The last walk we had tired me very much, but on the whole I am glad we went. I have passed two days quite close to my Levochka. We drove to the station arm in arm. He himself wished it so. And when we were driving from Záséka station yesterday evening he was touchingly concerned lest I should be cold. I was just in my dress, and they had sent nothing warm for me to put on, and he went to the carriage to ask whether there was nothing I could have. Gay brought his cloak and threw it over me.

At Záséka the train stopped on the bridge, where there was so

¹ On June 30th Goldenweiser wrote: "Tatiana Lvóvna was at Sergéy Lvóvich's, and her attitude to all that had happened seemed to me a very good one. She decided to be firm and outspoken with Sófya Andréevna, as that is the best way to influence her. To-day Alexándra Lvóvna came to the Chertkóvs' and told us that Leo Nikoláevich is feeble and that Sófya Andréevna does not let him sleep. Alexándra Lvóvna praised Tatiana Lvóvna very highly, but Sófya Andréevna said of her: 'How sorry I am for Tánya! She has become quite stupid. Now with Várya I was able to unburden my soul.' Chertkóv arrived and went to see Leo Nikoláevich. We sat in the 'Remington' room. Varvára Mikháylovna went out of the room and came upon Sófya Andréevna, who had opened the door a little and was trying to overhear Leo Nikoláevich's conversation with Chertkóv. In the evening Leo Nikoláevich said: 'Tánya is a dear. I was so glad to see her!' But Sófya Andréevna rejoined: 'On the contrary, she was very unpleasant this time. Her attitude to me was very bad. She did nothing but find fault with me.'"

little room between the railing and the carriage that it was hardly possible to get out. Had the train restarted we might have been dragged along with it.

I have been greatly disturbed about Leo Nikoláevich's health all day. He is still suffering from constipation and his usual biliousness, is drowsy, and has no appetite. His pulse was over 80. He spent most of the day lying down, and received Sudkóv, Goldenweiser, and Chertkóv while doing so. I heard his conversation with Sudkóv, and among other things he said: "I made the mistake of marrying." Mistake! Perhaps it would have been better for both of us had he continued his dissolute life [24 words omitted] and not ruined my pure young life when I loved him so innocently.

The "mistake" he considers is because married life hinders spiritual life.

Peasant-women are "the people" he loved and still loves. Gentlewomen he never loved and does not love. Now it is a *man*. Oh, woe is me! And that love is blind . . . [Sófya Andréevna continued this sentence in the margin, but afterwards cut it off and replaced it by a strip of blank paper.]

Towards evening Leo Nikoláevich got up and played chess with Goldenweiser, while I corrected the proofs of *The Power of Darkness*. It was good, quiet and peaceful without Chertkóv.

L.T. Parted from Tánya pleasantly. In general all the impressions are good. Sófya Andréevna is better.

1st July

D.B. Chertkóv has been rude to me. He was enraged because I demanded that he should return Leo Nikoláevich's diaries for the last ten years, which he has been keeping, and which Leo Nikoláevich had forgotten. He said to me: "Are you afraid that I shall show you up by means of the diaries? I have had it in my power for a long time, and I have sufficient influence to smirch you and your family—and if I have not done so it is only out of

affection for Leo Nikoláevich." And then he added: "Had I had such a wife, I should long ago have shot myself or run away to America."¹ I am writing of this more in detail in my diary.

Have been busy with proofs all day. Leo Nikoláevich is feeble. His pulse is 82 to 86, and I was much disturbed. I have not enough mental strength to endure grief! In the evening I was at Zásoka—had forgotten to sign the proofs and did it there. Was tempted to throw myself under the train. Afterwards Chertkóv came and we had a stormy interview. I made an effort to be friendly for Leo Nikoláevich's sake.

1st July, Evening

D. Have been working on proofs of the new edition (*The Fruits of Enlightenment*) all day, and felt very bad in all respects. My letter to Chertkóv did not please Leo Nikoláevich.² But what can I do? One must always write the *truth* without taking anything else into account. I sent that letter off all the same.

In the evening Leo Nikoláevich, Sásha, and Chertkóv, assembled behind closed doors, and a secret conversation began of which I only overheard a little, but my name was repeatedly mentioned. Sásha came round to see if I was listening, and on seeing me ran to tell them that I was probably overhearing their conversation—or conspiracy—from the balcony. Again my heart pounded and grew heavy and unendurably painful. I then went openly into the room where they were sitting, and after greeting Chertkóv said: "Another conspiracy against me?" They were all confused, and Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv began to vie with one another in

¹ For that conversation between Sófya Andréevna on July 1st see my Introduction. Bulgákov wrote on that day: "A dispute arose between Sófya Andréevna and Chertkóv as to who ought to keep Leo Nikoláevich's diaries, beginning with that of 1900, now held by Chertkóv, to whom they had at some time been handed by Leo Nikoláevich. The atmosphere is disturbed. Alexándra Lvóvna and Chertkóv declare that if the diaries are handed to Sófya Andréevna she may erase those passages which displease her. Leo Nikoláevich is also opposed to their being handed over." S.L.T.

² See Appendix I.

saying something disconnected and obscure about the diaries. They did not tell me at all what they had been talking about, and Sáscha simply went quickly away.

Chertkóv and I began a difficult explanation. Leo Nikoláevich went out to see our son Mikhaíl, who had arrived, I repeated what I had written in my letter, and asked Chertkóv to tell me how *many* of the diaries he had, *where* they were, and *when* he took them. Chertkóv was enraged at these questions, and said that once Leo Nikoláevich had entrusted anything to him he would render account neither to Leo Nikoláevich himself nor anyone else. He also pretended that Leo Nikoláevich had given him the diaries for him to strike out anything that was bad and all that was intimate in them.¹

¹ On October 18, 1894 Tolstóy had written to Chertkóv:

"I have just come upon my diary for 1886, and reading it has given me a very depressing feeling of shame, repentance, and fear that the reading of it may cause distress to those of whom it speaks so badly and harshly in many places. It is unpleasant, and more than unpleasant, it is painful for me to know that those diaries have been read by others besides yourself—if only by whoever copied them. That is painful because it was all written on the impulse of the moment, and is often terribly cruel and unfair . . ."

Leo Nikoláevich asked Chertkóv to destroy the copy of that diary, and expressed the wish that if he did not destroy the original he should keep it "with all my other diaries, from which it will be seen how I wrote them and how I changed my opinions of those of whom I had written."

On October 21, 1894 Leo Nikoláevich wrote in his diary: "Three days ago I re-read my diaries, and was revolted at the unkindness and harshness of my references to Sónya and Sergéy. I should like them to know that I withdraw everything unkind that I wrote of them." S.L.T.

It should be remembered that in 1884 Tolstóy was writing *What Then Must We Do?* under the very strong impression made on him by the misery he had witnessed in the Moscow slums and by the peasants' lack of food. As a vivid piece of autobiography the book is unsurpassable, and his definite prediction of the bloody revolution he foresaw and disapproved of shows how clearly he saw the situation. His conclusion was that those who had possessions, position, or abilities, could only find satisfaction and quiet their consciences not by giving money while keeping the poor, needy, and ignorant at arm's length, but by devoting themselves to bridging the gulf that separates the classes, and extending the realm of brotherhood by example and personal contact. That was fundamentally sound, but in his distress at the actual lack of food around him Tolstóy grew impatient and denunciatory, and wrote as though every man should devote himself forthwith to tilling the soil, and

At times he quieted down and suggested that he and I together should love and safeguard Leo Nikoláevich—living his life and supporting his interests. As if I had not done that without him for forty-eight years—almost my whole life! When there was no one between us we lived one life. “Two is company, three is none.” It is that third one who has broken up our life. Chertkóv then announced that he was Leo Nikoláevich’s spiritual confessor and that I should have to reconcile myself to that in time.

Throughout the conversation rude words and expressions burst from him. Once for instance he shouted: “You are afraid that I shall show you up by means of the diaries! If I wished to I could smirch you as much as I please” (a nice expression from a supposedly decent man!) “—you and your family. I have sufficient influence and opportunities to do so, and if I have not done it it was only from love of Leo Nikoláevich.” And to show the possibility of doing what he said, Chertkóv cited Carlyle’s friend [Froude] who showed up Jane Carlyle and presented her in the very worst light.

How mean Chertkóv’s thoughts are! What does it matter to me if after my death some stupid ex-officer denounces me to an unsympathetic audience! My life’s work and my soul are for God to see, and my life on earth has been passed in such self-sacrificing and passionate love for Leo Nikoláevich that no Chertkóv can erase it. I have undeniably lived for almost half a century in my love for him—my husband.

making the clothes and boots that were lacking This is not the place to speak of his own efforts to do so Of the nature of the obstacles he met with some glimpse is contained in this present diary and there is much evidence elsewhere. But Tolstóy revised his opinions and admitted the errors he detected. He came to see that it was not reasonable to expect that everybody would share his views and throw themselves into the work he felt to be most urgent. In *What Then Must We Do?* itself there are evident references to his wife and his eldest son and daughter, similar to the entries in the diary that ten years later, in 1894, he regretted.

That most readable and remarkable book gains by being read with a clear understanding of the fact that though never going back on the perception that it was his duty and satisfaction to devote himself to the service of those less privileged than himself, Tolstóy came to recognize that the service of God and man could not always be best rendered by devoting one’s energies to husbandry and handicraft.

A M.

Chertkóv shouted that if he had had such a wife as I, he would have shot himself or run away to America. Afterwards, meeting my son Lev on the stairs, he said angrily of me: "I don't understand a woman like that, who spends *all her life* in killing her husband." He has instilled this into Leo Nikoláevich, and that is why we are unhappy in our old age. But it is a slow murder, seeing that my husband has already lived for eighty-two years.

What is to be done now? Alas! I shall have to play the hypocrite lest Leo Nikoláevich should be quite taken from me. During the next month I must be kind and affable to Chertkóv and his family, though with our opinions of each other it will be unendurably hard to do so. I shall have to go there oftener and not do anything to upset Leo Nikoláevich, recognizing that he is in subjection to Chertkóv and deprived of will or personality of his own. My long-established influence and love I have lost for ever, unless God takes pity on me. And how sorry I am for Leo Nikoláevich! He is unhappy under Chertkóv's oppression and was happy in intercourse with me.

2nd July

D.B. Drove to the Goldenweisers'. Chertkóv's mother has been to see me.¹ I sit a great deal with my son Lev, and am busy with proof-correcting. Leo Nikoláevich is still continually complaining of his liver and digestion. The weather is very hot.

D. Could do nothing all day, I have been so upset by my talks with Sáša.

As for the stolen diaries, I obtained a note from Chertkóv²

¹ Elizavéta Ivánova Chertkóva, *née* Chernysheva-Krúglikova. She was an adherent of Lord Radstock's sect. S.L.T.

² This note was as follows:

"Dear Leo Nikoláevich,

"In view of your wish that I should return the diaries you gave me in order that I might delete the passages you indicated, I will hasten to complete that work and will return the diaries as soon as it is done.

"V. Chertkóv.

"July 1, 1910."

S.L.T.

pledging himself to return them to Leo Nikoláevich when his work on them is finished, which he will make haste to do. And Leo Nikoláevich has verbally promised to pass them on to me. At first he would have put that in writing, but then he became alarmed and at once retracted: "Why give a written undertaking to one's wife? It is even ridiculous!" said he. "I have promised you shall have them and you shall."

But I know that all these pledges and promises are only a deception. (It turned out so with Leo Nikoláevich, who has not given me the diaries but has placed them in the bank at Tula).¹

Chertkóv knows very well that Leo Nikoláevich has not long to live, and he will keep on dragging out and delaying the work he has devised on the diaries, and will not hand them over to anyone.

This is the true story of my grief during the last years of my life. I will now write up my diary every day.

Nikoláev came, and my son Mikhaíl drove over for a short time. He is always tranquil and pleasant, but incomprehensible. I told him all about our difficulties, and he was just calmly unconcerned about it all. My intercourse with Sáscha is painful. If anyone were to propose to her that for the sake of her father's tranquillity she should secretly carry him off from me, she would do so immediately. To-day she startled me by whispering mysteriously to her father and to Chertkóv, and by frequently looking round and running out of the room to see whether I was not overhearing what they said about me. Yes, they have surrounded me morally with an impassable barrier. Sit and pine in that solitary incarceration and accept it as a punishment *for your sins*, as a heavy cross. How much anger, alienation, and injustice!

The wise and unprejudiced old Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt helped me by her conversation. She advised me to hold myself morally above all Chertkóv's reproaches and fault-finding and scolding, and she said that my daughter's solicitations that I should go away *somewhere* to live with Leo Nikoláevich because Yásnaya Polyána is supposed to have become unendurable is rubbish: that

¹ The sentence in parentheses was inserted above the line by Sófya Andréevna later.

visitors and petitioners would find him anywhere, things would be no easier, and to break up our life in our old age would be simply senseless.

I drove over to the Goldenweisers'. Alexander Borísovich was in Moscow, but his wife and his brother and his brother's wife were very pleasant. Leo Nikoláevich rode over later on horseback to Chertkóv's and seemed to be very tired by the heat. My son Lev came to dinner. He is lively and in good spirits. He was glad to be back in Russia and at Yásnaya Polyána and to see us again. After dinner many people turned up.

On the verandah there was talk about the Dobrolyúbovtsi¹ in Samára province. There were present: Súdkov and his sister, Kartúshin,² Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, Leo Nikoláevich, Iván Gorbunóv, Lév, and myself.

Súdкова was saying that these Dobrolyúbovtsi meet together and sit in silence, and then a mysterious spiritual bond is supposed to manifest itself among them. Leo Nikoláevich took exception to this, but unfortunately I do not remember exactly what he said, and fear to blunder in expressing it.

Chertkóv's mother called. She is quite elderly, but very handsome, excitable and not quite normal. She is a Radstockite—a type of sectarian. She believes in the Redemption, and believes that Christ takes up his abode in her. She treats her religion with a kind of pathos. But poor *mother*, she has lost two sons, and told me in detail of the death of the younger, the eight-year-old Mísha. Thirty-five years have passed since then, but the wound of that loss is still fresh, and her heart is tormented by grief. With the death of that child all her joy in life ceased for ever. Thank God she has found consolation in religion.

¹ A religious sect, followers of Alexander Mikháylovich Dobrolyúbov (b. 1878) who advocated simplification of life, physical labour, and the rejection of military service. The movement had success chiefly in Samára province.

S.L.T.

² Peter Prokófievich Kartúshin (1880-1916), a wealthy Don Cossack who sympathized with Tolstóy's views. He contributed a sum of money for the publication of books in accord with those views, and also towards books of a mystical tendency. In 1910 he and Súdkov worked with the Yásnaya Polyána peasants.

S.L.T.

Leo Nikoláevich took a bath. His digestion is upset, but in general his health is not bad. Thank God!

3rd July

D. I heard of the fire at Tánya's Ovsyánnikovo before I was dressed! The house where the Gorbunóvs were living is burnt, and Marya Alexándrovna's little hut. She was staying the night with us, and in her absence her hut was set on fire. Everything she had has been burnt, but what grieves her most of all is the loss of the trunk in which she kept manuscripts. All that Leo Nikoláevich has ever written had been copied out by her and was kept in that trunk, together with thirty letters from him to her. It still gives me a pain at the heart to remember how she flew to me, threw herself on my neck and began to sob desperately. How could one comfort her? I could only sympathize with her from my whole soul. And I remembered all day with sorrow how she used to say: "Ah, my dear, we have such a heavenly life at Ovsyánnikovo!" She called her little hut a "palace." She also grieved a great deal about Shávka, her old three-legged dog, who was burnt under the stove.

To-morrow Sáša is going to Túla to buy her all that is essential for her immediate needs. We will clothe her and set her up as best we can. But *where* she is to live I do not know. She does not want to live with us. She is accustomed to independence—to her cows, dogs, kitchen-garden, and strawberries.

Leo Nikoláevich, when riding over to Ovsyánnikovo with Lev, kept repeating: "Márya Alexándrovna is good!" (that is, she bears her misfortune bravely). That is all very well, but her immediate needs are food and drink and something to wear. She has nothing.

Fortunately the Gorbunóvs saved all their belongings and will not abandon the destitute old woman.

The heat is terrible, and they are slow in harvesting the hay, which is rather vexatious. I am better, and went to bathe. In the

evening Goldenweiser and Chertkóv drove over. Leo Nikoláevich played chess with Goldenweiser, Chertkóv sitting by sulky and disagreeable. Lev is very pleasant, sympathetic, and encouraging,¹ but all the same something makes me sad!

Have corrected many proofs and am sending them off.

4th July

D. Wrote an account of last year's trip through Moscow to the Chertkóvs'. Read Maude's English *Life of Tolstóy*.² It is a pity that he obtrudes himself everywhere with advertisements of his translations of *Art*, etc.

Lev remarked that yesterday he accidentally caught on Leo Nikoláevich's face so beautiful an expression—as of a man not of this world—that he was startled, and wished to capture it for a statue. And I, unfortunate short-sighted woman that I am, can never catch the expression of a face.

Yes, Leo Nikoláevich has half left us worldly, base people, and one should remember that every moment. How I should like to draw near to him, to grow old with him, and to calm my passionate restless soul, and realize with him the vanity of all earthly things!

Somewhere at the bottom of my soul I feel that spiritual mood. I saw the way to it when Vánichka died, and I shall try to find it before I die, especially while Levochka, my husband, is still alive. But it is hard to keep in that state of mind while bearing the burden of worldly cares, the estate, publications, servants, dealing

¹ Lev (Leo Lvóvich), the third son, took his mother's side very strenuously, especially in claiming the literary inheritance for the family. He opposed his father, and was often very unpleasant to him. A.M.

² Aylmer Maude had sent proofs of the biography he was then writing to Sófya Andréevna and Leo Nikoláevich asking for their comments on it. The book was first published by Constable, vol. I in 1908, and vol. II in 1910.

S.L.T.

Both Tolstóy and his wife were kind enough to give information and to contribute to that work, of which a new and revised edition is now published by the Oxford University Press. A.M.

with our children and with people and their spite, and when there is in my hands the repulsive instrument of money. Money!

Sáša and Varvára Mikháylovna have bought everything necessary for Márya Alexándrovna in Túla. I began to work for her yesterday. Positively everything she had has been burnt, and it is necessary to provide her with everything and dress her. Which is a fresh worry!

In the evening Chertkóv brought over some stereoscopic photographs taken in Meshchérscoe, where Leo Nikoláevich stayed with him. Leo Nikoláevich was as pleased with them as a child, picking himself out in them all. Goldenweiser played the piano, and Leo Nikoláevich burst nervously into tears. It is chilly, 59°, and a north wind.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has quite quieted down. Lev has arrived. A small, small numerator, but the denominator . . .¹

5th July

D. I have no life. Leo Nikoláevich's heart has become cold as ice, and Chertkóv has got him into his clutches. In the morning Leo Nikoláevich went to see him, and in the evening Chertkóv drove over to us. Leo Nikoláevich sat on a low couch and Chertkóv [three words unfit for publication followed here, but were afterwards struck out by Sófya Andréevna] sat down near him, and they rejoiced [this word was inserted under one unfit for publication and afterwards struck out] in their nearness to each other. I was quite upset by vexation [substituted for "revulsion," afterwards struck out] and jealousy.

Then a conversation about insanity and suicide started. I left

¹ Tolstóy compared a man's reasonableness to a fraction: in which the numerator corresponds to his natural intellect and ability, and the denominator to his opinion of his own intellect and ability. The greater the denominator the smaller the fraction (reasonableness). If the denominator equals infinity (∞), the fraction = 0.

the room three times, but I wanted to be with them all and to have tea. But as soon as I drew near Leo Nikoláevich turned his back to me and his face to his idol, and began talking again of insanity and suicide and madness, discussing it calmly from all sides and analysing that state with particular care and exactitude from the point of view of my present sufferings.¹ In the evening he cynically announced that he had forgotten everything—forgotten all his own works. I asked: “And your former life, and your former relations to those near to you? You live then only in the present moment?” “Yes, only in the present,” replied Leo Nikoláevich in a playfully careless manner. This produced a horrible impression on me. It is a living death. Perhaps if our former love had ended in a moving physical death it would have been better than the present misfortune.

Something hangs over us in the house, some heavy oppression which crushes and kills me. I made a resolve to calm myself and to be on good terms with Chertkóv. But that did not help matters either. There is still the same iciness in Leo Nikoláevich, and always the same partiality [inserted in place of a word effaced] for that [one word omitted].

Drove over to-day to return Chertkóv’s mother’s visit, and saw our grandchildren.² The old woman is harmless. The enormous

¹ Goldenweiser wrote: “Leo Nikoláevich spoke of madness in general, referring to his article and letter about suicide. Sófyá Andréevna came in. Leo Nikoláevich was sitting beside Vladímír Grigórevich Chertkóv, and she sat down with them. She made a brusque movement, and Leo Nikoláevich said: “Am I in your way?” “No.” A little later she said irritably in a low voice: “Always one and the same thing!” and then got up and went away . . . Again she returned and sat down in her place. Tea was handed her. The conversation continued. Suddenly she exclaimed: “Can’t you change the subject? Always madness, insanity, and suicide. I won’t hear any more of it!” “But what’s the matter with you, Sónya? I don’t understand. We are talking about my article,” said Leo Nikoláevich. “Deliberately, as soon as I came in, always about one and the same thing. I went away three times. Have you no pity on me?” “But what is the matter, mamma?” said Leo Nikoláevich. “It is a philosophical conversation and very interesting. What reference can it have to you? But I will simply stop.” S.L.T.

² Sónya and Ilyá, the children of Ólga Konstantínova (Chertkóv’s sister-in-law) and Andréy Lvóvich, Tolstóy’s fourth surviving son. S.L.T.

size of her ears amazed me, and the quantity of things she ate—curds, strawberries, biscuits, and so on.

Cut out chemises for Márya Alexándrovna, made a petticoat on the sewing-machine and hemmed handkerchiefs. My head is aching. Bulýgin, N. N. Gay, and Goldenweiser were here. Oh, how depressing everything is! How ill I am, and how I pray God for death! Is it possible that this will lead to nothing, and that Chertkóv will be allowed to remain at Telyátinki?

How miserable I am! I want to read Leo Nikoláevich's diary. But now everything of his is locked up or handed over to Chertkóv. All our life long we never concealed anything from one another before. We read *all* one another's letters, *all* the diaries, and I read *everything* Leo Nikoláevich wrote. No one can understand what I endure. My sufferings are so acute and tormenting that death alone can end them.

L.T. Sónya is again agitated without any reason.

6th July

D.B. Drove over to see Zvegíntseva, did some sewing for Márya Alexándrovna, and bathed. It is chilly towards evening. Goldenweiser played the piano. Nikoláev, Chertkóv, and Súdkov were here. Leo Nikoláevich has become softer.¹

Did not sleep all night. Always saw before me that hateful Chertkóv sitting close beside Leo Nikoláevich. That is not spiritual nearness. [After these words a sentence of some twenty

¹ That day Chertkóv and Tolstóy had an unpleasant conversation, which Goldenweiser reports as Chertkóv told it: "Chertkóv told Leo Nikoláevich that it was not necessary for him to merely rely on what his [Chertkóv's] mother had said, but that he should make his own observations and ask his sister, for that otherwise he risked being made a fool of. The conversation continued amicably, but when Chertkóv repeated the words 'made a fool of,' Leo Nikoláevich grew angry and exclaimed: 'You're a fool yourself! Everybody knows that you are an idiot!' And he continued to exclaim: 'Fool, fool, idiot!' shaking his fists in front of him. Chertkóv went away, saying that Tolstóy could not offend him."

words has been erased, of which only the last can be deciphered: "As in the cradle so in the grave" (a popular Russian saying).]

In the morning I went to bathe alone and prayed all the way. I will pray away this temptation somehow or other. If I cannot, then on my way to bathe every day I will develop in myself the thought of suicide and drown myself in my beloved Vorónka.¹ To-day I remembered how long long ago Leo Nikoláevich came into the bathing-shed when I was bathing alone [12]. That is all forgotten, and it was long ago and is not needed. What is needed is quiet affectionate friendship, sympathy, cordial intercourse . . .

When I got home Leo Nikoláevich talked to me kindly and affectionately, and I was tranquillized and cheered up at once. He rode off somewhere on horseback with Makovítski. I don't know where.

Lev (my son) is treating me well and affectionately. He came to the river to see how I was getting on. And I have resolved to calm myself and see as little as possible of Chertkóv.

I drove over to see Zvegíntseva, who was glad to see me. We chatted as women do, and agreed absolutely on one point—our opinion of and attitude towards Chertkóv.

I was late for dinner. Leo Nikoláevich said he did not want any, but I asked him at least to come and sit with us, and he ate the whole dinner with enjoyment. It had been prepared with particular care to suit his digestion: purée soup, rice, an egg, and bilberries on bread soaked in almond milk.

In the evening I made a petticoat for Márya Alexándrovna. Chertkóv drove over, and then Súdkov and Nikoláev came and Goldenweiser, who played Beethoven's Sonata Op. 90, Brahms's Rhapsody, and a wonderful Ballade of Chopin's.

Afterwards Leo Nikoláevich had a talk with Súdkov about the sect of Dobrolyútsi in Samára province, followed by a discussion of religion generally. Leo Nikoláevich said that it is necessary first of all to recognize God in oneself, and then—instead of looking for artificial complications such as miracles and

¹ The Vorónka is a little river that runs through the estate of Yásnaya Polyána.

sacraments, or devising artificial silences for supposed intercourse with a mystical world—to put aside all that is superfluous, all that hinders communion with God. And to attain that, *effort* is needed. Leo Nikoláevich has written a booklet about it¹ with which he is very well satisfied, and after correcting it has sent it to Gorbunóv for publication.

To-day I am less agitated and seem to have control of myself, though I cannot forgive Chertkóv for his word “smirched.” Strange how much idle talk there is, and how few people understand what is important in life.

I remember that during my operation,² when I collapsed into an abyss of suffering and had been drugged by ether and the nearness of death, innumerable pictures of earthly, worldly futilities, especially of town life, fluttered with terrible rapidity before my mental eyes. How unnecessary and strange town life in particular seemed to me—all the theatres, tramways, shops, factories—all quite unnecessary, all rubbish. I involuntarily thought: “Whither? Why all this effort and futility? What is important? What is necessary in life?” . . . And a clear and indubitable reply presented itself to me. If by God’s will we are fated to live on earth, the important and necessary thing is that we, human beings, should *help one another to live*. What form this mutual help should take is all the same—healing, feeding, giving drink, or comforting—if only it is help, the easing of one another’s worldly sorrows.

If Leo Nikoláevich had come at my call “beseech you to come,” and had not delayed or made speeches, he would have *helped* me to live and eased my sufferings, and that would have been worth more than all his cold sermons. As always in everything *we ought to help one another to live our life on earth*. That also accords with Christianity.

7th July

D.B. Sewed, wrote, corrected proofs and dispatched them both to Maude and the Russian publisher. It has grown chilly. In the

¹ This was one of the “Path of Life” booklets, separate articles in which thoughts from *A Circle of Reading* are grouped in sections. S.L.T.

² The serious operation she underwent in 1906.

S.L.T.

evening a touching and happy explanation with my husband. A dream—in his arms.

Morning

D. Rain, wind, dampness Corrected the proofs of *The Fruits of Enlightenment*. Finished Márya Alexándrovna's petticoat. Took the proofs of *Resurrection* out of Leo Nikoláevich's divan, where Chertkóv has not yet smelt them out or taken them. Despite the weather Leo Nikoláevich has ridden over to see his idol. I reflected to-day that though Leo Nikoláevich's last diaries are very interesting, they are all *compiled* for Chertkóv and those to whom it may please Chertkóv to show them. Leo Nikoláevich never dares to say a loving word about me in his diaries now—that would not please Mr. Chertkóv, and the diaries go to him. But I have all those that are most valuable by their sincerity and by the strength of their thoughts and feelings.

I have not guarded Leo Nikoláevich's manuscripts very well. But he never formerly gave them to me. He kept them himself, inside his divan, and did not let me touch them. When I decided to put them in the Museum we were leaving Moscow, and I had only time to *take* them, but not to *sort* them. And when we lived in Moscow I was terribly occupied with our large family and many affairs which had to be attended to simply to secure our daily bread.

Leo Nikoláevich quarrelled yesterday with [4] Chertkóv.

It is cold, and pouring with rain, but all the same Leo Nikoláevich has ridden over there on horseback, and I stand in the porch and wait for him, desperate with anxiety and cursing Chertkóv's proximity.

Evening

No, Leo Nikoláevich has not yet been taken from me, thank God! My sufferings and all the energy of my ardent love for him have broken through the barrier of ice which has stood between

us these last days. Nothing can disrupt the union of our hearts: we are joined by a life-long and enduring love. I went into his room as he was going to bed, and said: "Promise me that you will never go away quietly and secretly!" To which he replied: "I am not preparing to, and promise that¹ I will never go away from you. I love you!" And his voice trembled I burst out crying, embraced him, and said that I was afraid of losing him, and that despite the stupid but innocent passions I have had in my life I had never for a moment, to his old age, ceased to love him more than anyone on earth. Leo Nikoláevich said that it was the same with him, and that I have nothing to fear; that the bond between us is too great for anyone to be able to infringe. I felt that that was true, and became happy and went to my room, but returned again and thanked him for taking a load off my heart.

Then I said good-night to him and went back to my room, but after a little while the door opened and he came in.

"Don't say anything," he said to me. "I just want to tell you that our talk this evening has been a joy to me—a great joy!" And he wept and embraced me and kissed me again . . . Mine! Mine! cried my heart, and now I shall be calmer and come to myself. I shall be kinder to everyone, and shall try to act better in regard to Chertkóv. He has written me a letter trying to justify himself.² I summoned him to-day to make peace, and told him that

¹ The words "am not preparing to, and promise that" are written in above the line, and were probably inserted later. S.L.T.

² The letter was as follows:

"Much respected Sófya Andréevna,

"Leo Nikoláevich informed me yesterday that you are displeased with me and do not conceal your indignation regarding certain threats I am supposed to have uttered, about causing you, or being able to cause you, some harm. Similar reports reach me from other sources. As this supposition of yours is founded on a complete misunderstanding, I should like to remove it as quickly as possible, especially as—believing in the sincerity, on your part as well as mine, of our "reconciliation," which occurred in Leo Nikoláevich's room to-day—I cannot suppose that you have intentionally sought an opportunity of ascribing to me something I never dreamed of. My words to the effect that I could, if I wished, 'smirch' you, were evoked by the distrust and suspicion you had previously displayed by surmising, without the least foundation, that I desire to place myself between Leo Nikoláevich and yourself, to

if he were a decent man he would at least apologize for those two rude sentences: (1) "If I wished to I could *smirch* you as much as I please—you and your family. I have sufficient influence and opportunities to do so, and if I have not done it it was only from love of Leo Nikoláevich." (2) "Had I had such a wife I should long ago have shot myself or run away to America."

But he would not apologize for anything, saying that I had understood the meaning of his words perversely, and so on. But what could be clearer? He is a proud and a very stupid and malicious man! Where are his alleged principles of Christianity, humility, love, and non-resistance? . . . That is all hypocrisy and falsehood. He is not even well-bred.

When Chertkóv was going downstairs he said that he considered possess myself of certain material, and in general to abuse the confidence Leo Nikoláevich places in me and my close association with your family. I replied to your suspicions that, on the contrary, you had been right when, unbiassed by influences hostile to me and prompted by your own sensitiveness, you spontaneously recognized and acknowledged that I was your family's best friend.

"I said that I hoped a time would come when it would be possible for me to prove this in practice. I pointed out that up to the present I have never made any ill-use of the close knowledge circumstance has given me of the intimate side of your family life, that I have never committed any indiscretion in that respect, and that I never shall in future, *despite the fact* that I have long had in my hands sufficient data to harm you in that way had I desired to do so. This I said solely in reply to your desire to safeguard yourself from some machinations you imagined me to be employing against you. But you were excited at the time, and without letting me finish what I was saying or attending to the real meaning of my words, you snatched at some isolated phrases and attributed to them a sinister meaning quite foreign to my intention. As your entirely perverted interpretation of my words, and your attribution to me of feelings and intentions towards you that in reality I do not and cannot possess, cause you to suffer from a feeling of hostility towards me and hinders our mutual relation from resuming its former course, I have considered it necessary to give you this explanation.

"I implore you, Sófyá Andréevna, to treat me with a little more confidence, and then you will see how quickly all these phantoms that disquiet you and are based on nothing will be dispersed.

"Respectfully, and regardless of all that has passed,

"Your cordially devoted,

"V. Chertkóv."

S.L.T.

himself wrong in regard to his second remark, and that if I was not satisfied with his letter he was prepared to express *regret* in order to be on good terms with me.¹ His letter contained nothing but evasions and hypocrisy. [This last sentence was inserted later.] But it is a matter of indifference to me now. I rejoice and stand firm in the knowledge that Leo Nikoláevich has shown me his love and his heart. I despise everything and everybody else, and I am now invulnerable . . .

L.T. Rode over to see Chertkóv. On returning home found Sófya Andréevna in a state of exasperation, and was quite unable to calm her.² We had an explanation afterwards, but not a quieting one. But late in the evening we had a very good talk. I hardly slept all night.

8th July

D. My husband's caress has completely calmed me, and this is the first day I have passed in a normal mood. I gathered a large bouquet of wild flowers for Leo Nikoláevich, and re-copied old letters of mine to him that I had previously found among his papers.

Again all the same people were with us: Chertkóv, Goldenweiser, Nikoláev, and Súdkov. They are ploughing the fallow

¹ The following note by Goldenweiser also relates to that day's occurrences: "Chertkóv handed to Makovitski a letter addressed to Sófya Andréevna. We were already downstairs in our outdoor things when Lev Lvóvich ran down and said to Chertkóv: 'Mamma wishes to speak to you. It is really better to have an explanation than to continue this affair. I am very sorry that we had such a conversation yesterday. I was excited. It was unpleasant for me.' 'How glad I am to hear this from you!' said Chertkóv. 'Thank you, it is really encouraging . . .' And he went into the 'Remington' room to see Sófya Andréevna. Their conversation lasted rather a long time. At last he came out and she followed him, and in a stern voice he said to her. 'If you want to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of killing your husband, I will close the conversation. I shall be ready to continue it when you are in a better mood . . .' They parted comparatively peacefully." S.L.T.

² Makovitski noted: "Sófya Andréevna made a scene because Leo Nikoláevich had been to see Chertkóv. Leo Nikoláevich bore it patiently, but to-day he said to Alexándra Lvóna: 'She is finishing me off.'" S.L.T.

land on the estate again, and painting the roofs. Sáscha is limp with a bad cold, and is sulky with me. Leo Nikoláevich read aloud to us a good story by a new French writer, M——. Yesterday too he was pleased by a story—*La biche écrasée*.

He is in good health except for his constipation.

9th July

D. O God! When will all this distressing and mean scandal and tale-bearing end! Our daughter-in-law Ólga called, and again the conversation turned on the same thing—my relations with Chertkóv. He was rude to me, while I did not say an impolite word to him—yet they all pull me to pieces, discussing me and accusing me of something or other. I am often surprised by the fact that people simply *lie*. I cannot get accustomed to it. I am sometimes horrified, and naively try to remind people or to explain something to vindicate the truth . . . but all these attempts are quite useless; very often they *do not at all want* the truth—it is not necessary for them and is not to their advantage. That is how it was with the whole Chertkóv affair. But I will say no more about that. There are enough other disturbances. To-day Leo Nikoláevich rode with Lev through the woods. A heavy black cloud was coming up, but they rode straight towards it and had not even taken any coats with them. Leo Nikoláevich had on only a thin white blouse, and Lév was in a short coat. I always ask Leo Nikoláevich to tell me which way he intends to go, so that I can send him an overcoat or the carriage, but he does not like doing so. And to-day there was heavy thunder and a downpour, and I ran about on the verandah for an hour and a half in terrible agitation, experiencing again that painful pressure on the heart, that rush of blood to my head, dryness in my mouth and breathing apparatus, and despair in my soul.

They returned home wet, and I wanted Leo Nikoláevich to let me rub his back, chest, arms and legs, with spirits. But he angrily rejected my assistance and would hardly agree to let his servant, Ilyá Vasílevich, rub him down.

Something annoyed Ólga and she went away before dinner, taking her children with her.

My head ached all the rest of the day and I felt ill. My temperature rose a little and I was unable to do anything, and there is so much to be done, especially with the edition which has come to a complete standstill. In the evening I felt exhausted and lay down in my room and fell asleep, and I am sorry to say I continued to sleep intermittently all the evening.

Chertkóv and Goldenweiser drove over, and Nikoláev came. He seems to irritate Leo Nikoláevich very much by his conversation. Leo Nikoláevich played chess with Goldenweiser, who afterwards played the piano a little—a wonderful mazurka by Chopin! It turned my whole soul upside down. My son Lev is worried because, in Túla to-day, they refused to issue him a foreign passport; demanding a police certificate that there is no obstacle to his leaving Russia—and Lev is still liable to be called up for trial for printing *Where is the Way Out?* and *The Restoration of Hell* in 1905. All this is disturbing.

Temperature 59°. It is warm, damp, and unpleasant. Sásha is rude to me, and she has a jarring cough—which is worrying.

In general something is *finishing*. Is it my life, or that of someone near me?

Chertkóv has brought me an album (but not a full one as he promised) of photographs of Leo Nikoláevich. Some of them are excellent. His mother has also sent me a booklet called *Misha* about her dead son.

I have read it and it is very touching. But in her attitude towards Jesus, God, and even the child, there is much that is artificial and to me unintelligible.

10th July

D. Leo Nikoláevich of course *did not dare* to write in his diary that late in the evening he came to me, wept, embraced me, and rejoiced at our explanation and our nearness. Instead he writes everywhere: "I restrain myself." What does "restrain myself"

mean? More love and care and desire for his welfare than I give him could not be given. But the diaries are handed over to Chertkóv. He will publish them and try to inform the world that, as he said, it is better to shoot oneself or run away to America than to live with such a wife as I.

Leo Nikoláevich rode with Chertkóv in the woods to-day. What talks and acts will there be in their *tête-à-tête*? A horse was saddled for Bulgákov, but they left him behind so as not to disturb their solitude. It is for me to *restrain myself* when I see that hated figure every day.

For some reason they dismounted in the wood and Chertkóv pointed his camera at Leo Nikoláevich and photographed him in a gully. On returning he realized that he had lost his watch. He then deliberately rode under the balcony and told Leo Nikoláevich where he thought he had dropped it. And Leo Nikoláevich, pitiable and submissive, promised *to go to look* in the gully for Mr. Chertkóv's watch after dinner.

We had some pleasant guests at dinner: Nicholas Vasslevich, Davýdov, M. Salomon,¹ and Nikoláy Nikoláevich Gay. Davýdov brought me *Resurrection*, which he had read through for the new edition. There is still much work to be done on it, however, and our son Sergéy has undertaken the task.

I thought that Leo Nikoláevich would be ashamed to drag *all of us* elderly people into the gully to look for Mr. Chertkóv's watch. But he is so afraid of him that he did not even hesitate to make himself ridiculous. The whole company of eight people hunted for that watch. We all trampled the wet hay, but without result. Heaven knows where that wool-gatherer lost it! And why was it necessary to take a photograph there at such an inconvenient spot? Leo Nikoláevich for the first time this summer had asked me to go for a walk with him. That had pleased me very much and I waited with agitation to see if we should avoid the gully where the watch was. But of course I was disappointed. Next

¹ Charles Salomon (b 1862) had long been a friend of Tolstóy's. He had translated some articles of Tolstóy's and Tyúchev's, and was a director of a Russian iron-mining company. S.L.T.

morning Leo Nikoláevich got up early, went down to the village, called the village lads together, and they managed to find the watch.

In the evening M. Salomon read us a dull French allegory about the prodigal son, and then a light story by Mille, and another of his.

Davýdov has left. I told Leo Nikoláevich that I was displeased and to some extent ashamed that instead of taking me for a walk he had taken the whole company into the gully to hunt for Chertkóv's watch. He was angry of course, another conflict occurred, and again there were excuses for Chertkóv and again I was conscious of cruelty and alienation. Being quite ill before that, I fell once more into an abyss of despair. I lay on the bare boards of the balcony, remembering how forty-eight years ago, when still a girl, I first experienced Leo Nikoláevich's love. The night was cold, and it pleased me to think that there where I had found his love I should also find death. But evidently I have not yet earned it.

Leo Nikoláevich heard me moving about, and came out and complained that I was keeping him awake, and said that I should go away. I went away into the garden, and lay for two hours in a thin dress on the wet grass. I was very cold, but I greatly desired to die and still desire to.

An alarm was raised, and Makovítski, N. N. Gay, and Lëv began shouting at me and lifting me from the ground. I was trembling all over with the cold and from nerves.

If any foreigners had seen in what a condition the wife of Leo Tolstóy was brought in, having lain at two and three o'clock at night on the damp earth, benumbed and brought to the last stage of desperation, how surprised those good people would be! I thought of this, and did not wish to leave that damp earth, the grass, the dew, and the sky where the moon continually appeared and disappeared. I wanted to stay till my husband came to take me home, since he had driven me out. [These last words were inserted in the margin.] Eventually he came—but only because my son Lev shouted at him and demanded that he should come to me. [These last words inserted later above the line.] And he and Lëv

led me in. It is three o'clock in the morning, and neither he nor I can now sleep. We have not solved anything by talking. I have not evoked a spark of love or pity in him.

Well, what now? What is to be done? What is to be done? I cannot live without Leo Nikoláevich's love and tenderness. And he has none to give me. It is four o'clock.

I told Davýdov, Salomon, and Nikoláev of Chertkóv's rude and spiteful behaviour towards me, and they were all sincerely surprised and shocked—surprised that my husband could suffer such insults to be offered to his wife. And they all unanimously expressed their general dislike of that spiteful and proud man. Davýdov especially was indignant that he should have stolen all Leo Nikoláevich's diaries since 1900.

"Why, they ought to belong to you—to your family!" he said warmly. "And Chertkóv's letter to the papers when Leo Nikoláevich was staying with him, was the height of stupidity and tactlessness!" he added still more warmly. Dear Davýdov! It is all clear and evident to everybody but my poor husband.

When it was quite daylight we were still sitting opposite one another in my bedroom not knowing what to say. When has that happened before? I wanted all the time to go and lie under the oak tree in the garden again; it would have been easier than sitting in my room. At last I took Leo Nikoláevich by the hand and asked him to lie down, and we went to his bedroom. I returned to my own room, but felt drawn to him again and went back to him.

Having wrapped himself up in a coverlet with a Greek key pattern that I had once knitted for him, he lay with his face to the wall looking old and sad, and an insensate pity and tenderness awoke in my soul. I kissed the dear familiar palm of his hand and asked him to forgive me, and the ice thawed. Again we both wept, and at last I saw and felt his love.¹ And I prayed God that He

¹ About that night of July 10th–11th, V. M. Feokrítova noted: "We had dispersed about eleven o'clock. I went out into the corridor, and heard hysterical cries from Sófyá Andréevna again, and male voices, and Chertkóv's name continually repeated. It appeared that in the evening she went to the balcony outside Leo Nikoláevich's room and kept walking about there. He asked her to go away as she was preventing his getting to sleep. At that she lay down

would help us to live out the last years of our life peacefully and happily as before.

11th July

D. I only slept from four to half-past seven. Leo Nikoláevich also slept little. I feel that I am ill and broken, but am happy in my soul. Leo Nikoláevich and I are simply friendly in the old way. How strongly and stupidly I love him! And how blunderingly! He wants concessions, achievements, sacrifices on my part—and I

on the boards and began to groan. Leo Nikoláevich again asked her to go away and leave him in peace, and let him sleep. 'So you drive me away!' cried Sófya Andréevna. 'I will kill Chertkóv!' and with those words she went into the garden. Leo Nikoláevich then woke Lev Lvóvich (his son), Gay, and Dushán Petróvich (Makovitski), who all went to look for her—not knowing where to go in the dark. Then Sáscha's dog, Marquis the poodle, showed them, and led Dushán Petróvich to Sófya Andréevna. On being asked to go back to the house she refused, and said she would only go if Leo Nikoláevich came for her, and if he did not she would kill herself. Lev Lvóvich went for his father, and (as I learnt to-day on reading Tolstóy's diary which Sáscha had) so shouted at him—saying that he was sitting there while his mother might be killing herself outside—that Leo Nikoláevich went to the garden for her. That was at 2 a.m. On returning home Sófya Andréevna continued to rave, but Leo Nikoláevich went with her to her room and again tenderly persuaded her to be calm."

Lev Lvóvich in *The Truth About My Father* wrote: "One evening after a short dispute with my father, my mother, broken down with nervous emotion and sorrow, rushed into the park and . . . sank on the ground, near the old lime trees. It was then one o'clock in the morning. I was in my room . . . when suddenly the door opened and my father, who was in his dressing-gown, came in with a candle in his hand. 'She is gone again! She is lying on the ground in the park! Go and bring her in' . . . I hastily dressed myself and rushed out into the grounds . . . I lifted her up and tried to persuade her to go indoors. 'No, no!' she wept, like a half-demented woman, 'I will not go in! He put me out of the house—put me out like a dog!' And she fell on the ground, hiding her head in her hands. Then I rushed back into the house and dashed up to my father's room. 'Well, what is it?' he asked. 'Is she coming in?' 'No,' I replied, in much distress. 'She will not come in. She wants you to go to her. She says you put her out of the house!' 'No, no! Go back to her—go back again!' he begged me. 'Don't leave her!' 'I don't want to leave her!' I replied rather impatiently, 'but you are her husband, and it is your duty to go for her and console her.' He looked at me in surprise and bewilderment, and went out with me into the park."

S.L.T.

have not the strength to accomplish them, especially in my old age.

This morning Sergéy arrived.¹ Sáscha and her shadow, Varvára Mikháylovna, are sulky with me, but that is a matter of *absolute* indifference to me! Lev [her son] is good to me. He is clever and has begun to make a model of me.

Leo Nikoláevich rode out with the doctor. In the evening Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv came, and they talked much together about the new farthing booklets. We all walked in the garden, Leo Nikoláevich looking very tired. But the evening passed in quiet conversation, chess, and good-natured Salomon's stories. We all went to bed early. Leo Nikoláevich himself put Chertkóv off for this evening. Thank God! One day at least in which to breathe freely and rest one's spirits.

L.T. Scarcely alive. A terrible night till four o'clock. And worst of all was Lev. He scolded me as though I were a child, and ordered me to go into the garden to fetch Sófya Andréevna in.

12th July

D. Posed during the day for Lev.² He is modelling a bust of me and to-day it became more like. He is talented, clever, and kindly. How different from Sáscha—alas!

Leo Nikoláevich waited for Goldenweiser to go riding with him, but he was a long time in coming. Fílka³ was sent to Telyá-

¹ Bulgákov, in *Leo Tolstóy's Tragedy*, writes: "Sergéy Lvóvich arrived. During the day Alexándra Lvóvna arranged a meeting between him, Lev Lvóvich and herself, to discuss how to save Leo Nikoláevich from possible outbursts on the part of the sick Sófya Andréevna."

Goldenweiser wrote: "Sergéy Lvovich spoke seriously to Lev Lvóvich, who took his mother's part, and said. 'You know she is our mother.' Sergéy Lvóvich replied: 'But you seem to forget that he is our father . . .' Leo Nikoláevich handed Alexándra Lvóvna a note: 'For God's sake do not reproach your mother, but be good and kind to her. L.T.'"

S.L.T.

² The bust Lev Lvóvich made of Sófya Andréevna is now in the Yásnaya Polyána Museum, and is considered one of the best models there are of her.

S.L.T.

³ One of the Yásnaya Polyána peasants. He worked in the stables and went errands.

S.L.T.

tinki for him, but he went to Chertkóv's by mistake. (I did not know of all this.) Leo Nikoláevich, instead of waiting for Goldenweiser, went to the stables to harness his horse (quite contrary to his custom) to go to meet him. It occurred to me that if they failed to meet, Leo Nikoláevich would be all alone in this deadly heat and might get a sunstroke, so I ran to the stables to ask where he would go if he failed to meet anyone. Leo Nikoláevich was hurrying the coachman up. The doctor was there, and I said: "What a good thing! Let Dushán Petróvich ride with you." Leo Nikoláevich agreed, but he had hardly left the stables when I saw the hateful figure of Chertkóv coming up from the bottom of the hill on a white horse. I uttered an exclamation, and exclaimed that it was another deception, and that they had plotted and lied again about Goldenweiser and had sent for Chertkóv instead. I went into hysterics there and then before all the servants, and ran into the house. Leo Nikoláevich told Chertkóv that he would not go with him, and Chertkóv returned home, while Leo Nikoláevich went with the doctor. It seems, fortunately, that there was no deception this time. Fílka, only half awake, had forgotten whom he had been sent for, and went to Chertkóv by mistake instead of to Goldenweiser. But I have been so exhausted all this time that the least reminder of Chertkóv—to say nothing of the sight of him—produces desperate agitation in me. He rode over in the evening, and I went away miserably and trembled like a leaf for a whole hour. Goldenweiser and his wife were here, both very pleasant. Salomon has gone. How fine, clever and sympathetic he is, and how full of life! Lév treats me with touching kindness. Leo Nikoláevich has become much softer, but this evening I could see that he was not himself. Evidently he was sorry for Chertkóv, and he wrote him a letter explaining why he had not gone to ride with him.¹ So necessary! In that letter he will surely have written

¹ Leo Nikoláevich wrote: "I expected you here to-day, dear friend, and am not only sorry but disturbed that you did not come. Alexander Borisovich (Goldenweiser) will tell you of the series of accidents in consequence of which I could not do otherwise than ask you to go away. To-morrow I hope to see you, and shall expect you here. If any unkindly feeling has come into your heart on account of that stupid episode, please tear it out."

something bad about me. He has promised to show it to me, but I am afraid of being cheated again. How much there is around me that is hidden and false!

The Sukhotíns have come—Tánya and Mikhaíl Sergéevich. Painful talks. Tánya and Sáscha believe only what it pleases them to select from all my accounts, and however truthful my words may be, they just pick out what suits them to upbraid and condemn me. I shall certainly perish one way or another, and I am glad that I shall not survive Leo Nikoláevich. What happiness it will be to escape from the sufferings I have endured and am still enduring!

To-day by invitation I went to see Chertkóv's mother, Elizavéta Ivánovna.¹ She has two preachers staying with her—Fetler and

¹ Of Sófya Andréevna's drive to Telyátinki, Bulgákov writes in his diary on July 12th: "Elizavéta Ivánovna invited Sófya Andréevna to go and hear a sermon by Fetler. I had to return there from Yásnaya Polyána just as she was setting off for the visit, and knowing of this she offered to take me with her, an offer I gladly accepted. She was in an extremely pitiable condition all the way—crying, and begging me to tell Chertkóv that he should return her Leo Nikoláevich's diaries. 'Let him copy them all,' she said, 'only make him return the original manuscripts to me. You know that his former diaries are in my keeping. Tell Chertkóv that if he will give me back the diaries I shall be tranquillized. I will then take him back into my favour, he shall visit us as before, and we will work together for Leo Nikoláevich and serve him . . . Will you tell him that? . . . Do tell him, for God's sake!' She was in tears and trembling all over, and looked at me beseechingly. And her tears and agitation were really genuine.

I confess that I was myself agitated by that time, and moreover I much desired that peace—peace so necessary for everybody and especially for Leo Nikoláevich—should be restored at Yásnaya Polyána at any price, whether by handing over the manuscripts to Sófya Andréevna, or by any other means. In this state of mind I went to V. G. Chertkóv when we reached Telyátinki.

On learning that I had a message from Sófya Andréevna, Vladímír Grigórevich (Chertkóv) led me anxiously and with troubled looks to the room of his nearest assistant and indispensable adviser, Alesha Sergéenko . . .

I began to speak of Sófya Andréevna's request that the manuscripts should be returned. Vladímír Grigórevich was in a state of great agitation.

'What?' said he, fixing on me his large eyes dilating with emotion—'then you have told her where the diaries are?'

'No, I could not tell her anything, because I do not myself know where they are.'

'Ah, that is excellent!' exclaimed Chertkóv, and rose in great excitement.

another, an Irish professor of whose speeches I understood but little, and who ate zealously, only occasionally uttering some mechanical religious phrases. Fetler however is a man of strong convictions, and eloquent, and he began assiduously trying to convert me to his faith in the Redemption. I rejoined that he was insisting on a material redemption, the shedding of blood, and the sufferings and death of Christ's body; but that in questions of religion it is not necessary to introduce anything material—what is precious is Christ's teaching, and his divinity is spiritual and not corporeal. And he did not like that.

Elizavéta Ivánovna was present all the time. She had invited me in order to learn why I had begun to hate her son. I explained it to her, spoke of the diaries, and of how her son had taken my beloved husband from me. To that she said:

"And I have always been grieved that your husband has taken my son away from me." Which is also true.

L.T. Still the same. A strange episode with Chertkóv. Fílka by mistake asked him to come here, and Sófya Andréevna was upset again. But it passed off all right. She suffers very much, poor thing, and it needs no effort on my part to give her my loving pity.

10th, 11th, 12th and 13th July

D.B. For four days I have written nothing. I have been ill, have cried, and have rescued Leo Nikoláevich's diaries from Chertkóv—but only with my heart's blood and to the detriment of our lives. Have written my large, detailed diary separately. I posed for the bust Lev is modelling of me. Always the same

'Now you may go, please' (he opened the door before me into the corridor). 'They are drinking tea there . . . You, no doubt, are hungry . . . We have something to talk about here!'

The door slammed behind me, and I heard the American lock click. Astonished at the reception I had met with I went along the corridor Chertkóv and Alesha Sergéenko held council. I learnt later that they decided not to return the diaries."

S L T.

mental torture—and now physical torture. I remember nothing, and neither eat nor sleep. I cry all day. Opium, the pond, the Vorónka—any method of death would be preferable to my present life.

13th July

D. Having turned away Chertkóv yesterday on my account, Leo Nikoláevich awaited his arrival in the evening so that he might explain the reason, but Chertkóv was long in coming. Sensitive to my husband's moods I noticed that he looked around restlessly, awaiting his coming as people in love do, and becoming more and more restless. Sitting on the verandah downstairs he kept looking along the road, and at last he wrote a letter. I asked him to show it me, and Sásha brought it. Of course it was: "Dear friend," and all sorts of tenderness, and I was again plunged into wild despair. He gave that letter to Chertkóv, who arrived after all. I took it on the pretext of reading it and burnt it. [This last sentence is written in the margin] He never now writes tender words to me, and I grow continually worse, more unhappy, and nearer to the end. But I am a *coward*. I did not go to bathe to-day because I am afraid of *drowning myself*. Only *one moment* of decision is needed, but I have not yet found it.

Posed for Lev a long time. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback with Sukhotín and Goldenweiser. I searched for his last diary but did not find it. He knows that I had devised a way of getting it and reading it, and has hidden it somewhere. But I shall find it—if it is not with Chertkóv, Sásha, or the doctor. Where can he have hidden it from me?

We are like two silent and cunning enemies, spying on and suspecting one another! We hide things away—or rather Leo Nikoláevich hides all that can be hidden with that *malicious hypocrite*, as our intimate acquaintance N. N. Gay junior calls Chertkóv. Perhaps he gave the last diary to him yesterday evening.

Lord have pity upon me! People are all evil and will not save me . . . Have mercy and save me from sin! . . .

L.T. Sónya is still weak. Does not eat. But she is restraining herself. God help her and me.

The night of 13th-14th July

D. Let it be granted that I am deranged, and that I have an *idée fixe* that Leo Nikoláevich should get back his diaries from Chertkóv and not let them remain in his hands. But two families are upset by that, and a painful discord has arisen—not to mention that I have suffered to the last extremity. To-day I have not taken anything into my mouth. Everyone is depressed. My tortured appearance disturbs them all like a troublesome fly.

What is necessary for everyone to be happy again and to do away with all my sufferings?

To take from Chertkóv the diaries—those few black leather-cloth note-books—and to put them back on the table, letting him have one at a time to take extracts. That is all!

If my cowardice passes, and I finally decide on suicide, what a simple request this will appear to everybody to have been. Looking back, they will all understand that it was not worth while to be so cruelly obstinate, and to torment me to death by refusing to fulfil my desire. They will explain my death by everything on earth except the real reason—by hysteria, nervousness, or innate badness—and no one *will dare*, when looking at the corpse killed by my husband, to say that I could have been *saved* in so simple a way, by their *returning to my husband's writing table four or five leather-cloth note-books*.

And where is their Christianity? Where their love? And where their non-resistance? All is falsehood, deception, malice, and cruelty.

Those two obstinate men—my husband and Chertkóv—stand firmly hand in hand to crush and kill me. And I fear them! Their iron hands have squeezed my heart, and I should like to tear myself out of their clutches without delay. But I am still afraid of something . . .

They talk of some sort of *right* each man has. Of course Leo Nikoláevich has the *right* to torment me by refusing to take *his* diaries from Chertkóv. But where does a wife's *right* come in, with whom he has lived for half a century? And where does the *right* come in when it is a question of a life, of general peacefulness, of good relations with everybody, of love and joy, of health and tranquillity for all—and finally of the *non-resistance* Leo Nikoláevich is so fond of? Where is that?

To-morrow he will probably ride over to Chertkóv's. Tánya and her husband will go to Túla, and I—I shall be free. And if God grants it some power will help me to go not only out of this house but out of life . . .

I give them the opportunity of *saving* me by returning the diaries. If they don't wish to avail themselves of it the diaries will remain by *right* with Chertkóv, but the *right* of life and death will be mine.

The thought of suicide has grown stronger. Thank God my sufferings will soon be ended.

What a terrible wind! It would be good to go away just now . . . I must try to save myself again . . . for the last time. And if there is another *refusal*, which will be still more painful, then it will be easier to accomplish my release from suffering. Besides, it is shameful always to threaten and then to return again before the eyes of all whom I torment . . . But I should like to see my desire accomplished, to see again that gleam of my husband's love which has so often warmed and *saved* me and my life, and which now seems to have been for ever extinguished by Chertkóv. Without that love let my whole life also be extinguished.

"A drowning man grasps at a straw" . . . I want to let my husband read all that is now going on in my soul, but when I think that this will only evoke his anger and will then certainly kill me, I am madly agitated, frightened, and torment myself . . .

Oh, what mockery, what pain, what hell! I just want to cry "Help!" But that cry would be lost in the chaos of life and human vanity, where help and love are in books and words, and in practice there is only cold cruelty.

To my one appeal in the course of dozens of years—the appeal

to Leo Nikoláevich to return home when I was stricken with a nervous disorder—he responded coldly and with ill-will and thereby increased my illness. And as then, so also now, this indifference to my wish and stubborn resistance to my morbid request may have the most painful consequences. And it will all be too late . . . But what does it matter to him? He has Chertkóv, yet I should wish . . .¹ But he has the diaries, they must be returned . . .

14th July

(A letter to Sófya Andréevna in Tolstóy's writing)

"1. I will not give my present private diary to anyone. I will keep it myself.

"2 I will take back from Chertkóv the diaries of previous years, and will keep them myself, probably in the bank.

"3. If you are anxious lest certain pages in my diaries, written under a momentary impression and where our conflicts and disagreements are mentioned, should be made use of by future biographers ill-disposed towards you, I want first of all to point out that such expressions of transitory feelings, in my diaries or in your own, can certainly not give a correct idea of our true relations.² But if you fear it,³ I will gladly take an opportunity of mentioning in my diary, or simply in a letter, how I understand and appreciate your life.

"As I loved you when you were young so, despite various causes of coolness between us, I have loved you unceasingly till now. The causes of that coolness (not to speak of the cessation of

¹ Three words, subsequently struck out, were written here: "Kill Chertkóv . . ." The third word is unprintable. S L.T.

² In the margin where Sófya Andréevna has pasted in the first page of this letter, she has written: "That I never feared and do not fear. I was simply hurt that the diaries—the holy of holies of my husband's soul—were accessible to Chertkóv, an outsider, and not to me, his wife—from whom they have been and are concealed in all sorts of ways." S L.T.

³ Noted on the margin: "Just that I don't at all fear."

S L.T.

conjugal relations,¹ which merely removed deceptive expressions of a love that was not real) were:

"First, my ever-increasing alienation from the interests of worldly life and the repulsion I felt for it; whereas you did not wish to and could not part with them, not having in your soul the principles that led me to my convictions. That was quite natural and I cannot reproach you for it. That is the first thing.

"Secondly—forgive me if what I am going to say is disagreeable to you, but what is now taking place between us is so important that one must not fear to speak and to hear the whole truth—secondly then, these last years your character has become more and more irritable,² despotic, and unrestrained,³ and the manifestation of these traits could not fail to chill not my feeling itself but its expression. That is the second thing.

"And the third, chief, and most fatal thing, for which neither you nor I are to blame, is our completely opposite conception of the meaning and purpose of life. Everything in our understanding of this is in direct opposition—as to our way of life, our attitude towards other people, and our way of regarding property, which

¹ On a slip of paper Sófya Andréevna pasted in is written the comment. "Of course the coolness chiefly resulted just from the cessation of marital relations, due to Leo Nikoláevich's illness and age. Who should know that better than a wife?"

This and the two preceding comments were inserted by Sófya Andréevna later than the writing of the diary S.L.T.

² Sófya Andréevna here inserted a note: "I allow myself to make one comment on these words: my irritability was caused by the influence certain people, especially Chertkóv, had on my husband, who drew away from me more and more." S.L.T.

³ Here Sófya Andréevna inserted the following note in red ink: "*Footnote.*—This reproach refers to two facts. When Leo Nikoláevich was preparing to go to the Peace Congress at Stockholm I protested energetically and tearfully, fearing for his life. From his early years he has been unable to stand a rough sea. Besides that, his weak heart could not have stood his reading a speech to a thousand people. He often cries when reading most ordinary things, and is unable to continue, but hands over the book or manuscript to someone else.

"The reproach also relates to my insistent demand that the diaries should be returned by Chertkóv, and that his visits to Yásnaya Polyána should cease—a familiar man who allowed himself to address extremely rude remarks to the mistress of the house!" S.L.T.

I consider a sin and you an indispensable condition of life. In order not to separate myself from you I have submitted to what are for me painful conditions of life. You have looked on this submission as a yielding to your views, and the misunderstanding between us has grown greater and greater. There were other causes conducing to coolness, but I will not speak of them, as they are not to the point.¹ What is important is the fact that I have not ceased to love and appreciate you despite all past misunderstandings.

"This is how I regard your life with me: I—a depraved man, profoundly vicious in sexual matters, and no longer in my first youth—married you, a good, pure, clever girl of eighteen, and despite my dirty, vicious past, you have lived lovingly with me for nearly fifty years, an honourable, laborious, and difficult life: looking after me, and bearing, nursing, and rearing the children—never yielding to the temptations which might so easily have overcome any strong, healthy, and handsome woman in your position. You have always lived in such a way that I have nothing to reproach you with. That you have not followed me in my exceptional spiritual movement is a thing I cannot and do not reproach you with, because the spiritual life of each man is a secret between himself and God, and it is not for others to demand anything of him.

"That then is a true description of how I feel towards you and how I appreciate you. As to what I may have said in the diary, I only know that there is nothing harsh, and nothing contrary to what I have just written.

"So that is the third point—as to what may be troubling you unnecessarily about the diaries.

"4. If my relations with Chertkóv now distress you I am ready to give up seeing him, though I must remark that I should find this trying, not so much on my own account as on his, knowing how painful it would be for him. But if you wish, I will do it.

¹ This probably relates to the infatuation Sófyá Andréevna admitted having had for S. I. Tanéev, the pianist and composer. An account of how Tolstóy suffered by that painful occurrence was published by his son-in-law, Prince N. Obolénsky, in *Irémnok* for May and June 1931, and was re-told in the Winter Number of the Canadian *Queen's Quarterly* in 1933.

"Now 5. If you do not accept these conditions of mine¹ for a peaceful and kindly life, I shall take back my promise not to leave you and shall go away. But I shall certainly not go to Chertkón. I will even make it an absolute condition that he should not come to live near me. But I shall certainly go away, for to go on living as we are now doing is impossible.²

I could continue to live at Yásnaya Polyána if I could bear to witness your sufferings, but I cannot endure that. Yesterday you went away agitated and suffering. I wanted to go to sleep, but began not exactly to think of you but to feel you, and I could not sleep. I listened till one o'clock and two, and then again woke up and listened, and in a dream, or almost in a dream, saw you.

"Try to think quietly, dear friend, listen to the response of your own heart, and you will decide³ it all in the right way. As for me, I have decided in any case that I *cannot, cannot* decide otherwise. My dear one, stop torturing not others but yourself—yourself, for you are suffering a hundred times more than everyone else. That is all.

"July 14th in the morning, 1910.

"Leo Tolstóy."

D. The diaries have been returned, but at what a cost!

The seven note-books are now in the State Bank at Túla. Leo Nikoláevich promised to give them to me but has not done so.

1. From May 19, 1900 to September 29, 1902.

2. From October 6, 1902 to January 2, 1904.

¹ Sófya Andréevna inserted a note. "Which? No one has proposed any conditions. Constant threats of leaving me, the influence of an intimate friend inciting him to do so, as well as extreme fatigue from work on the last edition of Leo Nikoláevich's works, have all combined to bring me to an extremely nervous condition. This made me weep sometimes for whole days, which Leo Nikoláevich cannot endure." S.L.T.

² Sófya Andréevna interpolated: "The impossibility consists in the fact that I, suffering frantically from my husband's coolness and Chertkón's influence, was stricken with a painful and tormenting nervous illness." S.L.T.

³ Here Sófya Andréevna subsequently commented: "But what to decide on is unknown. Probably to leave home." S.L.T.

3. From January 2nd to September 15, 1904.
4. From September 15, 1904 to June 3, 1906.
5. From June 3, 1906 to January 20, 1909.
6. From January 20, 1909 to November 20, 1909.
7. From November 20, 1909 to June 14, 1910 (when he was staying with Chertkóv at Meshchérscoe).

The last diaries already were written for Mr. Chertkóv and have lost their *sincerity* and truthfulness.

D.B. Five heavy days of illness and despair have passed. For the first time in my life I have been within a hair's breadth of suicide. This however is a happy day. In the morning Leo Nikoláevich's letter to me, and at dinner time Sáscha, in response to a letter of my husband's, brought back from Chertkóv the diaries I so passionately desired.¹ But my soul has grown sore, and still grieves about something.

¹ Of this return of the diaries Bulgákov writes -

"Alexándra Lvóvna was commissioned by Leo Nikoláevich to go to Telyátinki to fetch back the diaries, and she stayed there a very long time. As I afterwards learnt from Varvára Mikháylovna, Chertkóv's most intimate friends had a sudden reunion in Sergéenko's room at Telyátinki, where my talk with Chertkóv had taken place two days before. There were present - Ólga Konstantínovna Tolstóy [Tolstóy's daughter-in-law and Chertkóv's sister-in-law], Alesha Sergéenko, Goldenweisers, husband and wife, Alexándra Lvóvna, and Chertkóv himself. And they all set to work in great haste to extract and copy out passages in the diaries which compromised Sófyá Andréevna, and which she might suppress. Then the diaries were wrapped up, and Chertkóv himself, saying good-bye to Alexándra Lvóvna on the doorstep outside, blessed her with ironic solemnity, and made a threefold sign of the cross over her in the air with the package. It was painful for him to part with them."

And at Yásnaya Polyána they were awaited with equal agitation and impatience by Sófyá Andréevna.

Goldenweiser relates how Alexándra Lvóvna tried to hide her arrival with the diaries from Sófyá Andréevna. Unnoticed by her mother, she handed the diaries to P. A. Sidórkova, and told her to take them to her room. Then she called Tatiána Lvóvna. She intended to seal them up and hide them in a cupboard, but suddenly Sófyá Andréevna ran in, seized the diaries, and began to turn over the pages and read them. Tatiána Lvóvna stopped her and reminded her that she had promised not to read them. Having seen Sófyá Andréevna,

D. I did not sleep all night, and was within a hair's breadth of suicide. But however extreme might be the expression of my sufferings it would all be too little. Leo Nikoláevich came to my room, and I told him in terrible agitation that on the one side the return of the diaries and on the other my own life were in the balance. He must choose between them. And he chose—for which I thank him—and got the diaries back from Chertkóv. From excitement I have badly pasted in the letter he brought me this morning. I much regret that, but it has been copied several times, and among others is to be found in the volume of Leo Nikoláevich's letters to me, copied out by me. My daughter Tánya also has a copy.

Sasha drove over to Chertkóv's for the diaries, taking him a letter from Leo Nikoláevich. But my soul is still in anguish, and the thought of depriving myself of life has matured so clearly and firmly that it will, I feel, always be ready should they wound the sore places of my heart.

What an ending to my long and formerly happy married life! . . . But it is not yet quite over. Leo Nikoláevich's letter to me to-day is a scrap of the former happiness, but a small, worn-out scrap! The diaries have been sealed up by my daughter Tánya, and to-morrow she and her husband will take them to Túla to put them in the bank. The receipt will be made out in the name of Leo Nikoláevich and his heirs, and it will be brought to him. If only I am not cheated again! If only that Jesuit Chertkóv does not wheedle those diaries out of Leo Nikoláevich secretly!

For three days I have taken nothing into my mouth, and that for some reason upsets everyone. But I cannot . . . The whole matter depends on the passion and strength of my distress.

I regret and repent that I have grieved my children, Lev and Tánya—particularly Tánya, who is again so affectionate, sympathetic, and kind to me! I love her very much. I must let Chertkóv

Alexándra Lvóvna had sent Mikhaíl Sergéevich [Sukhotín] to Tatiána Lvóvna. Sófya Andréevna checked the dates and the number of the diaries, which were afterwards wrapped in paper, sealed, and put away in a locked cupboard. Next day Mikhaíl Sergéevich put them in the bank at Túla in Leo Nikoláevich's name.

S.L.T.

visit us, though I find that very painful and unpleasant. If I do not consent to their seeing one another there will be a whole literature of secret and tender correspondence,¹ which would be still worse.²

15th July

D.B. I have been agitated all day because Leo Nikoláevich has refused to give me the key, or the receipt from the bank, and I shall always be afraid now that he will give his diaries to Chertkóv again. He refused roughly.³ I drove with Lev to

¹ Subsequently Sófya Andréevna inserted a note "So it turned out. Chertkóv wrote almost every day to Leo Nikoláevich, who replied, and his letters were returned to Chertkóv, who demanded that they should be" S.L.T

² Having heard that Tolstóy had promised Sófya Andréevna not to see him, Chertkóv wrote to him on July 14th "It is well with my soul, and I feel sure that it is the same with you, for the source is the same for us both . . . To-day I thought with particular vividness of Christ's dying: how he was reviled and insulted, how they mocked him and slowly killed him, and how those closest to him in spirit and in the flesh could not get near to him but had to look on from afar, and how to all this he felt and said 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'" In reply to this letter Tolstóy, in a breaking voice, asked Goldenweiser to tell Chertkóv that "it is good to have such friends." S.L.T.

³ V. M. Feokrítova writes: "Leo Nikoláevich went to her and tried again to calm her, but came out of her room greatly upset, and said: 'I can't! I can't! This is my last sacrifice.' Sófya Andréevna fell on her knees in the corridor before Leo Nikoláevich's bedroom and seized hold of his legs and screamed: 'This is my last request! Give me the key and let me have an authorization to take the diaries. I don't believe that you won't return them to Chertkóv.' 'Get up. Please get up! For God's sake stop this and leave me alone!' cried Leo Nikoláevich in a trembling voice Sófya Andréevna jumped up, ran to her room, and then cried out: 'I have drunk the whole phial. I have poisoned myself' Leo Nikoláevich rushed to her, but she said in a calm voice: 'I said that on purpose to deceive you. I didn't drink it . . .' Leo Nikoláevich, pale and with a violently beating heart, went out into the garden."

Goldenweiser noted: "After this, Leo Nikoláevich asked Alexándra Lvóvna to tell Sófya Andréevna that she was 'acting as though on purpose to make him go away.'"

It was probably on that day that Sófya Andréevna wrote the following letter, appended to her diary. It was written in July 1910, and placed on Leo Nikoláevich's table.

"I write to you because it is difficult for me to speak after a sleepless night. I am too agitated. During the night I thought it all over; how you caressed

Rudakóvo, and Leo Nikoláevich also came there on horseback. Yesterday evening Chertkóv, his son, two Englishmen, Goldenweiser, and Nikoláev were here. Dull!

D. Did not sleep all night. I kept thinking that if Leo Nikoláevich in his letter so readily withdrew his promise not to go away, he will just as easily revoke his other words and promises, and where then are there any *reliable and truthful* words? It is not for nothing that I am agitated! He promised in Chertkóv's presence to give the diaries back *to me*, and he has deceived me by putting them in the bank. How can I calm myself and recover my health when I live under the threat of: "I will go away, go away."

What a terrible pain I have in the back of my head! Is it a nervous stroke? That would be well if only it was complete and killed me. But it is painful to my soul to be killed by my husband. This morning, not having slept all night, I asked Leo Nikoláevich to give me a voucher for the diaries (which will to-morrow be taken to the bank) that I may be assured that he will not again retract, and return them to Chertkóv—since he does that so easily (that is, takes back his word).

He got terribly angry and said: "No, not on any account,

me with one hand and held a knife in the other. Even yesterday I felt dimly that the knife has already entered my heart. That knife is your threat of leaving me secretly if I remain what I now am, that is, a woman who is certainly ill. This means that I shall be listening every night to hear whether you are going away, and that I shall be tormented by any prolonged absence. How can I get well? I am now trembling all over, and my whole inside aches. Wait a little! I shall certainly die soon. I shall surely break to pieces.

"By Chertkóv's letter (over which for some reason you cried) it is evident that he hopes you will return the diaries to him for some work or other he is doing; and again I experienced a day and night of torment lest you should *secretly* give them all back to him. Or will you perhaps have pity on me and give me the key and the paper to keep? Let me have them, my dear one! You know I can't do anything with them, and it would relieve me of those two oppressive suspicions: (1) that you will go away from me *secretly*, and (2) that you will *secretly* give the diaries back to Chertkóv. You know I am quite quite ill, and have to admit—as I must—that I am insane. Forgive me and help me!"

S.T.

not on any account!" and immediately ran away. I again had a severe attack of nerves and wanted to take opium, but once more I was afraid. I odiously deceived Leo Nikoláevich into thinking I had taken it, but immediately confessed the deception and sobbed bitterly, and then made an effort and controlled myself. It is so disgraceful and painful, but . . . no! I will say no more. I am ill and worn out.

Went in the cabriolet with my son Lev to see a house at Rudakóvo, for Tánya at Ovsyánnikovo.¹ Leo Nikoláevich was riding with the doctor. I thought we should go together, but Leo Nikoláevich intentionally took a different route, and after saying that he would go by the high road and home by Ovsyánnikovo, went the contrary way—going through Ovsyánnikovo first, as though absent-mindedly. But I notice everything and remember everything, and suffer profoundly.

Have forced myself to allow Chertkóv to come to our house and have behaved *carefully* with him, but I have suffered. I watched their every movement and every glance that passed between them. But they were careful. How I hate that man! His presence is torture to me. but I will endure it in order to have them together before my eyes rather than know them to be together somewhere else [a word deleted] or that they should plan secret meetings and again start a long correspondence.

Chertkóv's son was here too; a pleasant, spontaneous lad, who brought with him his English friend, a chauffeur. There was also an Englishman from South America, wearisome and dull.² An article of Leo Nikoláevich's has appeared in the papers: a talk with peasants.

Leo Nikoláevich's diaries were sealed up to-day, seven note-

¹ Sófya Andréevna went to look at a wooden house in Rudakóvo which she thought of buying, to take to pieces and re-erect at Ovsyánnikovo to replace the one that was burnt. S.L.T.

² Matthew Gering, an American law graduate of Edinburgh University, who had come with a doubtful letter of introduction from W. J. Bryan. Leo Nikoláevich is reported by Goldenweiser to have said: "This American is queer. I can't make him out. He seems to be interested in religious questions, but he is somehow insignificant, uninteresting, and probably limited." S.L.T.

books of them, and to-morrow Tánya and I will take them to the bank. They are now at Doctor Grushétsky's in Túla, which worries me. They were to have been lodged in the bank to-day, but it turned out that a Service of Intercession had been arranged on account of the cholera, and that everything was closed. To-morrow they must be taken from Grushétsky and placed in the bank. That is something new and unpleasing in Leo Nikoláevich. Why in the bank? Why not at home or in the Historical Museum, where all the other diaries are for safe custody? And why must I not read just *these* diaries, when God knows *who* will read them after Leo Nikoláevich's death? Yet his *wife dare not*. Was it ever so before? All this embitters my soul. And it is all due to Chertkóv's influence. "Of course you are offended," said Sukhotín. "I can understand that, for I myself dislike Chertkóv."

A crowd of wearisome people: the Englishman, Díma and his comrade (who are not so bad), Nikoláev, monotonous and wearisome, Goldenweiser and Chertkóv. We put on the gramophone because all these gentlemen had nothing to talk about. I tried to read proofs, but could not get on. Lev is modelling me, and with him I am more tranquil. He understands everything and loves and pities me.

Taking the diaries from Chertkóv has cost me dear; but even if it happened all over again from the beginning, I would do just the same. I am ready to give all that remains of my life that Chertkóv should never have them, and I should not regret the sacrifice of health and strength. The responsibility for that loss of health and strength is my husband's and Chertkóv's, who so obstinately clung to those diaries.

They will be lodged in Leo Nikoláevich's name, and he alone will have the right to take them. What an unkind, suspicious attitude—so lacking in delicacy to his wife! God be with him!¹

Had a letter from A. I. Máslova, and am drawn to their affectionate, honest, kindly world, free from all cunning and painful

¹ *Bog s nim*, a Russian expression meaning literally "God be with him!" but generally used in the sense of "Let it go at that" or "I wash my hands of it."

complexities. Perhaps Sergéy Ivánovich¹ will be there and I could rest my soul among them all, to the sound of that music which once upon a time lulled my acute grief. I am so tired of all these complications, cunning concealments and cruelties, and of my husband's confession of his *coldness* to me! Why then should I *glow* and love him so insanely? Let my heart too grow cold towards him who does everything to cause it by his acknowledgment that he grows cold. If I am to live and not to kill myself, I must seek solace and enjoyments. I too will say: "To live like this is impossible!" Coldness of heart for me, and warmth of feeling for Chertkóv.

L.T. In the morning more agitation—lest I should run away, and that the key of the diaries should be given her. I replied that I will not change the decision I have taken. It was exceedingly painful.

Note in the evening. Sónya is quiet, but I feel that it all hangs by a thread.

16th July

D. Having found out that I write my diary every day, all those around me are setting to work to scribble *their* diaries. They all want to expose and accuse me and to prepare malicious material for use against me, because I have dared to defend my marital rights and because I want more confidence and love from my husband and demand that the diaries should be taken from Chertkóv.

Bog s nimi, the whole lot of them!² I want my husband before his *cooling off* has completely frozen me. I want justice and a clear conscience, and not the judgment of men.

I drove with Tánya to Túla where we left the seven note-books

¹ Tanéev, the musician mentioned in a previous note, Sófya Andréevna's unseemly pursuit of whom had caused some scandal, as well as much distress to Tolstóy.

A.M.

² The expression explained in a previous note.

A.M.

of Leo Nikoláevich's diaries in the State Bank for safe custody. That is a half-measure—a half-way concession to me. They have been taken away from Chertkóv thank God, but I shall *never*, while Leo Nikoláevich lives, be able to see and read them. That is my husband's vengeance. When they were brought from Chertkóv I took them in agitation and turned the pages over to see what he had written about and what he said (though I had read much of it before), and I felt just as if a loved and lost child had been returned to me and was being taken away again. I can imagine how angry Chertkóv is with me! This evening he was here again, and how I suffer from hatred and jealousy of him! A mother whose child has been stolen by gipsies must experience what I felt, when they return her child to her.

The diaries were deposited in Leo Nikoláevich's name only, and only he can get them personally or by giving a power of attorney.

Chertkóv was here in the evening, and the alien and unendurable Englishman is always hanging about. Boulanger and Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt were here too, and Goldenweiser who played a very good mazurka of Chopin's.

Leo Nikoláevich is kinder towards me than before and it is such a pleasure to feel his affectionate glance, which I return lovingly. He rode in the woods with Bulýgin. He is still constipated and has an enema every evening, but does not complain of his health. I know little of the work he is doing. I go into what I call the *chancellery*, where Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna do the copying, and at night I look over the papers and letters.

There are letters, a preface to the farthing-booklets, an article on suicide, and the beginnings of several things, but no large or serious work.

Terrible thunder all the evening and a heavy downpour. I am terribly agitated about Tánýa's going away. Her husband has already gone to his daughter at Pirogóvo and meant to drive to Lázarevo station to-morrow, but now the road is spoilt and it will be difficult for him to get there. And Tánýa herself is agitated without her husband and daughter. I am very sorry for her though

she often grieved me latterly by her ill will and by condemning me to defend her father. My God! What a noise of rain and thunder and wind, and leaves being torn from trees . . . Impossible to sleep.

L.T. She [Sófya Andréevna] has slept, but is threatening. I went for a walk. Prayed well. Have understood my sin in regard to Lev. One should love and not take offence.

[Written in later.] Sófya Andréevna is better.

17th July

D.B. Tánya has left. Lisa Obolénski[†] and Véra Tolstóy have come. It is warm and quiet. I had a bath. Leo Nikoláevich has ridden over to Chertkóv with (I am ashamed to write) my consent.

D. The thunder is over. I went to bed after it had passed and slept till noon. Got up quite shattered, and my first thought was of Leo Nikoláevich's diaries. Last night I read aloud to Tánya my letter to Chertkóv which is enclosed in this note-book, and I thought: if Chertkóv had really loved Leo Nikoláevich he would have yielded to my request to return the diaries seeing my frantic agitation, and would not have let us all be so unhappy as we have been lately; and he would with the sensitiveness of a kindly and decent man (which he quite lacks) have brought them and given them to their rightful owner—not to me but to Leo Nikoláevich—and afterwards would have taken them one at a time for his work, returning them in due course to Leo Nikoláevich. But no! He prized *the possession of the precious diaries* more highly than Leo Nikoláevich's tranquillity and it was only Leo Nikoláevich's *decisive demand that obliged* that dolt to give them up. [The last sentence was inserted in the margin.]

[†] Elizavéta Valeriánovna Obolénski, Tolstóy's niece who had married Prince Leoníd Dmitrievich Obolénski.

And are things better now? The whole family has been distressed for two weeks, the diaries are accessible to no one, Leo Nikoláevich has offered if I please never to see Chertkóv, and Chertkóv has entered on open strife with me. For the moment I have conquered, but I can say with truth that I have redeemed the diaries at the cost of my life, and in future it will always be the same. Chertkóv hates me for it. Leo Nikoláevich was agitated to-day because last night in that terrible thunderstorm, Chertkóv, Goldenweiser and Bulgákov, fell out of the peasant-cart they were returning home in, unharnessed it, and had to go on foot. Seeing his agitation, I controlled myself and said: "You will of course ride over and see Chertkóv?" To which he replied: "If it would displease you I will not go." But hard as I found it, I persuaded him to go to Chertkóv's, not wishing on any account to grieve my dear old man. He went there alone, and of course that man with his collection mania, who only needs photographs and manuscripts, at once took a coloured photograph of Leo Nikoláevich. When Leo Nikoláevich told me that Chertkóv would be here in the evening I protested with my whole being, but afterwards calmed down, and Leo Nikoláevich himself asked Varvára Mikháylovna to drive over and ask Chertkóv not to come. In the evening I took a quiet walk with Lisa Obolénski and Vérochka Tolstóy. Leo Nikoláevich played chess with Goldenweiser, then took a walk, had some tea, and retired early. He complains of insufficient elimination and the bad state of his excretions. I posed a long time for Lev. He modelled ardently and the bust is getting on.

Leo Nikoláevich told me to-day that his diaries had at first been kept by our daughter Sáša, but that on Chertkóv's demand she had handed them over to young Sergéenko¹ who took them to Chertkóv on November 26, 1909 without my knowledge.

What odious, secretive conduct! What a net of deception and concealment! Lies! [8 words omitted.] What dissimulation when

¹ It was not A. A. Sergéenko, but A. B. Goldenweiser, who took the diaries to Chertkóv. (See Goldenweiser's book *Near Tolstóy*.) S.L.T.

Leo Nikoláevich at my inquiry "Where are the diaries?" took my hand and led me to Sáscha, as if he did not know but she might! And Sáscha too lied and replied that she did not know. But Leo Nikoláevich had probably forgotten that he had let them be taken to Chertkóv.

How all those about Leo Nikoláevich have learnt lying, cunning of all kinds, shiftiness and self-justification! I hate falsehood (not in vain is it said that the devil is the father of lies). Such a state of things never existed in our former clear bright family atmosphere. It began only when the devilish influence of Chertkóv entered the house. Not for nothing is his name derived from the word devil.¹

Here is a list of people who have told me of their dislike of Chertkóv:

Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt.

Nikoláy Vasílevich Davýdov.

Mikhaíl Sergéevich Sukhotín.

Nikoláy Nikoláevich Gay.

Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv.

Pável Ivánovich Birukóv.

Ekaterína Fedorovna Junge.²

All my sons.

Zósya Stakhóvich, and probably many others of whom I do not know.

To-day Lev told me that Chertkóv once, when coming downstairs, said of me in front of everybody: "I don't understand a woman like that, who spends all her life in killing her husband!" He himself emits a stench in our house which chokes us all, and then accuses me of killing my husband—contrary to all justice and the opinion of the whole world, which acknowledges my love and care for his life. He raves and rages because my eyes have

¹ *Chert* in Russian is "devil" or "imp."

A.M.

² E. F. Junge, *née* Countess Tolstóy, a second cousin of Leo Nikoláevich

S.L.T.

been opened and I have understood his hypocrisy and he wants to revenge himself on me. But I am not afraid.

L.T. Went to Chertkóv's.¹ Things went well enough.

18th July

D. I have felt very heavy, dull, and gloomy all day, and have wanted to cry. I thought that if Leo Nikoláevich conceals his diaries from me, which never used to happen, there is something in them that it is necessary to hide especially from me—since Sáscha and Chertkóv had them and now they are locked up in the bank. Having thoroughly tormented myself with doubts and suspicions all night and all day, I spoke out to Leo Nikoláevich and expressed my suspicion that he had been unfaithful to me in one way or other, had written it in his diaries and was now concealing and hiding them. He assured me that that was not true and that he had never been unfaithful to me. Then why should he hide them? Out of spite or obstinacy? Surely if there are many good thoughts in them, they might only do me good . . . No, if he hides them it proves that there is something bad. I do not hide *anything*, neither my diaries nor my notes. Let the whole world read them and judge. What is man's judgment to me? I know my pure life. I know I can read all my husband's feelings and the very essence of his nature and character, like a book. I am offended and horrified! But I am still *attached* to him unfortunately. When I reminded Leo Nikoláevich that after Chertkóv had written a note saying he would return the diaries when he had finished working on them, he (Leo Nikoláevich) had at first intended to give me a *written* promise to hand them over to me but changed his mind and said: "Why give a written undertaking to one's wife?"

¹ During this last visit to Chertkóv at Telyátunki, Tolstóy made another will. He wrote it to Goldenweiser's dictation, as drawn up by the well-known lawyer N. K. Muravev. By mistake the words "being of a sound mind and firm memory" were omitted, so that the will had to be re-written, which was done on July 22nd.

I have promised that you shall have them, and you shall." He made an angry face and said: "I did not say that." "But I wrote it down in my diary on July 1st and Chertkóv was a witness of it," I replied.

Leo Nikoláevich at once changed the conversation and exclaimed. "I have given up everything· my estates and my works. I have only kept my diaries and now even these are demanded of me! I wrote to you that I would go away and I will do so if you go on tormenting me "

And what does "I have given up everything" mean? He has not given away the copyright in his works. He has simply laid on my shoulders, a woman's shoulders, the management of the whole property and the arrangement of our life and makes much more use of all its advantages than I do. I have always constant work beyond my strength. [These last two sentences are inserted in the margin.] But the point is that there is no need to *hand over* the diaries. Let Leo Nikoláevich have them to the end of his life. I am offended and hurt only because they were *concealed* from me. They may be anywhere and with anyone—Sáša, Sergéenko, or Chertkóv—but his wife *must not dare* to have a look at them . . .

After dinner we walked among the fir trees: Dunáev, Leo Nikoláevich, Lev, Lísá, and I. There were quantities of little mushrooms. The heat all day was exhausting. I have written to E. F. Junge, Máslova, Kátya and Vélskaya, and sent a letter and a cheque for 195 rubles to the clerk.

Nikoláeva walked here, and Chertkóv and Goldenweiser drove over and drank tea on the verandah. I read to Lísá some things from Leo Nikoláevich's old diaries, and she was horrified at his viciousness in youth, and suffered from all I disclosed to her of her uncle, whom she had considered a saint.¹

¹ Tolstóy's early diaries show that he differed from most of those around him by disapproving of loose living, and that he used to restrain himself for months at a time. When he did break out he was ashamed of his conduct, and with characteristic frankness noted his lapses in his diary. That half a century after those early diaries were written, Sófyá Andréevna should rake them over and select statements that "horrified" her niece, indicates the state of her mentality at the time.

Because I have seen through so much Leo Nikoláevich hates me, and the obstinate removal of the diaries is his handiest instrument with which to wound and punish me. Oh, this affectation of Christianity together with spite against the people nearest to him—instead of simple kindness and honourable and fearless frankness!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has again been agitated. I am supposed to have been unfaithful to her and to conceal the diaries on that account. And then she expresses regret that she torments me. Ungovernable hatred of Chertkóv . . . In the evening he and Goldenweiser were here. Sófya Andréevna was almost beside herself.

19th July

D. They have broken my heart, exhausted me by torture, and have now called in doctors: Nikítin¹ and Rossolímo.² Poor

¹ Dr. Dmitri Vasílevich Nikítin was a friend of Tolstóy's, and had constantly treated him S.L.T.

² Dr. Grigóry Ivánovich Rossolímo (1880-1926) was a neuropath and a Moscow University professor.

As seen from Goldenweiser's notes, Leo Nikoláevich considered a visit from a psychiatrist desirable, and probably Tatiána Lvóvna wrote about it to Nikítin. Rossolímo gave this diagnosis of Sófya Andréevna's illness: "A degenerative dual constitution. paranoid and hysterical, with a predominance of the former. At the present moment there is an episodic exacerbation." (See Note to August 22nd.) Rossolímo's diagnosis as to the paranoia is questionable, as that illness is not only considered incurable, but usually grows worse, whereas Sófya Andréevna's condition improved after the year 1910.

Goldenweiser noted down the following conversation with Leo Nikoláevich:

"I asked Leo Nikoláevich what the doctors' verdict was. Alexándra Lvóvna and Varvára Mikháylovna came up to us. 'They found hysteria. It is said that that depressing condition is temporary, and should certainly pass, and she will then become an ordinary old woman.' Alexándra Lvóvna remarked that that was not likely to happen. 'Why not? A certain period will pass, and then I think these attacks will become milder.' Afterwards he added. 'I have noticed that it is impossible to tell what will make her agitated. It generally occurs in the morning, or at night. Once she was sitting here on this bench with Sónichka, and was explaining to her the multiplication table on her fingers. The expla-

things! They do not know how to cure someone who has been morally wounded from all sides. Accidentally reading a page of an old diary has aroused indignation in my soul, upset my tranquillity, revealed to me the meaning of his present partiality for Chertkóv, and for ever poisoned my heart. At first the doctors advised that Leo Nikoláevich should go away in one direction and I in another: he to Tánya's and I—they did not know where. Then when I did not consent but burst into sobs at seeing that the whole aim of those around me was to part me from Leo Nikoláevich, the doctors, seeing their powerlessness, began to consult. baths, walking, not to get agitated . . .

It is simply laughable! Nikítin is surprised how thin I have become. It is all simply from grief and a wounded loving heart. And they say "Go away!" which is the most painful thing of all.

I drove to bathe and felt worse. The Vorónka is very low—like my life—and at present it would be difficult to drown in it. I went there chiefly to try whether it is at all possible to sink in the water.

I washed one of Leo Nikoláevich's caps. He rode to Ovsyánnikovo at the hottest time of the day and then had no dinner and looks tired. Naturally! Sixteen versts on horseback in a temperature of 113 degrees! In the evening he played chess with Goldenweiser. I did not talk with him at all to-day fearing to upset him and myself. I posed for Lev. With him everything is all right. I corrected proofs but again did not send them off. I cannot work . . . and now it is late. I must go to bed, but have no wish to sleep . . .

nation was so senseless she became irritable, and her voice was so strange that I knew something would happen. And in fact a terrible night followed . . . "

V. F. Bulgákov quotes the following definition of paranoia by the psychiatrist Rosenbach: "The distinctive peculiarity of that form of mental disease is that absurdly fantastic ideas manifest themselves and become fixed in the consciousness, together with a retention of mental capacities and a more or less correct train of thought, and at the same time without an abrupt change of temper " Once they have appeared, "such senseless ideas are firmly retained, and it is impossible to dislodge them by any persuasion. At the same time they multiply themselves partly by logical development, and partly thanks to the gradual appearance of fresh absurd ideas, which are engendered in the same way as the first ones."

S.L.T.

20th July

D.B. The doctors have left. It is quiet, pleasant and peaceful. Both Leo Nikoláevich and I have enlarged hearts. He is weak owing to constipation and a distended liver.

D. This is the second day of peace and quiet without Chertkóv. The doctors left during the day. Were they called in to certify me as insane, I wonder, as a precaution? Their visit was useless. If everything goes on as it has done these last days I shall get well. Leo Nikoláevich rode out with Fílka, our stupid good-natured stable-man, and spent the evening writing and reading on the balcony leading from his upstairs room. He was rested and at peace. Goldenweiser drove over and they quietly played chess. We all had tea together on the balcony. I somehow feel very sorry for our son Lev. He is so sad and preoccupied to-day. Is he distressed by what he lived through in Paris, or is he disturbed at not receiving the necessary permit for his passport abroad, or is he—nervous as he is—exhausted by the depressing complications of our life . . . ?

Went on foot to bathe with Lísá Obolénski, Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna. We drove back. The heat is unendurable. There are quantities of white mushrooms. The oats are being harvested.

Read Russian proofs of the collected works of our new edition, and English proofs of Maude's *Life of Tolstóy*.¹ Posed for Lev.

21st July

D. I am terribly agitated. Leo Nikoláevich is suffering very much from his liver and an accumulation of bile in conse-

¹ Sófya Andréevna was kind enough to send me a list of her children with the dates of their birth, and to supply me with other information I wanted; but she did not, in the ordinary sense of the term, "read the proofs" for me.

quence of which his stomach is out of order I torment myself by feeling that I am to blame for the state of his health. Chertkóv came again in the evening with his son. I knew in the morning that he would come and was agitated all day. Nevertheless I drove down to bathe, finished correcting the proofs of Maude's English *Life of Tolstóy*, posed for Lev and was glad that I could be calm.

Leo Nikoláevich rode out with the doctor again in the terrible heat and looked very tired. He did not wish to come to dinner, but came all the same and ate a lot of stewed peas though he suffers from an enlarged liver which pains him a good deal. In the evening he played chess with Goldenweiser upstairs on the balcony. As soon as I heard the sound of Chertkóv's cabriolet I began to tremble all over, though I had previously walked for an hour and a half in the garden to control myself. I cannot endure that man and only admit him to the house for Leo Nikoláevich's sake.

Then I felt sad because they were all sitting on the balcony together, even Márya Alexándrovna. They all enjoy the advantage of Leo Nikoláevich's presence except me. We are living out our last days in the world and I can't even be with him. Three times I started to go to the balcony to have some tea and at last managed to get there. And then I was so agitated that the blood rushed to my head, my pulse beat feverishly, I could hardly keep on my feet, and I could not see Chertkóv. I tried to say something but my voice was not my own, it sounded like a wild creature's. They all stared at me open-eyed. I am always trying to calm myself but hardly succeed sufficiently to avoid making scenes and offending Leo Nikoláevich. Lord, help me! I want to avoid that most of all! I feel so ill and unhappy. But let me suffer a thousand times more if only my Levochka gets well and is not angry with me . . . And all this might have been avoided if they had yielded sooner to my legitimate, even though in part sickly, wishes.

I seem to hear the words: "On no account, on no account!" But is it better now? Everybody is unhappy, I am blamed for everything, Leo Nikoláevich is ill, Chertkóv is expelled from good relations with him, the diaries are locked away . . . Enough! How terribly depressing and sad!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has another attack. It is painful But I do not complain and do not pity myself.

22nd July

D. Early this morning the doctor applied leeches to the small of my back to prevent my having rushes of blood to the head. [In the margin is a later addition by Sófya Andréevna: "Leo Nikoláevich wrote his will that day—and next day fell ill, poor thing!"] Afterwards I got up staggering, not having had a full night's rest.¹ Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback with Goldenweiser. Sáša, Varvára Mikháylovna, and the new arrivals (Ólga with her children and the Finnish woman) went to pick mushrooms and to bathe. I remained quite alone and busied myself with proofs and with the new edition. I sent off the proofs and the introductions to La Bruyère and others.² Lev has ridden off to Chifirovka to see Mikhail and his family.

At dinner—regarding my dissatisfaction and surprise that Leo Nikoláevich's latest articles are never given to me not even to read, since all his manuscripts are carried off by Chertkóv—Leo Nikoláevich again got angry with me, raised his voice, and began to say unpleasant things.

[Here Sófya Andréevna subsequently inserted in the margin: "After writing that *secret* will, Leo Nikoláevich could no longer look me calmly in the eye. He was irritable with me and suspected that I was rummaging among his papers and looking for something. He was disturbed by the deception practised on me." Still

¹ Bulgákov noted: "Sófya Andréevna seems to foresee trouble. Again she is displeased about something, and keeps the whole house in a condition of tension—as if one expected something to explode in some painful and unexpected way. On Leo Nikoláevich's account such a strain is unendurably painful—a fact which I seem to feel particularly to-day." S L.T.

² The work Tolstóy was engaged on (the *Circle of Reading*) was chiefly composed of extracts from and free translations of passages from other writers. But he introduced occasional short articles of his own, including introductions to the works of La Bruyère, Pascal, and other writers A.M.

later she added: "He was upset at having written the will in secret from the family."]

I again burst out crying, left the table, and went upstairs to my own room. He recollected himself and came after me but again our conversation became exacerbated. At last however he asked me to walk with him in the garden, which I always appreciate and like doing, and the tone of mutual dissatisfaction seemed to pass off.

Chertkóv has come in consequence of my note permitting him to visit Leo Nikoláevich. I want to be magnanimous in return for all his rudeness and unpleasantness.¹ I mastered myself and played draughts with my niece Sónya—diverting my attention from Chertkóv.

Leo Nikoláevich is limp. He suffers from his liver, is constipated, has no appetite, and his pulse is rapid. He does not wish to take any remedy, but I administered an enema with oil—with no result. [Inserted in the margin in a different ink are the words: "I implored him to take rhubarb as customary in such a case, and I gave him a compress, but he irritably and obstinately refused."]

The doctor had gone to bed without examining him though I had asked him to attend carefully to Leo Nikoláevich. I am partly to blame for his ill-health, and partly the terrible heat—97° in the shade. We are both subject to liver disorders.

L.T. I wrote in the wood.² It is well. At home there is agitation once more, which became worse at dinner. I took it

¹ Bulgákov and Feokrítova noticed that Sófya Andréevna was abrupt with Chertkóv. Feokrítova wrote: "Chertkóv told Sófya Andréevna that he had brought back the additional scene for *The Power of Darkness*, which she had asked for. 'Too late! It isn't wanted now!' she said sharply. 'You had better have brought back the jubilee telegrams, which you took for a month, but have kept for two years. I think you might keep your word at least for once.'"

S.L.T.

² The final writing of the will and the proposal that Tolstóy should sign an accompanying note placing all his writings at Chertkóv's disposal, is described by Goldenweiser as follows:

Leo Nikoláevich awaited us on the hillock. We did not notice him at first,

on myself to quiet her and asked her to come for a walk. Chertkóv came. Things were strained, painful, and depressing. Bear it, Cossack!¹

and began to feel disturbed, but having ridden up the hillock we saw him there, seated on Délire, his grey beard fluttering, and wearing a white blouse. He had been awaiting us for some time.

We crossed the rye stubble and rode into Záseka wood.

Having ridden a little way in, we stopped and dismounted I tied up my horse, and Anatól Dionísovich Radýnsky (who did not know the contents of the will) held the others.

Amid a cluster of trees near by I noticed a stump very convenient for sitting on, and we went there. Leo Nikoláevich sat down on it and began to re-write the will he had written on July 17th, and for greater convenience asked me to dictate it to him. When he had finished we checked it over. He had made one slip, misspelling the word "twenty," and would have corrected it, but I advised him not to, in order to avoid having an alteration. >

Leo Nikoláevich laughed and said: "Let them say that I was illiterate!"

We called Anatól Dionísovich, and Leo Nikoláevich told him that the document as drawn up by him was in accordance with his wishes, and that he had written it out. He signed it in his presence, and we too signed it—Sergéenko and I as well as Radýnsky.

Leo Nikoláevich said: "How objectionable all these formalities are!"

Then he read the accompanying note and said: "All this" (the first page and the beginning of the second) "is very good, but here there are some passages I do not agree with."

Of the statement that all manuscripts should be submitted to V. G. Chertkóv for him to decide what to publish, Leo Nikoláevich said:

"We must add 'on the same basis as hitherto'—otherwise Vladímír Grigórevich's enemies will say that he has pushed everybody else aside and has taken everything for himself."

Another thing Leo Nikoláevich did not agree with was the statement (he had spoken to Alexándra Lvóvna about it in winter) that everything written by him before the year 1881 (except the A B C books, the stories for the people, and his periodical *Yásnaya Polyána*) should remain Sófyá Andréevna's during her life.

Leo Nikoláevich said: "Why? That is unnecessary. Sásha knows how it should be done, but to say it here is quite needless"

Subsequently Leo Nikoláevich told Alexándra Lvóvna that Sófyá Andréevna should only be allowed to sell out the new edition she had undertaken not long previously.

Leo Nikoláevich did not then sign that document, since it was not urgent, and he might want to reconsider it

S.L.T.

¹ The first words of a quotation: "Bear it Cossack, you'll some day be an ataman!"

A.M.

23rd July

D. Leo Nikoláevich has been much worse all day¹ His temperature was 99·3°, with a rapid pulse, his liver and stomach in a bad state and he himself sluggish. [A later insertion reads: "I did not then know of the mental perturbation caused by his bad and terrible will."] And no matter what I said, what I advised, or how lovingly I treated him, I met with an angry protest. All this is since he stayed at Chertkóv's. This evening Chertkóv was here again. Leo Nikoláevich told Sáscha when she was going to Telyátinkí, to invite him and Goldenweiser too, as a diversion. But I too went into Leo Nikoláevich's room and did not allow them to have a *tête-à-tête*. I sat there resolutely till Chertkóv seeing that I should not budge on any account or leave him alone with Leo Nikoláevich, at last went away, remarking to Leo Nikoláevich that he had only come to have a look at him while he was still alive. I added: "and before I have killed him!"—alluding to his words that: "I don't understand a woman like that, who spends all her life in killing her husband."

But something pleasant happened to-day too: my dear grandchildren arrived:² first Sónya and Ilyá with their mother, and then Lévy, Lína and Mísha arrived from Chiffirovka and brought Vánichka and Tánichka. All four are dear, sympathetic children. But guarding Leo Nikoláevich and listening to him prevented my being much with them to my great regret.

When I learnt that Chertkóv was coming to see us again I shook all over and burst out crying. Sáscha who was going past me spat emphatically and rudely almost in my face, and said loudly: "Phui! The devil only knows how weary I am of these scenes!" [32]³

¹ Dr. Makovítski attributed Tolstóy's illness to the fact that he had sat and read in his room the day before in a draught with the windows and doors open. S.L.T.

² The grandchildren were: Sónya and Ilyá, Andréy Lvóvich's children; and Tányá and Ványá, Mikail Lvóvich's children. S.L.T.

³ Goldenweiser writes that when Sófya Andréevna learnt that Chertkóv was coming, "she seized her head in her hands and began to sob. Alexándra Lvóvna came in, saw her, spat to one side, and said: 'How tired I am of this

Yes, one wishes for death in such surroundings of evil, deception, and lack of love, or even simply of politeness to a near one who has done them no harm.

I read the two-act play Leo Nikoláevich wrote at Kochetý when he heard that Díma Chertkóv and his peasant comrades had played *The First Distiller*, and wished to write something else for them. But the play is as yet only in the rough. There are mistakes. The young woman, for instance, says of herself: "One bakes and cooks"—whereas it is always the old woman who is busy at the stove and there is an old woman in the piece. There is also the woman putting away the money and the purchases in the cupboard, but afterwards the purchases turn up on the window-sill and are stolen from there. In general that piece is still in the rough. But it is well planned and parts of it are good. It reminds me continually of *The Power of Darkness*.

In former times when I copied everything, I used to point out to Leo Nikoláevich any mistake and anything that was unsuitable and we corrected it. Now they do the copying for him, it is true, but do it like machines.

L.T. Things are very depressing. I am not at all well, but my illness is nothing compared to my mental condition. What is it for? *Je m'entends*. [I understand what I want to say.] There is something on my stomach and I could not resist the demands that I should take medicine. I took an aperient, which did not act.

Help me, Lord, to act according to Thy will. But it seems to me that I am harming both myself and her by compliance. I want to try a different method.

24th July

D.B. Again I did not sleep all night, did not undress, and am suffering very much. Ólga is kind and sympathetic.¹

comedy' and went away. 'What effrontery!' said Sófya Andréevna, 'to know that the mistress of the house hates him and still to come here.' " S.L.T

¹ In his memoirs Goldenweiser says that Ólga Konstantinovna told him that about four o'clock in the morning she heard Sófya Andréevna walking

D. Chertkóv came again in the evening and Leo Nikoláevich and he whispered together but I overheard what was said. Leo Nikoláevich asked: "Do you agree with what I wrote to you?" And the other replied: "Certainly I agree." Another conspiracy, Lord help me!¹ When I burst into tears again and asked Leo Nikoláevich to tell me what agreement he had spoken of, he again made an angry and alien face, and stubbornly, angrily, and persistently refused to do so [5] He is unrecognizable! Once again I am in despair and the phial of opium is again on my table. If I refrain from drinking it at present that is only because I do not wish to give them all, including Sáscha, the pleasure of my death. But *how* they torment me! Leo Nikoláevich's health is better. He will do all he can to outlive me and to continue his life with Chertkóv. How I wish to drink what is in that phial and leave Leo Nikoláevich a note saying: "You are free!" I want to kill Chertkóv, to drive a knife into his fat body in order to free Leo Nikoláevich's soul from his harmful influence. [The last words were written in above the line in ink of a different colour.]

This evening Leo Nikoláevich angrily said to me: "I have to-day decided that I wish to be free at all costs." We shall see which of us conquers if he begins war on me! My weapon is death. That will be my revenge, and the shame will be his and Chertkóv's, who have killed me. They will say *she was mad*. But who drove me mad?

about and went to her bedroom, but did not find her there. She was standing downstairs at the front door in her dressing-jacket. Ólga Konstantínovna managed with difficulty to persuade her to go back to her bedroom, where Sófya Andréevna talked to her till six o'clock.

S L T.

¹ Tolstóy asked Chertkóv whether he agreed with the two corrections he had made in the "supplementary note" Chertkóv had drafted to the will: first the addition of a stipulation that all Tolstóy's writings (not only those written after 1881, but also those written previously) should after his death be handed over for Chertkóv to look over and publish; and secondly, the inclusion in the text of a wish that after Tolstóy's death Chertkóv should deal with his manuscripts on the same basis as in Tolstóy's lifetime—that is, without taking any profit for himself. These corrections were made in the "supplementary note" to the will, constituting Chertkóv in effect Tolstóy's literary heir. From that day onwards Sófya Andréevna began to suspect that Leo Nikoláevich had made a will and began in all sorts of ways to try to discover it.

S.L.T.

Mikhail's family have gone away, but Ólga and her children are still here. I have decided, it seems, thank God . . . But still I pity my formerly loved and loving Levochka . . . And now I am weeping.

And he dares to write about *love*, when he so torments the one nearest to him—his wife.

And he, my husband, could save me, but he does not wish to . . .

L.T. Again the same, both as regards health and as regards Sófya Andréevna. I am a little better, but against that things are worse with Sófya Andréevna. Yesterday she would not leave me and Chertkóv, and gave us no possibility of speaking together *tête-à-tête*. To-day it was the same. But I got up and asked him whether he agreed with what I had written him? She overheard, and asked what I was speaking about. I told her that I could not answer, and she went away agitated and irritated. I can do nothing. It is unendurably painful to me. I am doing nothing.

25th July

D.B. Have decided to leave home.¹ Have packed, and am taking the poison with me, and if I do not hold out shall take it in solitude. I wept at leaving my home and abandoning my place to Chertkóv. At Túla station I met Andréy and his family. He understood.

D. Having discovered that there is a secret agreement between Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv, and having become convinced that there is some plot against me and the family, I have of course

¹ In the morning Sófya Andréevna announced that she was leaving—that she was being pushed out of the house by her husband and spat at by her daughter. She prepared to leave, gave her blessing to Ólga Konstantínovna's children, and asked pardon of Alexándra Lvóvna.

S.L.T.

To ask pardon of anyone, whether there was cause to do so or not, was a usual practice among Russians on special occasions, or when they expected to die.

A.M.

again begun to suffer deeply. Never in all my life before has there been anything hidden between me and my husband. [Inserted later are the words. "That secret agreement was the will and the letter supplementing it, written by Chertkóv and signed by Leo Nikoláevich—all secretly from me."] And are not these damned secrets and plots really offensive to a loving wife? In any case all Leo Nikoláevich's present arrangements will provoke cruel strife between his children and that evil and cunning pharisee Chertkóv. And how sad that is! Why should Leo Nikoláevich arrange such a memory for himself and such evil? Yet he always speaks and writes about some sort of *love*, and all his life he has disapproved of documents, saying that he would never write any! Leo Nikoláevich's denials are all mere words: property—he retained his literary rights all his life—while as to documents, he *wrote* to the newspapers that he renounced the copyright in his works written after 1881, he has now deposited his diaries in the State Bank, taking a *receipt*, he has *written* something with Chertkóv (and Bulgákov, I fancy) and to-day he handed Chertkóv a large sheet of paper—probably a home-made will depriving the family of the rights in his works after his death. He denied money, but always has some hundreds of rubles¹ in his table-drawer to give to those

¹ A hundred rubles was then worth about £10. Sófya Andréevna, though she knew the facts well enough, here uses a reproach in the form usually employed by the more malicious of Tolstóy's detractors. In the heat of his denunciation of existing social conditions in *What Then Must We Do?* (1886) Tolstóy had spoken of money as the root of all evil, and had for some time tried to avoid handling it himself. In the early 'nineties however, when working at famine relief, he felt constrained to "make a pipe of himself" and to distribute to the starving "the vomit thrown up by the rich" (that is, the contributions he received to the famine-relief fund). Moreover the State Theatres were compelled by the regulations to pay a fixed fee for each performance of any play, and when Tolstóy's plays were performed and he refused to accept the fees he was informed that in that case the money would go to the funds of the Imperial ballet. As he disapproved of that, he agreed to accept the fees, which his wife and he devoted to the relief of necessitous peasants, especially those whose huts had burnt down. Then again, when he was anxious to help sectarian peasants (the Doukhobors) who were being persecuted for refusing army service, he accepted money for the first publication of his novel *Resurrection*, in order to help them migrate from Russia. Subsequently when the Doukhobors were settled in Canada and some money received from my wife's translation

in need. He denied *travelling*, but has been away three times this summer: to our daughter Tánya at Kochetý twice, to Chertkóv at Krekshino and Meshchérscoe and with me to see our son Sergéy. And he is anxious to go to Kochetý again.

Being upset in the evening of the 24th I sat down at my writing-table and remained there lightly clad *all* night, never once closing my eyes. What oppressive and bitter memories did I not live through and think over during that night! At five in the morning my head ached so and my heart and chest were so oppressed that I felt a wish to go into the fresh air. But it was too cold, and it was pouring with rain. Then suddenly from the adjoining room my daughter-in-law Ólga [Andréy's first wife] seized me with a strong hand and said: "Where are you going? You have planned something wrong, but I won't let you go!" And she sat with me and tried to comfort me, kind, tender and sympathetic, and had no sleep herself, poor thing . . . Numb with cold I moved over to the tabouret, and drowsed while sitting there, and Ólga said that I moaned pitifully in my sleep. In the morning I decided to leave the house, if but for a time. In the first place I wanted to avoid seeing Chertkóv and being upset by his presence, his secret plots, and all his business, and suffering from it. In the second place I simply wanted to rest and to let Leo Nikoláevich rest from my presence and my suffering soul. Where I shall go to live I have not yet decided. I packed my portmanteau, took some money, my passport, and some literary work, and thought either of settling in Túla in an hotel or going to my house in Moscow.

I drove to Túla with the horses sent to meet Andréy's family. On the station I called out to them and decided to go back with

of that novel was still available, we remitted it to his daughter Mary, and after her death a small remainder went to Tolstóy for the relief of peasants in distress. This perhaps constituted the "hundreds of rubles" he had in his drawer for distribution.

That Sófya Andréevna should repeat the accusation is excusable in view of her mental derangement. Had she been normal she would have realized that to state it in that form suggested doubts as to her being a suitable person to be entrusted with the editorship of Tolstóy's works.

A.M.

them to Yásnaya and to leave for Moscow in the evening. But Andréy at once understanding my condition firmly decided that he would not leave me for a moment, and remained with me. There was nothing to be done, and I agreed to return with them to Yásnaya, though on the way I often shuddered at the recollection of all that I have lived through lately, and of how it would all go on in the same way again.

The drive there and back, and the agitation, tired me very much, and I went upstairs and lay down at once, fearing to meet my husband's derision. But unexpectedly and to my great joy quite the opposite occurred. He came to me kind and touched, and thanked me with tears in his eyes for having returned.

"I felt that I positively could not live without you!" he said, and wept. "It was just as if I had crumbled all away and gone to pieces. We are too near to one another and have grown too much together. I am so grateful to you for having returned, dear one—thank you . . ."

And he embraced and kissed me, pressing me to his lean breast, and I too wept and told him that I loved him as I did in youth, warmly and strongly, and what happiness it is for me to cling to him and mingle souls with him. I implored him to be simpler with me, franker and more trustful, and not to give me occasion to suspect or fear something . . . But when I touched on the question of what conspiracy he had with Chertkóv he at once became silent, made an angry face, and refused to say anything, though he did not deny that they had a secret. In general he was strange, often not immediately understanding what was said to him, and being confused at the mention of Chertkóv.

But God be thanked that I have felt his heart and his love once more! Let the children and not me defend my rights after my dear husband's death.¹

¹ Towards noon that day Goldenweiser was at Yásnaya Polyána, and Alexándra Lvóvna told him that Leo Nikoláevich wished to consult him. "She said that Leo Nikoláevich had it in mind, in an extremity, to tell Sófya Andrévna of the paper in which he entrusted to Chertkóv the publication of his works and the selection of what should be printed after his death. Alexándra Lvóvna was horrified at the thought, and asked me to try to dissuade

The evening passed placidly and peacefully with the family and without Chertkóv—thank God. Neither Leo Nikoláevich nor I are in good health.

L.T. Sónya did not sleep all night, and then decided to leave home, and drove to Túla. There she met Andréy and returned home quite good, but strangely exhausted.

26th July

D. Sad news of our daughter Tánia this morning. She has a bad attack of dysentery and is laid up. Leo Nikoláevich is urgently asked to go to Kochetý, but I am not asked. I am terribly afraid

him." Goldenweiser said to Leo Nikoláevich: "I do not know whether I have a right to advise you, but I should on no account do what you suggest."

"Why?"

"For two reasons First, because we are already convinced that the satisfaction of any demand does not end the matter, but new demands are immediately advanced, and so on to infinity. Secondly, because (what you, Leo Nikoláevich, cannot possibly want) it may injure Chertkóv terribly, as it would increase Sófya Andréevna's hatred of him still further, and above all would give her some real basis for that hatred "

"That is quite correct," said Leo Nikoláevich. "I only thought of it as a possibility in an extremity. In any case I should never have done it without consulting Vladímír Grigórevich "

Afterwards Leo Nikoláevich said of Sófya Andréevna: "It is strange. She is completely lacking in any religious or moral basis. She has not even any simple superstition—such as belief in any icon. Since I first began to think about religious questions thirty years ago the contrast between our views has become more and more sharply defined, and what has happened . . . In her now there is neither truthfulness, nor shame, nor pity, nor anything . . . only vanity—that she should not be badly spoken of And at the same time her actions seem as if she were trying to make everyone speak badly of her. She does not notice it, but if anybody says an amicable or flattering word to her, it seems to her that everybody is praising her."

When Sófya Andréevna returned from Túla, Leo Nikoláevich went with her to her room and remained there fifteen or twenty minutes Then he led her in to dinner on his arm. She looked exhausted and ashamed Leo Nikoláevich went up to Alexándra Lvóvna and said to her: "She is such a pitiable old woman. She has been laughing and crying."

S.L.T.

that he will go, but if he does I shall go with him. The doctor says that dysentery is catching, and I am afraid that Leo Nikoláevich, with his enfeebled organism and with liver and intestines diseased, will be infected by Tánya.

There is certainly some secret plot between Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkón against me and the children.¹ Something is being carefully hidden from me.

My sons are very kind, and united among themselves and with me. Sáscha looks at me angrily, as all guilty people do. Having been rude to me and spat almost in my face she is sulky with me and wishes at all costs to take her father away. But I will abandon everything and follow them.

I sat a long time for Lev, and the bust is getting on. It is warm to-day, damp and cloudy, but it did not rain. They are mowing

¹ Leo Nikoláevich wrote to Chertkón that day:

"I think I need not tell you how pained I am, both on your account and on my own, at the cessation of our personal intercourse, but it is necessary I think I need not tell you either that this is demanded of me by that for the sake of which we both live I console myself, and I think not in vain, with the thought that this sickly condition will pass off, and that the cessation is only temporary. Meanwhile we will write to one another, and I will not hide either my own or your letters if she wishes to see them Our dear Alexander Borísovich [Goldenweiser] will give you particulars of yesterday's happenings It was very well with me all the evening To-day I think I shall decide to go to Tánya's, and shall prepare for my departure My health is better.

"Cordial greetings to Gálya. [Chertkón's wife, Anna Konstantínovna]

"It is unpleasant to use the customary termination in letters to you, and so I simply sign myself

"L. T.

"July 26, 1910 in the morning."

In reply to that letter Chertkón wrote to Tolstóy:

"There can be no question of my personal feelings in this affair. I am fully prepared, if necessary for your tranquillity or simply because you think it would be well, not to see you for a day, for a whole period, or even till death takes one of us. But at the same time I will, as always, be quite frank with you and, whether I am right or wrong, will impart to you my fear lest from a wish to pacify Sófya Andréevna you may not go too far and abandon that freedom which should always be preserved by one who wishes to accomplish not his own will but the will of Him who sent him. It seems to me, for instance, that a promise to act in this or that way should never be given to anybody. Nor should one place oneself in a position which makes one's actions dependent on another person's decision."

S.L.T.

the oats. The rye is still lying about uncartered, but some of it is in stooks.

I insert here my letter to my husband, written before I went away, and an article I prepared for the newspapers but did not send off.

Draft of a letter to Leo Nikoláevich left before my departure.

"The night of July 24-25, 1910.

"Goodbye, Levochka!

"Thank you for my *former* happiness. You have exchanged me for Chertkóv. You both secretly agreed about something to-day, and in the evening you said that you had decided to retain for yourself freedom of action and that you would not submit to any restraint. What does that mean? What *freedom*?

"The doctors advised me to go away, and now I have done so and you are quite free to have any secrets and meetings with Chertkóv. But I cannot bear to see all that any longer. I cannot . . . I have exhausted myself with jealousy, suspicions, and grief, because you have been taken from me for ever. I have tried to reconcile myself to my misfortune and to see Chertkóv, but I cannot. Spat at by my daughter and rejected by my husband, I abandon my home for as long as my place is occupied by Chertkóv, and I will not return until he goes away. If the Government lets him remain at Telyátinki I shall probably never return. Be well and happy in your *Christian* love of Chertkóv and all humanity—your unhappy *wife*, for some reason, alone excepted."

"The Facts can be verified on the Spot.

"In peaceful Yásnaya Polyána an extraordinary event has occurred. The Countess Sófyá Andréevna has abandoned her home, the home where for forty-eight years she has lovingly cared for her husband, giving him her whole life. The cause of this is that Leo Nikoláevich, enfeebled by age, having fallen completely under the harmful influence of Mr. Chertkóv, has

lost any will of his own, has allowed Chertkóv to utter rude words to Sófya Andréevna, and constantly consults him secretly about something.

"Having suffered for a month with a nervous illness, on account of which two doctors were summoned from Moscow, the Countess could no longer endure the presence of Chertkóv, and abandoned her home with despair in her soul." [An insertion in Sófya Andréevna's handwriting has been made here: "But afterwards fruitlessly returned. She should have held out."]

27th July

D. Did not sleep again all night. Something gnaws and gnaws at my heart, and I am tormented by not knowing about the conspiracy with Chertkóv and the paper signed by Leo Nikoláevich. [Inserted later by Sófya Andréevna: "That was apparently the note, drawn up by Chertkóv and signed by Leo Nikoláevich, that accompanied the will."] That paper is his revenge on me for the diaries and for Chertkóv.¹ Poor old man!

¹ Both Lev Lvóvich and Andréy Lvóvich were almost sure that Leo Nikoláevich had drawn up a will when their father and their sister Alexándra refused to answer any questions on the subject. This is seen by the following notes by Goldenweiser:

"Lev Lvóvich asked her whether their father had not written some paper. Alexándra Lvóvna replied that she did not wish to talk about it, and in general considered it unseemly to discuss the material consequences of her father's death. Andréy Lvóvich came up and asked her about the same thing, and she gave him the same reply. They began to insist that she should at least let them know whether there was such a paper

"She replied that she would say nothing to them, and did not wish to talk about it.

"Then Léy Lvóvich said: 'You can't say that there is no document, and that means that there is one!'

"The brothers and Sófya Andréevna consulted much together. Later on Sófya Andréevna asked Alexándra Lvóvna about the same thing, saying that she was not at all interested as to what the document contained, but simply wanted to know whether one existed or not

"Alexándra Lvóvna told her that when she, Sófya Andréevna, drew up a will and wanted to show her what she was leaving her, she did not listen, but said that she did not desire her mother's death, and did not want to know

What is he preparing for himself and for his memory after death? His heirs will yield *nothing* to Chertkóv but will dispute *everything*, because they all hate Chertkóv and see his cunning, cruel influence.

what she would leave her. She thought the same now, and therefore closed the conversation.

"Andréy Lvóvich asked Leo Nikoláevich whether he had not made any written arrangements in case of his death.

"Leo Nikoláevich told him that he did not wish to discuss the subject, and would not do so.

"Andréy Lvóvich said 'It means that you won't tell' and went out slamming the door."

Goldenweiser wrote further "We decided that Leo Nikoláevich must certainly leave for Kochetý, and we all thought that Vladímír Grigórevich would do well to write a letter recommending him to do so. Chertkóv was of the same opinion and at once sat down to write, while we went home. I, too, wrote to Leo Nikoláevich to persuade him to go at once to Tatiána Lvóvna at Kochetý." The letters were written in the evening and read by Leo Nikoláevich and returned to Chertkóv and to Goldenweiser (Chertkóv demanded the return of all his letters to Tolstóy.) Chertkóv's letter was as follows:

"Dear Friend,

"I have just seen Alexándra Lvóvna, who tells me what is being done around you . . . The painful truth, with which it is essential to acquaint you, is that all the scenes that have occurred recently—the arrival of Lev Lvóvich and now of Andréy Lvóvich, have had and have one definite practical aim. Even if there were also some phenomena due to sickness, as could not but be the case with such prolonged, intense, and fatiguing dissimulation, still those phenomena were artfully made use of always for one and the same purpose. That purpose was, and is (after separating you from me and if possible also from Sáša) to extort from you by means of persistent and united pressure, or to learn from your diaries and papers, whether you have written any will depriving your family of your literary inheritance; if you have written no such will, then to prevent your doing so by incessantly watching you till your death. Or if you have written anything, to prevent your going anywhere till they have been able to call in *chernosoteny* doctors [The *chernosotentsy* or "black-hundreds" were an ultra-conservative, ultra-patriotic, and Tsarist organization in pre-Revolutionary Russia, the members of which were usually ready to do any dirty work that might be considered of use to the authorities of Church or State—such as organizing anti-Jewish pogroms, persecutions of non-conformists, or such tricks as Chertkóv here suggests.—A.M.]—who would certify you as having fallen into senile feeble-mindedness—in order to deprive your will of validity. I will not cite proofs that this is not an exaggerated apprehension, but an indubitable truth [Chertkóv's suppositions were based on reports he received of hysterical remarks uttered by Sófya Andréevna. Those remarks, if they were really uttered, cannot, as Leo Nikoláevich correctly remarks, be considered a "deliberate plan," still less an "indubitable truth."—S.L.T.] of which we have had to convince ourselves, contrary to our wish and with

Non-resistance has turned out to be an empty word—as was to be expected.¹

Evening. Bulgákov denied having been concerned in Leo Nikoláevich's documents and signatures. Perhaps! It is impossible to make out anything of it! When I asked my daughter Sáscha what she knew about her father's will and other papers, about which Leo Nikoláevich had secret talks with Chertkóv, she answered angrily and rudely, as usual, that she would not say anything. Is it not really offensive to his wife that he should have secrets with his daughter and Chertkóv, but that everything should be hidden from me?

As soon as I was up I went with Vánichka's basket to wander in the woods. The first thing I saw was Leo Nikoláevich sitting on his walking-stick seat and writing something. He was surprised to see me, and seemed alarmed, and hurriedly concealed the paper. I suspect that he was writing to Chertkóv. [The words "and seemed," etc., are inserted between the lines and in the margin, and were probably written later]

I walked for about two and a half hours and thought how good constant pain at heart. I beg you only to believe that we should not have communicated this to you if we had not been able to convince ourselves indubitably that it is so "

In his reply Tolstóy wrote to Chertkóv on July 29th :

"I not only wish to think, but do think, that the position is not what you imagine. That is to say, it is bad, but not as bad as you suppose. Things are quite quiet now, and it is well with me, and I am glad. In case of a renewal I have decided on, and hope to preserve, a firm silence. But all that is unimportant!"

To Goldenweiser Tolstóy said "I have read your letter and do not at all agree with you. You exaggerate it all. You explain as a deliberate plan what is said at a moment of irritation. But if it should turn out that you are right, so much the better . . . It would give me freedom of action."

Besides Chertkóv and Goldenweiser, Chertkóv's secretary, A. P. Sergéenko, wrote to Tolstóy in the same strain. Chertkóv, Goldenweiser, and Sergéenko furnished L. N. Tolstóy with advice as to how he should deal with his wife!

S.L.T.

¹ Angry and deranged as Sófya Andréevna was, it seems strange that she should adopt the misrepresentation favoured by the most stupid and unscrupulous of Tolstóy's critics. Every careful and intelligent reader of his works knew that the theory of non-resistance condemned the use of physical violence, but did not demand acquiescence in all demands made on one.

A.M.

it is to be alone with Nature and away from cunning and malicious people. Feeble-minded Paráša, merry and kindly, was minding the calves. She gathered some uneatable mushrooms and brought them to me, but with how much good nature! Two cowherds greeted me warmly as they drove our herd past me. I looked at the expression of the cows' eyes and am convinced that they are only *Nature*, without souls. Merry and guileless boys passed by collecting mushrooms. On the threshing-floor and by the barn girls from distant villages and the apple-orchard watchmen had settled down to their dinner. All were merry and lively. They have no concealed thoughts, no documents, no cunning plots like Chertkóv's. Everything with them is simple, frank, open and gay! One should merge with Nature, and with the people. That would be easier than the miasma of pseudo non-resistance in our lives.

Once again Leo Nikoláevich is cold and silent. I lay down before dinner and slept for an hour and a half. My head was rather clearer when I woke, and after dinner I was able to work a little at the edition. I sent an article and a letter to Stakhóvich, and wrote to the printer. During the day I posed for Lev. There was heavy thunder and a downpour, which is injuring the grain.

Leo Nikoláevich and Dushán Petróvich [Makovítski] were out on horseback and were caught in the rain. Afterwards Leo Nikoláevich played chess with Goldenweiser, and later on listened to our son Sergéy who has come to see us¹ and who played the piano—a polonaise by Chopin, some Scotch songs, and a Chopin mazurka.² It was very pleasant. I hardly ever see Sáša. She sits

¹ Makovítski noted in his diary for that day "Sergéy Lvóvich arrived in the evening, and Alexándra Lvóvna talked to him. Afterwards her mother told him of her anxieties: (1) that if anybody published Tolstóy's works written before 1881 she would be unable to prosecute, as no copyright had been transferred to her in writing; (2) that all Tolstóy's manuscripts would be left in Chertkóv's hands; (3) that it was necessary to obtain the will from Leo Nikoláevich. Sergéy Lvóvich did not accept her opinions on any of these points, but only reasoned with her." S.L.T.

² Sergéy Lvóvich plays the piano very well, and is also a composer, having among other things set some of Burns's songs to music—for which he received an award in a musical competition. Tolstóy, who was very fond of folk-songs, was much pleased by these settings of Burns's songs, which he said were "quite Russian." A.M.

chiefly in her room, and calumniates me to everybody as she pleases—from her own point of view. In the evening she writes her diary—again from her own ill-disposed point of view.

I remained *tête-à-tête* with Sergéy till about twelve o'clock, and told him all we have lived through lately. Like everyone else he wants to condemn me all the time. When one dog barks the others all join in, and presently the whole pack attacks the victim. So it is with me. And they all try to separate me from Leo Nikoláevich. But *that* they will not succeed in doing.

L.T. Everything is the same, but to-day seems like a lull before the storm. Andréy came to inquire about the existence of a document. I said that I did not wish to reply. All this is very depressing. I cannot believe that they simply desire money. That would be terrible. But for me it is only good. Sergéy has come. A letter from Tánya. She and Mikhaíl Sergéevich ask me to go there.

28th July

D. Zósya Stakhóvich has come. She insisted on my telling her all that has happened to us lately. I gave her all details, and she blamed me for having demanded Leo Nikoláevich's diaries so insistently. But though very clever she is unmarried and cannot understand the bond that exists between a husband and wife after forty-eight years of marriage.

I find it dull drifting about without occupation, and it is still duller to pose for Lev. He is so nervy all the time and shouts: "Be quiet! Be quiet!" as soon as I say a word. I am getting very tired of this endless posing. To-day I *stood* for almost an hour and a half.

I like a quiet life now, passed in useful work—friendly without superfluous visitors, but with occasional visits from intimate and kindly people who come solely from affection and without ulterior motive.

In the evening after Leo Nikoláevich had played chess with

Goldenweiser and had had tea and honey, he went to his room, and it seemed to me that he was sad.

I followed him and said that if he was grieving at not seeing Chertkóv I was sorry, and would let him be invited to the house.

But Leo Nikoláevich said to me—very sincerely as it seemed: “I don’t grieve about that at all, I assure you! I feel so tranquil, so pleased, and I don’t need Chertkóv at all if only all goes lovingly between us, and you are at peace.”

And I was so happy to have that doubt lifted from my soul, and to know that I was not the cause of the separation between Levochka and Chertkóv, but that he himself seemed glad to be free from Chertkóv’s odious pressure. And so we embraced with tears, warmly and lovingly as of old, and with that happiness in my soul I went away from him.

Now it is night, he is asleep, and I should like to look again at his dear old face that I have loved for so many years and have studied to its utmost details. But we are not together. We live in separate rooms across the corridor, and I listen for sounds of him all night.

No, Mr. Chertkóv, I will not let Leo Nikoláevich out of my hands again, and will not yield him up. [In a copy made of the diary there is a later addition: “Alas! I had both to let him out of my hands and to yield him up.”] I will do everything to make him revolted by Chertkóv and to ensure that Chertkóv shall never come into my house. [A later addition in the other copy runs: “But it was I who revolted him, and Chertkóv who was called in when he was dying. He conquered, and what can be done? My love wearied him and wore out.”]

In the evening Leo Nikoláevich read aloud to us Mille’s witty story *Le repos hebdomadaire*, which pleased him very much, and began the little story, *Le secret* and *La biche écrasée*.

L.T. Zósya’s artistic sensitiveness to literature renders her presence pleasant.

Always the same liver trouble, and a lack of mental activity. It is peaceful at home . . . Thank God everything had been

exaggerated. Yes, I no longer have a diary that is frank and simple. I must start one for myself alone.¹

29th July

D. The former tranquil happiness suffuses our life again, and it has adjusted itself. Thank God! It is already five days since Chertkóv was here, and Leo Nikoláevich has not gone to see him. But when I think of him and the possibility of their coming together again, something rises in my soul, boils up there, and torments me painfully. But I can relax at least for the present!

Zósya Stakhóvich enlivens us in a way that is very pleasant. Leo Nikoláevich went out riding, but it is always raining. I was busy with proof-reading, and was enchanted by *The Cossacks*. How comparatively poor and thin his recent short stories are!

Wrote to my daughter Tánya, to my nieces Lísá Obolénskaya and Várya Nagórnova, and to Marúsya Maklakóva. After dinner Nikoláev came, and Leo Nikoláevich talked to him about Henry George and about *justice*. I heard snatches of their conversation, which evidently fatigued Leo Nikoláevich. Zósya Stakhóvich animatedly and gaily told us some things she had read about Púshkin, and recited some of his poems. Then we started a game of bridge. Sáscha wanted to exclude me, but when I resolutely picked up a card she made an angry face and withdrew. Leo Nikoláevich and I triumphantly made a grand slam with no trumps. I don't like cards, but it is melancholy to remain in solitude when everyone near to me is animated and merry at the card-table.

The day passed peacefully without Chertkóv. Leo Nikoláevich is better in health to-day and is more alert.

L.T. 2. I begin a new diary, a real one for myself alone. To-day I must note one thing: that if the suspicions of some of

¹ From this date we will insert, immediately after Sófyá Andréevna's diary, extracts from both Leo Nikoláevich's diaries—the one which he gave to Chertkóv to read and copy out (as well as to Alexándra Lvóvna and others) will be marked "L.T.," and the "Diary for Myself Alone" will be marked "L.T.2."

my friends are just, then an attempt has now begun to secure her aim by endearment. For some days now she has kissed my hand, which never used to occur, and there are no scenes nor any despair. May God and good people forgive me if I am mistaken. I do not easily misunderstand what is loving and kind. I can love her quite sincerely. But I cannot love Lev [his third son]. Andréy is simply one of those in whom it is difficult to think that the spirit of God exists (but remember that it does). I will try not to get irritated, but to maintain that resolution. The chief thing is silence. I cannot deprive millions of people of what they perhaps need for their souls. I repeat "perhaps." But if there is even the smallest probability that what I write is needed by men's souls I cannot deprive them of that spiritual food in order that Andréy may drink and indulge in debauchery, or that Lev may swear and . . . But heaven help them! Do your own duty and do not judge . . .

Morning. A day like the preceding ones. I feel unwell, but have less unkindness in my soul. I await what is coming, but that is what is wrong. Sófya Andréevna is quite tranquil.

30th July

D. Do not get anything done all day. Bustle, the daily task of arranging about food, visitors, getting the rye sown, repairing the cellar, and so on. For all of which I get everlasting reproaches and condemnation, and have *materialism* imputed to me.

I posed for Lév, and then went to look for mushrooms, walking alone for a couple of hours. I did not find any, but Nature and the solitude were good.

Pavel I. Birukóv's family have just arrived—five of them. Their visit will inevitably be burdensome, as the children are noisy and very unattractive. The noise—the shouting, the gramophone, the barking of the poodle, and Sáscha's loud laugh—jars on my head which is still weak. And when they sat down to cards in the evening and it would have been a rest for my head and my eyes to join them, they shut me out of the game as usual. I poured

out tea for them all as if I were an attendant. Varvára Mikháylovna, an outsider and young, of course took a place at the card-table, to Sássha's great satisfaction. Leo Nikoláevich, sensitive as he is, understood that I was hurt, and when I was going away in order to avoid crying, he asked: "Where are you going?" I replied: "To my room."

Yes, I have shut myself off too completely from others all my life. But I will now adopt another tone. I do not wish to grieve, but to enjoy life in every way: skate, play cards, and go everywhere that Leo Nikoláevich goes.

Zósya Stakhóvich has left. My feeling towards visitors is now: "Get away, all of you!" I am tired, I feel ill, and I am weary of serving everyone and attending to everyone and getting nothing in return but blame! Zósya is better than many of them. She rouses us up and takes an interest in everyone.

Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback to Ovsyánnikovo, taking proofs of the little farthing booklets to I. I. Gorbunóv.

L.T. I am still alien to my sons I have thought well of the necessity of silence. I will try . . . Sófyá Andréevna was grieved that they did not ask her to play bridge. I said nothing. That is what is necessary.

L.T. 2. Chertkóv has drawn me into strife, and that strife is very hard and repulsive to me. I will try to lead her lovingly (it is strange how far I am from that). In my present position almost the most important thing is inaction and silence—to abstain from action and from speech. To-day I vividly understood that I need nothing, nothing.

31st July

D. How hard it is to turn from the correction of proofs to the ordering of dinner and the purchase of rye, then to the reading of Leo Nikoláevich's letters, and finally to my own diary. Happy

those people who have *leisure* and can concentrate all their life on some one thing, and that thing abstract!

Reading over Leo Nikoláevich's letters to different people I am struck by his insincerity. For instance he often writes to the Jew Molóchnikov, a locksmith in Nízhni-Nóvgorod.¹ Yet only to-day Kátya and I were recalling that Leo Nikoláevich had said: "I am particularly careful to be amiable with Molóchnikov because I find it particularly difficult. I find him unpleasant and have to make an effort to treat him well." Leo Nikoláevich also wrote to Molóchnikov's wife whom he has never seen. And all because the man was imprisoned for circulating his works! But I have been told that Molóchnikov is simply an [1] envenomed revolutionary.

I was also struck by the frequent mention in the letters of its being "painful to live as I am doing, in the midst of luxury² and involuntarily . . ." But for whom is the luxury necessary if not for Leo Nikoláevich? A doctor to attend to his health, two typewriters and two typists, Iván Vasílevich to wait on him now he is feeble, and a good cook on account of his weak digestion.

The whole burden of procuring an income, estate-management and publishing, lies on me, that Leo Nikoláevich may have tranquillity, comfort, and leisure for his work his whole life long. If anyone took the trouble to look well into *my* life, every conscientious man would see that I personally want nothing. I eat once a day. I never go out anywhere. I have one girl of eighteen to wait on me. I now even dress poorly. Where is this oppressive luxury which I am supposed to occasion? How cruelly unjust people

¹ V. A. Molóchnikov made Tolstóy's acquaintance in 1907, visited him then and in 1908, and saw him twice at Chertkóv's in 1909 and 1910. In 1908-1909 he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for circulating Tolstóy's works. He was again arrested in March 1910 on a charge of inciting two men to refuse military service, but after being kept in prison for three months awaiting trial he was acquitted. He did not live in "Nízhni-Nóvgorod," but in Nóvgorod S.L.T.

² The "luxury" Tolstóy complained of was very relative. In comparison with the bare existence of the peasant the term "luxury" might apply, but compared with any well-appointed English country home the way of life at Yásnaya Polyána would have seemed very modest. A.M.

can be! Let the sacred truth expressed in this book be preserved to make clear to people what is now obscured.

The Ladýzhenskys¹—husband and wife—came, and a Russian consul from India² who supplied nothing of interest. The Ladýzhenskys have travelled a great deal, and been in India and Egypt and have studied religions. They are live, interesting people.

I sent off proofs of the preface, posed for Lev, and worked a little at the edition. Andréy has left. I am on friendly terms with my husband. He was affectionate this morning. Sásha and Varvára Mikháylovna are sulky and repulsive. Varvára Mikháylovna puts on airs. She has attached herself to Sásha and does not even pour out tea, but leaves me to do it. I shall have to dismiss her and engage a more useful assistant, one who will read aloud to me.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna spoke reasonably about yesterday's affair, admitting her excessive touchiness. That is very good.

L.T. 2. Was inert and idle all day. The Ladýzhenskys arrived. I chatter too much. Sófya Andréevna was sleepless again. But she is not angry. I wait.

1st August

D. I have been unwell again all day. Once more everything agitates and torments me. Leo Nikoláevich is silent and cold; he evidently feels dull without his idol. I am giving myself mental tests as to whether I can endure the sight of Chertkóv quietly, and I see that it is utterly impossible.

I sorted out books and papers—Russian and foreign. The blood keeps rushing to my head and distresses me.

Birukóv and I were busy with the edition. He helped me

¹ Mitrofán Vasílevich Ladýzhensky (b 1855) and his wife Ólga Pávlovna lived ten versts from Yásnaya Polyána. He had been a Vice-Governor, and was the author of a book, *The Mystic Trilogy*. S.L.T.

² S. V. Chírkin, Russian Consul at Bombay. S.L.T.

greatly by his advice and suggestions. In the evening I read my stories to his children

Some peasants came. We had asked them to tell us who are the poorest in the village, in order that these may receive seed-rye from money Maude has sent me for the purpose.¹ They talked to Leo Nikoláevich and promised to draw up a list. He mentioned two peasants to me, but did not name the third one, probably it is Timoféy, his son by the peasant woman.²

At night I told fortunes by cards. Leo Nikoláevich was to be left with a young woman (Sásha), and with the king of diamonds (Chertkóv), love, a marriage, and pleasure (all hearts). I had simply death (the ace of spades and the nine), on the heart an old man (the king of spades) or a villain, and all four tens—the fulfilment of a desire. And my desire is to die, though I do not wish to yield Leo Nikoláevich to Chertkóv even after my death. But how they would all rejoice at my death! The first blow was well delivered and has had its effect. *I shall die from the sufferings I have endured during this time.*

L T. Mental inertia and depression. I maintain silence fairly well.

L.T. 2. Slept well, but got up dull, sad and lifeless, with a consciousness of the lack of love around me and, alas, within me. Lord help me!

¹ Aylmer Maude, an Englishman then resident in England, and the best translator of Tolstóy's works, had sent Tolstóy 417 rubles, the remainder of some money received from his wife's translation of *Resurrection*, which they did not consider they had a right to, and sent to Tolstóy to dispose of. Tolstóy decided to buy seed-rye with it for the poorest Yásnaya Polyána peasants

S L.T.

² Before his marriage in 1862 Tolstóy had an affair with a peasant woman at Yásnaya Polyána (the only one in his life that was not brief and casual), and she had a son by him. Tolstóy confessed this to his wife when he proposed to her, showing her his diary. She forgave him, but when the struggle for the control of his works arose many years later she revived that old reproach, despite the fact that he had been faithful to her for nearly half a century. Here, for instance, she suspects that he might be giving seed-rye to his illegitimate son.

A.M.

Sáscha is coughing again. Sófya Andréevna has been telling Pósha [Birukóv] all the usual things. It is all still alive: her hatred of Chertkóv and anxiety about the property. Another painful thing: I cannot endure Lév Lvóvich, and he wishes to settle here. It is a trial. Letters in the morning. I wrote badly. Corrected the proofs of one article. Am going to bed in a state of depression. I am not much good

2nd August

D. Writing his diary has long ceased to have any sense for Leo Nikoláevich. His diary and his life with the good and bad movements of his soul are two quite different things. The diaries are now *composed* for Mr. Chertkóv, whom he does not meet, but with whom I assume on various grounds that he corresponds, probably handing the letters to Bulgákov and Goldenweiser, who come here every day.

When Chertkóv was here last, didn't Leo Nikoláevich ask him *if he had received his letter and did he agree with it?* If visits from him would end their secret correspondence, then let him come here! But the correspondence would continue even if they met, so better not let them meet. There is then only the correspondence without the meetings.¹

¹ An active correspondence was in fact proceeding between Tolstóy and Chertkóv. The previous day P. I. Birukóv, having learnt from A. K. Chertkóva of the will, told Tolstóy his opinion about it. He considered that in the first place Leo Nikoláevich had been unwise to give to his will a character of concealment from the family, thereby assuming malevolence on their part, and that there was something unsatisfactory about having to hide the will from them, and that in the second place the official form of the will conflicted with Tolstóy's convictions. To the question how to manage otherwise, Birukóv advised Tolstóy to summon the whole family and even some of their friends as witnesses and to announce his wishes to them.

Leo Nikoláevich agreed with this and wrote to Chertkóv: "I had a talk yesterday with Pósha, and he very rightly pointed out that I am wrong to have made my will secretly. I should have done it openly, informing those whom it concerned, or should have left things as they were and not have done anything. He is quite right that I acted badly, and I now regret it. It was wrong to do it secretly, thereby assuming ill-will in my heirs. And above all it was

Leo Nikoláevich's love for Chertkóv only became acute after he had stayed with him in summer without me, and it will anyhow weaken with absence and with the passing of time.

To-day he rode on horseback *alone* to Kólpino to see the seed-rye that is to be bought for the peasants. I feared that he had arranged to meet Chertkóv somewhere, and that they would go riding together. I could do nothing, my heart beat with mad rapidity and my head ached. Then I had the cabriolet harnessed and drove to meet him.¹ Thank God he was riding alone and, as it happened, Danflo Kozlów, our peasant, was following him.

There is a great deal to be done—proofs to read—and as long as Chertkóv is in the neighbourhood I can do nothing, and am much afraid of getting things confused. I forced myself to go in to dinner, but immediately afterwards had such an attack of dizziness and such a headache that I went to my room and lay down. A

certainly wrong to draw up a will in legal form, thus availing myself of an institution of the Government that I reject. The circulation of my writings will hardly atone for the distrust evoked by the inconsistency of my conduct . . . But I think that now, for the present, it will be best to leave things as they are, though it is hard. All this I noted down for myself on the morning of August 2nd "

With that letter Leo Nikoláevich also sent a note to A. K. Chertkóva [V. G. Chertkóv's wife]. "In the present painful circumstances I feel more than ever the wisdom and beneficence of non-action. I am undertaking nothing and shall undertake nothing, either in deed or in word . . ."

In reply Chertkóv wrote Leo Nikoláevich a letter strongly objecting to Birukóv's advice, adding what he had previously written about Leo Nikoláevich's relations to himself, and saying that "the service of God" hardly consisted in submitting to somebody's [Sófya Andréevna's] evil will.

Leo Nikoláevich replied the same day, saying that he was undertaking nothing fresh. Later, in reply to Chertkóv's long letter of August 11th, he replied fully agreeing with him. S.L.T. [That very long and highly characteristic letter of Chertkóv's, which had so important an influence in deciding the struggle, is cited in full on pp. 489-499 of the Oxford University Press *Life of Tolstóy*.—A.M.]

¹ Of Tolstóy's ride Goldenweiser noted: "Leo Nikoláevich went alone on horseback to Kólpino, and mentioned at home where he was going. Sófya Andréevna concluded that he was going to see Chertkóv and drove to meet him. 'As I was returning I saw her. She said: "I wanted to have a drive."' She was quite red and agitated "

S.L.T.

mustard poultice and fomentations applied to my head relieved the headache, and I fell asleep.

Leo Nikoláevich was sympathetic and kindly: but when I learnt that Bulgákov had come with some letters and asked: "Is there one from Chertkóv?" he grew angry and said: "Well, yes, but surely I have a right to correspond with whom I please." (I had not said a word about the *right*.) "I have innumerable affairs to consult with him about—the publication of my books and various articles," he added.

Yes, but if they were only affairs of *that* kind, there would be no *secret* correspondence. It is all *secret*, and something that is not good is being concealed. Christ, Socrates, and all the sages, did nothing secretly. They preached openly in the market-place before the people. They feared nobody and nothing. They were executed, but they were deified. It is only criminals, conspirators, revolutionaries, profligates, thieves, and people of that sort, who do everything secretly. And Chertkóv has inveigled poor holy Tolstóy into that position, so unnatural to him. If they have to hide everything from everybody, then something bad, or not good, is being hidden. I am convinced of that and suffer very much in consequence.

L.T. I rode over to see about the seed-rye, and Sófya Andréevna drove over to spy on me. It is she who suffers, and I cannot but pity her, however tormenting it may be for me. I had a good talk with Pósha in the evening.

L.T. 2. I have understood my mistake quite fully. I ought to have summoned all the heirs and announced my intentions, and not done anything secretly. I have written so to Chertkóv. He is much grieved. I rode to Kólpino, and Sófya Andréevna drove over to observe me. She lies in wait for me and rummages among my papers. Just now she questioned me as to who brings me letters from Chertkóv. "You are always carrying on a secret amatory correspondence." I said I did not wish to answer, and went away, but without anger. She is an unfortunate woman, and how can I help pitying her? Wrote to Gálva.

3rd August

D.B. I have been unwell all day, and a prey to tormenting thoughts and suspicions. Had letters from Chertkóv and Maude. Yesterday I proposed to Leo Nikoláevich that if he wanted to understand my jealousy of Chertkóv he should read his old diary of 1851 concerning his love for men.¹ He became terribly angry at this, and cried "Go away!" and ran up and down the room like a wild beast. More suffering!²

¹ This is an entry in Tolstóy's youthful diary, dated November 29, 1851: "I have so often fallen in love with men. For me the chief indication of love is simply fear—a fear of offending or not pleasing the loved object. I always loved people who were indifferent to me or merely esteemed me, and my choice was always much influenced by appearance . . . though there was the case of Dyákov I shall never forget the night when we were leaving Petersburg by sledge, and wrapped under the sledge-rug with him I wished to kiss him and to weep. [It was not, and even now is not, an exceptional proceeding for men to kiss one another in Russia. It should also be realized that "love" and "like" are expressed by the same word in Russian. So that where an Englishman would say "I like Peter very much," a Russian says: "I love Peter very much"—A.M.] There was a feeling of voluptuousness in it, but why it occurred here it is impossible to say, for my imagination did not paint lubricious pictures. On the contrary, I had a very great aversion for them." The monstrous deduction Sófya Andréevna made from this entry shows most clearly her abnormal condition at that time. S L T.

² V. F. Bulgákov noted on August 3rd: "Another painful and nightmarish scene this evening Sófya Andréevna overstepped all bounds, and said insane and disgraceful things to Leo Nikoláevich in justification of her hatred of Chertkóv.

"After he had talked with her in the dining-room, I saw him go with rapid steps straight through my room to his own, his hands stuck into his belt, and his face pale as though indignation and horror at what he had heard had frozen it.

"Then there was a click. Leo Nikoláevich had locked his bedroom door behind him. Presently he went from the bedroom into his study, and in the same way locked the door leading from his study into the dining-room, thus shutting himself in his two rooms as in a fortress.

"His unfortunate wife ran first to one door and then to the other, praying him to let her in and forgive her. ('I won't do it again, Levochka!'), but Leo Nikoláevich did not reply." S L T.

D. Having learnt that Mr Maude in his *Life of Tolstóy* had exposed various [1] actions of Chertkóv's (not naming him but using the pseudonym of X) Leo Nikoláevich humiliated himself to the point of *asking* Maude, in a letter of July 23rd, to omit from his biography the [1] truth, which Maude had recorded by giving an extract from a letter of Másha's [their daughter Mary who died in November 1906] condemning Chertkóv. To-day I received two letters from Maude—one for me and one for Leo Nikoláevich.¹

It is terrible that Leo Nikoláevich should be so fond of Chertkóv that he is prepared for any humiliation to shield him, even to the extent of lies and concealment. What Leo Nikoláevich asked Maude to strike out was an extract from a letter of Másha's, in which she

¹ This is a copy of Maude's letter, which Sófyá Andréevna put away with her diary:

"Dear Leo Nikoláevich,

"I have just received your letter of 23rd July. In the passage you refer to I have not mentioned Chertkóv I was merely speaking of your daughter's relation to yourself, and the X referred to might have been anybody.

"You have guessed rightly that it was really Chertkóv, though I never said so, and of course I strike it out as you ask me to. But please let me say that I am not conscious of any ill-will towards your friend. Among my many faults I do not think that nursing malice is one. What I do really feel about Chertkóv is surprise. I cannot understand a friend of yours and a man who believes in the equality and brotherhood of man, continuing for ten years to maintain an interdict on my speaking or writing to him. He severed relations with me without allowing me to plead my cause (no English Law Court would deny that elementary right to any accused person).

"Since then he has repeatedly written to me *de haut en bas*; but when I have written to him I have received a reproof for my temerity in so doing through his paid secretary, to whom I am bidden to address myself. May I say that this conduct seems to me too strange to be offensive. And when I find you objecting to my speaking of X because you guess that the person your daughter alluded to was Chertkóv, the proverb 'If the cap fits, let him wear it,' recurs to my mind. Nevertheless I strike out the passage, and would willingly do much more than that at your request.

"I think you know that however strong your affection for your friend may be, you ought to try to hold the balance even in your judgment of him and me. But whether you do so or not is for you to judge.

"Yours affectionately,

"AYLMER MAUDE."

S.L.T.

spoke badly of Chertkóv.¹ Such an exposure was of course unpleasant to Leo Nikoláevich, especially coming from his favourite Másha, who had always seemed to be friendly with Chertkóv, but who also came to understand him towards the end of her life.

To-day I received a letter from Elizavéta Ivánovna Chertkóv, full of reproaches.² I quite understand her as a mother. She does

¹ Márya Lvónna Obolénski (1871-1906) copied her father's writings for some years and helped him with his correspondence. She was generally friendly with Chertkóv, and the editor does not know what her unfavourable reference to him was—probably a complaint of his continual efforts to monopolize the editing and publishing of Tolstóy's works —S L T. [It was in fact something of that kind I had been telling her of my wish to undertake a collected edition of Tolstóy's works in English, and of the fact that V G Chertkóv seemed more inclined to hinder than to help me, and as he had the first disposal of what fresh work Tolstóy wrote, that attitude of his amounted to a serious obstacle. Márya Lvónna replied that she knew how readily Chertkóv pushed aside people who could be of use to the common cause but were in direct contact with her father and not entirely subservient to Chertkóv himself. But she added that being with her father and acting as his secretary she felt sure she would be able to prevent Chertkóv impeding my work —A M]

² E I. Chertkóv's letter was evoked by Sófyá Andréevna's intemperate remarks about Leo Nikoláevich's relations with Chertkóv, and is given below. "Countess,

"I cannot leave this place without expressing my astonishment and indignation at the odious accusations you are spreading against my son.

"The possibilities of hearing such calumnies from your lips had never entered my head. And I am astonished that your sons have not told you that you are insulting your whole family by befouling their father.

"As for my son, I well know that nothing of all this can harm or even touch him. All who know him know the nobility of his character, his sincerity, truthfulness, and self-sacrifice, his irreproachable morals and his decency in all respects. Such calumnies cannot cast the slightest shadow on his name, but only rebound on those who invent and circulate them.

"I do not understand either your motives or your aims, Countess. I cannot believe that these hostile feelings are evoked in you by an unworthy jealousy of the long-standing friendship and devotion of my son for Leo Nikoláevich, a friendship you yourself for so many years regarded approvingly. Can it be that you fear my son's influence in a sphere in which you think your material interests might suffer? Is it possible that you are influenced by fears of such a mean nature?

"In any case, whatever your motives may be, your conduct in regard to my son is so unfair, cruel, and ill-natured, that I, as his mother, cannot refrain from appealing to your heart and conscience and begging you to bethink

not know her son and idealizes him. I replied to her with restrained politeness but proudly. I will not be reconciled.

I wished to explain to Leo Nikoláevich the source of my jealousy of Chertkóv, and brought him a page of his youthful diary of 1851, in which he wrote that he had never been in love with a woman, but often with men. I thought that, like P. I. Birukóv and Dr. Makovítski, he would understand my jealousy and would calm me. But instead of that he went quite pale and became more angry than I have seen him for a long long time. "Go away! Get out!" he cried. "I said I would go away from you, and so I will . . ." He began pacing up and down the room, and I followed him in perplexity and dismay. Then he locked both doors into his rooms,

yourself Tear out of your soul, Countess, that evil and insanely monstrous feeling, which causes so much suffering not only to my son and your husband, but to all those around you and in contact with you. That evil feeling causes many people to suffer but harms you alone, stifling and overlaying with filth all the goodness and kindness that must exist in you, as in every human being.

"In the Lord's name, I beseech you, do not let your conscience be completely stifled and sink into a complete slumber, leading only to *death*, from which no one and nothing will be able to arouse you, and into which Christ, your Saviour, in his boundless mercy, will not wish to let you fall."

Sófya Andréevna's reply. August 3, 1910.

"Much respected Elizavéta Ivánovna,

"I fully appreciate your maternal indignation and grief. But what I have suffered during this last time cannot be compared to any human affliction.

"It is impossible for me to spread odious accusations against your son, for I see no one, hardly leave my room, and am ill all the time. I do not know who it is that wishes to indulge in scandal and give an arbitrary meaning to my words.

"I repeat what I said to you when we met: your son's despotic influence on my husband (who is enfeebled by years) has so increased that he has gradually separated him from me and set him against me—especially since Leo Nikoláevich last stayed with Vladímir Grigórevich.

"You speak of my being actuated by mean interests. All who know me understand very well that my personal relation to all property is disinterested. There was a time when Leo Nikoláevich offered me everything, including his rights as an author. And I refused it with tears.

"But it was strange and offensive to many people, including Leo Nikoláevich's family, to see that Chertkóv wanted not only Leo Nikoláevich's thoughts, but also his *manuscripts*, which he collects (as he does photographs) and wheedles out of Leo Nikoláevich, availing himself of my husband's partiality for

not letting me in. Where is the love? Where the non-resistance? Where the Christianity? And above all where is justice and understanding? Can it be age that so hardens a man's heart? What had I done? What was it for? When I remember his angry face—that cry—I simply feel plunged in cold water.

Then I went away to have a bath, and Leo Nikoláevich came out into the dining-room as though nothing had happened, drank tea with satisfaction, and listened while Dushán Petróvich [Makovítski], translating from Slavonic, read about Peter Chelčický.¹

When they had all gone to bed, Leo Nikoláevich came to me in my bedroom and said he had come to say good-night again. I simply shivered with pleasure when he came in, but when I

him This cannot be called decent or disinterested behaviour on Vladímír Grigórevich's part. For the manuscripts there is the Museum, where they are safe, while remaining accessible to everyone.

"It is beyond my power to wish to see or receive a man who proclaimed to my whole household that he did not understand 'a woman who spends her whole life in killing her husband' That opinion can never dispose me towards Vladímír Grigórevich. He has come between us after forty-eight years of married life, and I am definitely unable to endure his presence, though I have tried to do so.

"Yes, I am insanely jealous of Leo Nikoláevich and will not yield him up though the struggle should kill me, and I consider Vladímír Grigórevich has a harmful influence on our whole life.

"No one has a right to intrude on the relation between husband and wife. And it is really a matter of complete indifference to me how I shall be judged by a tiny circle of Tolstóyans. Behind me are forty-eight years of irreproachable life and devoted love of my husband, whom I have guarded and helped without any outside interference and with whom I have lived one life, soul to soul.

"Outside intrusion cannot have place here any more than in the relation between each man and God.

"Forgive me if what I say displeases you. My severe sufferings are my only justification.

"With respect,

"SÓFYA TOLSTÓY."

¹ Peter Chelčický (b. c. 1390, d. c. 1460) was a religious thinker of Czech nationality, active in the Hussite movement, and was the author of *The Net of Faith*. In his compilation, *A Circle of Reading*, Tolstóy has included a number of thoughts quoted from Chelčický, as well as a short article about him. Tolstóy also wrote a preface to the *Intermediary's* [Posrédník's] edition of *The Net of Faith*.
S.L.T.

followed him out and began to speak of how we might live out the last years of our life more cordially, and also of something else, he turned me away and said that if I did not leave him alone he would regret having come to my room. I can't make him out!

L.T. A painful scene in the evening. I was greatly agitated. I did nothing, but felt such a rush of blood to my heart that it was not merely alarming but painful.

L.T. 2. I went to sleep with anguish in my heart, and woke up with the same anguish. I still cannot master it. Went for a walk in the rain. Did some work at home, and then went for a ride with Goldenweiser. For some reason I find him difficult. A letter from Chertkóv, who is very much grieved. But I have decided not to undertake anything fresh. It is a very good thing that I feel that I am worthless. In the evening an insane letter from Sófyá Andréevna, and a demand that I should read it. She came and began to talk. I shut myself in, and afterwards escaped and sent Dushán [Makovítski]. How will this end? Only not to sin myself! Am going to bed. i i.l.¹

4th August

D.B. Yesterday I was distressed that Leo Nikoláevich should ask Maude to omit from his *Life of Tolstóy* an extract from a letter² of our deceased daughter Másha's, in which she writes badly of Chertkóv. It hurt me that Leo Nikoláevich should be so careful to defend Chertkóv, while he exposes me everywhere, even unjustly. But I try very hard to expose [I] Chertkóv, and shall succeed. My head aches and something is wrong with me. I worked much at the proofs.

D. Thank God, the day has passed without any reminder of Chertkóv, and it has become easier to live. The air has cleared a little. I thank my dear husband Lëvchka that he has had pity

¹ Tolstóy had a habit of finishing his diary entry for the day with the letters i i.l. (if I live), followed by the next day's date. S.L.T.

² Here, as so often elsewhere, Sófyá Andréevna is inaccurate. I did not quote a letter from Másha, but reported a conversation I had with her. A.M.

on me. I feel that if everything were to begin over again I should not have the strength to bear it. I hope everyone will soon leave Telyátinki. I shall then cease to tremble and be frightened when Leo Nikoláevich goes out on horseback, and shall cease to fear their secret meetings.

I feel that I am ill. My head seems quite strange. I hardly sleep at all and cannot occupy myself for long with anything. I often lie awake and wild fancies come into my head and I fear I am going out of my mind.

The Birukóvs have left. The weather has cleared up and mushrooms have appeared. Sáša went to Túla to see a doctor, but he did not prescribe anything for her. Tánya is better, thank God. I posed for Lév and corrected proofs of *What is Art?* inserting what had been omitted—a slow and difficult work.

Leo Nikoláevich rode to Básevo to the Ladýzhenskys and was tired. I met him in what we call the “preshpekt.”¹

I considered whether I could possibly make peace with Chertkóv. I want to evoke good feelings in myself: “as we forgive them that trespass against us” . . . And perhaps in thought I shall cease to hate him. But when I think of *seeing* that figure and seeing pleasure at his visit in Leo Nikoláevich’s face, suffering again seizes me. I want to cry, and my soul protests desperately and cries out: “I cannot bear any more of those acute, tormenting sufferings!” . . . Yet I feel that I am completely in my husband’s power, and if he does not hold out, all is lost! There is an evil spirit in Chertkóv. That is why he frightens and torments me so.

L.T. Nothing depressing happened to-day, but I feel depressed. I finished the proofs, but wrote nothing. I had a heated dispute with a high-school student, and wasted time receiving a university student and his wife and giving him a book. There is a great deal of fuss. I rode over with Dushán to the Ladýzhenskys. Pósha [Birukóv] has left, and Korolénko is coming.²

¹ An alley in the park which the peasants call the “preshpekt” instead of “prospect.” A M.

² V. G. Korolénko (b. 1853), a Russian novelist, several of whose novels have been translated into English. S.L.T.

5th August

D. Passed a terrible night: living again in recollection through all I have suffered lately. How offensive I find it that my husband did not even take my part when Chertkóv was rude to me, but continued to embrace him. How he fears him! How completely he is under his thumb! Shame and pity!

I tried to work at the proofs of *What is Art?* but could not. I feel stifled, my head aches and my heart palpitates terribly. I went to pick mushrooms and walked for nearly three hours. The cabriolet picked me up on the high road. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback with Dushán Petróvich. I met Lév returning from Telyátinki. He had seen Chertkóv in the distance. Could he have been riding to meet Leo Nikoláevich?

I heard to-day that something is being intensively copied at Telyátinki by thirty people. What can it be? Can Leo Nikoláevich have taken the diaries there yesterday evening? I can find out nothing. Leo Nikoláevich hides everything from me with cunning evil obstinacy, and we have become alien.

I am of course to blame for many things. But my repentance is so great that a *kindly* husband would have forgiven what I am to blame for, [Added later: "in my ailing, hysterical condition."] and at the end, before death, would have drawn me close, if only because my heart loves him so ardently and passionately and because I have never been unfaithful to him.

How happy I should be if he caressed me and drew me close! But that will never be, even if we separate Chertkóv from him.¹

Leo Nikoláevich is cold and estranged again to-day. It is sad!

¹ That day Leo Nikoláevich said to Bulgákov: "Sófya Andréevna is not well . . . Vladímír Grigórevich should see her as she is to-day . . . It is impossible not to feel sorry for her, and impossible to be so hard on her as he and many others are, and as I too often am . . . And she has no reason for her behaviour. If she had, she could not refrain from expressing it. It is simply that she is stifled here and cannot breathe. I cannot help but pity her, and am glad when I feel able to do so." (From Bulgákov's *The Tragedy of Tolstóy*.)

[This sentence is inserted between the lines and in the margin, and was probably written later.]

I read a terrible article of V. Korolénko's about capital punishment and those who are condemned to suffer it.¹

In the evening Goldenweiser played that wonderful sonata of Chopin's with the funeral march. But to-day his playing was rather lifeless. The weather is unsettled. It began to rain three times.

I can't sleep at night. I prayed a long time on my knees, asking God to turn my husband's heart from Chertkóv to me, and to soften his coldness towards me. I pray every day, and in my prayers I often ask Auntie Tatiána Alexándrovna to pray for me. She would certainly have understood me and pitied me.

L.T. I feel fresher, but the bustle prevents my working—though that is not necessary. Sófya Andréevna is weak and nervous.

L.T. 2. Have thought rather more clearly. My letting myself be cut off from Chertkóv is ridiculous, humiliating, shameful, and sad. Yesterday morning Sófya Andréevna was very pitiable, without rancour. I am always very glad when things are that way. It is easy for me to love and pity her when she herself is suffering without making others suffer.

6th August

D. Had no sleep, as usual of late. I wake up with a feeling of horror as to what the day will bring. And so it was to-day. I glanced into Leo Nikoláevich's room at ten o'clock. He had not yet returned from his usual morning walk. Dressing quickly, I

¹ Korolénko's article, *An Occurrence in Life*, dealing with capital punishment, was written in 1910. It produced a great effect on Tolstóy, who wrote to Korolénko about it. Goldenweiser notes. "Korolénko says that Leo Nikoláevich's letter greatly promoted the circulation and success of his article on capital punishment, and that thanks to that letter his article has been translated into many languages"

S.L.T

ran to the fir-grove where he generally goes in the morning, and as I ran I thought: "What if he is there with Chertkóv?" But the dear, tranquil old man was walking there alone. But perhaps Chertkóv might have driven away already? I met some children and asked: "Have you seen the old Count, children?" "Yes, he was sitting on the bench." "Was he alone?" "Yes." And I began to restrain and calm myself. The children were nice to me. They saw that I had not found any mushrooms (was I in a state to?) and gave me five *boleti*, saying pityingly. "Why, you don't see them! You're blind!" Lev came to the fir-grove, but whether by chance or to find me I do not know.¹ Afterwards he met me on horseback near the bath-house.

I walked for four hours on end, and quieted down a little. When I got home I was immediately beset: the apple-dealer, the watchmen with greetings and apples, the servants, and then the baker. Leo Nikoláevich is stern and cold, and when I see his coldness I seem to hear nothing but his voice saying: "Chertkóv is the person nearest to me!" (And not his wife.) But at least he shall not be *physically* the nearest. God grant that he will soon go away. His old mother is probably prolonging her stay on purpose to torture me. She meant to go to her sister's before August 6th.

Leo Nikoláevich went riding with Bulgákov in the Záseka wood, and they lost their way, but returned before it was late. Proofs of *What is Art?* again. Vladímír Galaktiónovich Korolénko came during the day from Záseka station and passed the whole evening with us, talking endlessly of most interesting and various things: about different sectarians who assemble at the Holy Lake in the Makárev district, about monasteries, about tortures, about prisons, about his first acquaintance with Górkí, about Répin's

¹ Feokrítova noted: "Sófya Andréevna got up early again this morning and went to the wood . . . She is afraid that Chertkóv meets Leo Nikoláevich in the mornings while she is asleep, and so she has decided to get up early and watch him. Leo Nikoláevich once mentioned that his usual morning walk is among the fir-trees, where he sometimes sits and writes down his thoughts in a small note-book. Sófya Andréevna has remembered this, and now goes there almost every morning to watch. So it was this morning. She returned very tired towards one o'clock."

pictures, and so on and so on. It is a pity I could not have written it down. Korolénko speaks very well: eloquently and with substance. They sent for Goldenweiser. He played chess with Leo Nikoláevich, and above all he interested Korolénko. Sáscha drove with Ólga, the children, and Goldenweiser, to the *provdi*.¹ It rained and they all got wet.

L.T. To-day in bed I had a thought which seemed to me very important. I meant to write it down later, but I forget it. I forget it and cannot remember it. Here, where I have noted this, I have just met Sófya Andréevna. She seems strangely agitated and is walking quickly. I am very sorry for her. I told them at home to keep an eye on her and see where she went. But when Sáscha told me that she went not aimlessly but to spy on me, I began to pity her less. There is ill-will here, and up to now I cannot remain indifferent to malice or prevent its affecting my love. I think of going away and leaving a letter, but am afraid to do so, though I think it would be better for her. I have just read some letters, and began to work on *Insanity* but have put it aside. The desire and the strength to write are lacking. It is now nearly one. The constant secrecy, and fear for her, are oppressive.

7th August

D.B. It rains all the time. The oats are spearing. The weather is gloomy, it is gloomy in the house, and still more gloomy in my soul as a result of Leo Nikoláevich's mood and his coldly silent attitude towards me. I drove to see Korolénko off. Bulgákov got wet through.

D. Always the same depression. Always the same gloom in the house, and appropriately enough it keeps on pouring and

¹ *Provdi*—a place in the State forest about five versts from Yásnaya Polyána, where as a result of the action of some subterranean streams, pools and swamps have formed.

pouring with rain, which has laid the oats. [Sófya Andréevna subsequently added: "This presaged the terrible misfortune of which we all had a foreboding—the death of him with whom went all my happiness, my life and its whole meaning."]

Our peasants came and we distributed Maude's money. It worked out at Rs. 5.50 to each homestead—Rs. 401.50 in all. Korolénko has gone. I posed for Lév, sat with our visitors, and sent volume xv to the printer to be set up. I don't want to write about the thing that pains me more than anything in the world and that gnaws me day and night—Leo Nikoláevich's cruel coldness towards me. To-day he did not even greet me, did not speak a word all day, and was gloomy and sullen. His attitude towards me is as if I were a burden that hindered his life. And all because on my account he has ceased to see Chertkóv.

Leo Nikoláevich has apparently resolved to keep silence,¹ to be silent all day, to sulk obstinately, to be angrily silent. To my animated frank character such silence is unendurable. But he wants to torture me and fully succeeds in doing so.

I did not forbid Chertkóv to come to us, either verbally or by letter. Whether Leo Nikoláevich or Lév wrote and told him so I do not know. Everything is kept secret. I don't know whether Chertkóv will soon be leaving the neighbourhood. And I don't know whether Leo Nikoláevich wants to be seeing him again. He is always dumb—dumb. What is going on in his soul? I can't understand. His face shows signs of anger and grief. Oh, if only the ice in his heart would melt!

We lived for decades without Chertkóv and were happy. What is the position now? We are all the same people. Yet the sisters quarrel with their brothers, the father is ill-disposed to the sons, and the daughters to the mother, the husband hates his wife, and the wife hates Chertkóv; and all because his [1] cumbersome [2] figure has shoved its way into our family, entangled the old man and ruined my happiness and my life.

¹ Leo Nikoláevich considered that the best way to avoid arousing hysterical outbursts and nervous attacks in Sófya Andréevna was to be silent. See the entry in his diary on August 1st. S.L.T.

I shall pray again immediately. As soon as I think of prayer my soul is more at ease. I am glad that I shall presently kneel down and gradually enter into communion with God. He will comfort, quiet, and heal my suffering soul, and soften my husband's stony heart.

L.T. A conversation with Korolénko. A wise and good man, but completely obsessed by the superstition of science. My future work is quite clear, but I don't seem to have the strength to write it. Everything is mixed up, and I lack the tenacity to keep to one direction. Sófya Andréevna is quieter, but is irritable and manifests the same ill-will to everyone. I have been reading about paranoia in Korsakóv's book.¹ It might have been taken from her. [Sófya Andréevna.] Sásha had the book, and passages have been underlined, probably by her. Korolénko remarked to me how good she [Sásha] was, and tears of emotion rose in my throat and prevented me from speaking. When I had recovered myself I said: "I cannot speak of that. She loves me too much." Korolénko rejoined: "But I have a right to." With Lev it is as difficult as ever. But thank God I feel no unkindness to him.

8th August

D.B. Am very unwell. I got up early in the morning and wandered about in Yásnaya for some four hours. Afterwards was consoled by Leo Nikoláevich's good relations with me. Goldenweiser played. Nikoláeva was here. I worked feebly at the edition, but did little.

D. So it befell. My prayer was heard by God and answered wonderfully quickly. My Levochka thawed to-day, became kind,

¹ S. S. Korsakóv (1854-1900). From 1892 he was Professor of Psychiatry at Moscow University, and after 1899 Director of the Psychiatric Clinic. In his book *A Course of Psychiatry* he selected and described one form of mental disease—paranoia.

sympathetic, and even tender. I thank Thee, O Lord! Let me endure any physical suffering if only I can be conscious of the bond between me and Levochka that has existed so long, and not feel the estrangement which kills me. Again I had no sleep, but kept thinking how I ought to propose that Leo Nikoláevich should begin seeing Chertkóv again. Early in the morning, when he got up, I said this to him. He waved me away, said he would talk it over later, and went for his walk. After eight I too went out and wandered over the whole of Yásnaya, in the gardens and the woods, fell flat on my face, spilt my mushrooms, and plucked oak-twigs and grass. Then I lay on them exhausted, on a bench made of birch branches and cried till I drowsed off into a fantastic dream.

The twigs were soaked with rain and I got quite wet, but I lay in that quiet place with the pine trees before my eyes for more than an hour. In all I was away from the house for more than four hours, without any food of course.

When I returned, Leo Nikoláevich called me to him and said (It made me happy even to hear his voice addressing me!): "You propose that I should see Chertkóv again, but I don't want to do so. What I want most of all is to live this last period of my life as peacefully as possible. If you are agitated I cannot be at peace either. The best thing of all would be for me to go to Tánya's for a week. The separation would calm us."

At first that seemed to me terrible—to be separated again. But having reflected that it is most desirable that Leo Nikoláevich should not be in Chertkóv's neighbourhood at the time of Chertkóv's departure, I think it will be a good thing. Let us both have a rest from this tearing at the heart. My Levochka assured me that my tranquillity was so precious to him that he himself could not bear to see my nervous and depressed condition, and was ready to do anything to help and calm me. And this is the best medicine for all my ailments.

To-day he wrote a leaflet addressed to young people who wish to refuse military service. It is very good. Sáša has already copied it, but where has the manuscript got to? Can it again have been given to Chertkóv?

Worked at the edition again. Wrote to Maude about the money for the peasants, and wrote to the clerk. I slept in the evening. Goldenweiser played a Beethoven sonata which I unfortunately did not hear, but afterwards when I was there he played a waltz and a mazurka of Chopin's, and played them beautifully.

I have a pain in the pit of my stomach, and do not digest my food. My whole organism has broken up.

L.T. As soon as I was up Sófya Andréevna came running out, agitated and quite ill after a sleepless night. I went for a walk and then looked for her. Could not write anything. Had a good talk with Sónya. [Sófya Andréevna.]

L.T. 2. Got up early. A great many thoughts, but all disjointed. Well, it does not matter. I pray constantly. Help me! I cannot but feel joy at the approach of death. The separation from Chertkóv grows more humiliating. I am plainly to blame.

"They yell at me as at a crazy sheep."¹ Sófya Andréevna is just as bad again. Now she says that Chertkóv should come here. Again no sleep till four in the morning.

Drove with the State vodka carriers.²

I have lost my memory completely, and strangely have not only not lost but have gained enormously in strength and clearness of consciousness. I even think one always possesses the one at the expense of the other.

9th August

D. Sewed all day for Levochka, re-making a blouse of his and a white under-vest, and that occupation was so peaceful and

¹ Tolstóy had noted down this queer expression he had heard a peasant woman use, and here applied it to himself. S.L.T.

² This entry was made as a reminder of an occasion when one of a file of Government carts carrying vodka had overturned, and the peasants who helped to right it stole part of the load and got drunk on it

(These last two entries were accidentally made in his diary instead of in a note-book) S.L.T.

good. I purposely did nothing else, in order to give my nerves a rest. All was well, except the rudest possible outburst of anger from my daughter Sáša. She is always going to the Chertkóvs', and there they set her against me in all ways because I have separated my husband from their Telyátinki clique. I could never have imagined that a daughter would dare to behave so towards her mother—not to speak of affectionate relations. When I spoke of her intolerable rudeness to her father he sadly replied: "Yes, it is a pity. There is that in her character. I will have a talk with her."

Leo Nikoláevich rode over to Ovsyánnikovo to-day to see Gorbunóv, but did not find him there and was distressed. He is now much occupied with the farthing booklets,¹ and how to deal with the proofs without Gorbunóv. He came in to dinner gloomy, and again my heart ached. I went to him and asked him why he was so depressed? At first he said that he felt somehow dull, and later explained to me that he was not gloomy but simply *serious*; that he had a mood in which "all the talk around me seems unnecessary, dull, aimless, and leading to nothing." And the conversation was, it is true, uninteresting and alien to us. V. Fere, the Vice-Governor of Smolensk, had come, an old acquaintance whom we had not seen for five years.² He is a worthy man, good-natured, fond of music, and played a duet with Lev, but he is an ordinary sort of fellow.

Later the Goldenweisers, husband and wife, arrived. Things cheered up a little and Leo Nikoláevich was no longer gloomy. We are friendly together, thank God, but I am still terribly afraid that his good disposition towards me may change. We are expecting Tánya to arrive about half-past three in the morning.

L.T. Am in a very depressed and serious mood. We have had that dreadful Fere with us—dreadful in his impervious,

¹ The "farthing booklets" were separate chapters of Tolstóy's compilation *The Path of Life*, which the *Posrédnik* (*Intermediary*) was printing separately as booklets. S.L.T.

² Vasili Yúlevich Fere knew the Tolstóys through his wife N. H. Fere, née Zinónev, daughter of N. A. Zinónev, former governor of Túla. S.L.T.

naïve bourgeois outlook . . . Sássha has had another conflict with Sónya.

L.T. 2. My attitude to life grows more and more serious. Again an agitation, conversation with Fere and with Sássha. Sássha is abrupt Lev is a great and a hard trial to me.

10th August

D. Tánya arrived towards four in the morning, but although I listened all night I did not hear her arrive. In the morning we discussed our old problem, but this upset me again and we decided not to mention any more what has so exhausted us.

I posed for Lev, and when I got up I suddenly felt faint. I went to the window but fell and lost consciousness. When I came to myself there was a sharp pain in my leg and Lev, my son, lifted me up with difficulty. "Poor thing!" he said. In falling I hurt my leg rather badly, cutting it so that there was a little wound. When Leo Nikoláevich heard of my fall he was kind and sympathetic. But how sad and silent he is and how evident it is that he feels dull. But he does not admit that he finds it dull without Chertkóv—probably for fear of grieving me. And the more dull he is the less ready I am to renew relations with Chertkóv and again suffer from the proximity and the visits of that hateful man. I learnt to-day that they (the Chertkóvs) are not leaving till September 1st, which ought to encourage me to sympathize with Leo Nikoláevich's wish to go to Tánya's, but yet another separation from him seems to me unbearable. We have already been separated a great deal this summer, and how long have we left to live? But apparently Leo Nikoláevich is weary of life at Yásnaya Polyána! It is the same thing day after day, and he now loves any kind of recreation. In the morning the same walks, then work, lunch, a ride with Dushán Petróvich [Makovítski], a sleep, dinner, and again he sits solitary and dull in his room, or, what is better, Goldenweiser comes and they play chess almost every

evening. Sometimes Goldenweiser plays the piano, and that is pleasant for every one.

To-day for some reason soldiers have come to Yásnaya Polyána and have quartered themselves throughout the village. Four of them came to Leo Nikoláevich secretly, but I don't know what they talked about. Leo Nikoláevich's reaction to my presence is strange. If I take an interest in him and his conversations or go into his room, he looks at me with displeasure, letting me feel that I am interfering. But if I do not go in or seem interested, he looks upon it as indifference and disagreement. I seldom know how things will be. Every decision of mine, forced on me by life or by circumstances, is reckoned as despotism. No one wishes to decide anything. They wait for me to do it, in order to disagree, blame, and condemn.

It is windy again. My head aches and my heart is sore. On Saturday Lëvchka goes to Kochetý with Tánya. And what will happen to me? I am already agitated and do not know what will become of me. How am I to get well here? They will all abandon me.

I read *Christianity and Patriotism* for my edition, and regretfully struck out what the censor would not allow. How difficult it is to take all that into consideration!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna had a fall. She did not sleep in the night. She is restless. In the evening soldiers came: three Jews and an Ukrainian—a political suspect. An unnecessary visit and rather unpleasant.

L.T. 2. Still very depressing and I am unwell. I feel that I am to blame, and that is good.

Help me, Father! Source of the life of the spirit, sole origin and beginning of life, help me at least for the last days and hours of my life here, to live only before Thee, serving Thee alone.

Yesterday when writing to Gálya (Chertkóv's wife) I realized for the first time my guilt in everything, and naturally felt a wish

to ask forgiveness.¹ And as soon as I felt that I experienced complete joy. How simple and how easy! How it frees one from wanting human fame! How it lightens one's relations with people! Oh, if only this is not a self-deception and endures!

11th August

D. My heart feels a little lighter, though I have fresh anxiety about Leo Nikoláevich's health. He is hoarse and has a cold and cannot get warm. If he can constrain himself to stay quietly at home and take care of himself it may all pass, God willing.

Bulýgin, Gay, and Salomon's nephew² have come for a short time.

Our people all drove over to Tikhvínskoe³ to look at the house, and to Ovsyánnikovo. I drove there afterwards to fetch Tánya.

It gave me pleasure to-day when Leo Nikoláevich dictated to me a letter on faith, addressed to a peasant, and I sat with him some time writing. In the evening I worked a little at the edition and then we played bridge. Leo Nikoláevich stayed at home all day. His cough makes me anxious, though I hope that it will be all right.

L.T. My health gets continually worse and worse. Sófyá Andréevna is quiet, but as alien as ever. Letters. I answered two.

¹ Goldenweiser tells us that Leo Nikoláevich wrote to Anna Konstantínovna Chertkóv: "All day yesterday I thought of how I wish to soften your irritation, which I feel as quite incomprehensible, but very depressing both to me and to you. And to-day in your note I see that you admit it and struggle against it." Tolstóy confirmed his intention not to undertake anything fresh—"not to do anything"—and finishes his letter with the words: "I know I am worthless and need forgiveness."

S.L.T.

² This was Lucien Salomon, who was killed in 1914 in the war. He was Charles Salomon's nephew.

S.L.T.

³ Tikhvínskoe was seven versts from Yásnaya Polyána. They looked at a wooden house there with the idea of buying it to be taken to pieces and moved to Ovsyánnikovo.

S.L.T.

It is difficult with everybody. I cannot but desire death. A long letter from Chertkóv recapitulating all that has gone before.¹

It was very sad, painful to read and to remember. He is quite right, and I feel to blame towards him. Pósha (Birukóv) was wrong. I will write to both of them. It was all I . . .

12th August

D. Hardly had I become a little tranquillized and begun to live normally and without special suffering before there was another disturbance. Leo Nikoláevich is obstinately set on going to Kochetý, despite his severe cough. He will certainly catch another chill, and at his age inflammation of the lungs is dangerous. We are both silent about his going, and if he goes it will be acting in a way that is painful to me. His going is a new wish to be free from me, but I do not wish to be separated from him again and cannot live so, and after about three days I will go there myself.

¹ The long letter referred to has been mentioned before as quoted in full in Maude's *Life of Tolstóy*, volume II, pp 489-499. In it Chertkóv reminded Tolstóy of how he had given Sófyá Andréevna the right to publish his works written before 1881, and how he had published his permission to all and sundry to publish anything he had written after 1880. Further Chertkóv, on the basis of conversations heard by him or by others, declared that Sófyá Andréevna and her sons intended to enforce their legal right to all Leo Nikoláevich's works after his death, and that they would threaten, or even prosecute, those who had published works even written after 1880 or not yet published. Then "not only would your nearest and most intimate friends suffer, but around your writing, preaching love and harmony, a scandal unprecedented in literary history would flare up." The will that to his friends' joy Tolstóy had written should prevent such a struggle. But the will must remain unknown to Sófyá Andréevna and her sons, for if they knew of it they "might still hope, by insistent pressure in every possible way, to succeed in getting you, were it but at some moment of your most helpless physical weakness or even on your death-bed, to renounce what is expressed in that testament." Then Chertkóv considered that Tolstóy was quite mistaken when he said in a letter to him that "the circulation of my writings will hardly atone for the distrust evoked by the inconsistency of my conduct." In Chertkóv's opinion the drawing-up of a legal will ought not to conflict with the demands of Tolstóy's conscience, while the absence of a will would deprive his friends of firm grounds of assurance that they and he saw eye to eye.

All those around me are very eager to separate us, but they will not succeed.

I spent three and a half hours with Ekaterína Vasílevna looking for mushrooms. It was very pleasant in the fir-grove, where *ryzhiki* were sitting in the green moss, and where it was pure, peaceful and secluded. During the day I posed and worked at the edition. It is very difficult!

N. N. Gay and Goldenweiser drove over, and Nikoláev walked over. Conversations without end. Leo Nikoláevich sat down to play chess. He did not leave the house all day except for a short walk in the morning. He had lunch in his own room and in general is limp from influenza. He complains of lumbago in his back, and weakness.

In the evening Tánya began a whole series of grievous accusations against me, nearly all of them unjust, and in which I recognized [1] Sáscha's suspicious character, which [1] tries in all ways to make me quarrel with everyone and to separate me from her father [53]. How much grief in one's old age. And why?

I have just read over my diary and was horrified, alas, both at myself and at my husband! It is almost impossible to go on living. [This last sentence was inserted at the bottom of the page later.]

L.T. I decided yesterday to tell Tánya everything. A depressing and unkindly feeling towards Sófyá Andréevna all day. I ought to forgive and pity her, but as yet I cannot. I told Tánya.¹ She is glad and agrees. According to Sáscha Chertkóv is quite satisfied by my letter.² I did not go out all day. In the evening Gay gave

¹ Leo Nikoláevich told his daughter Tánya about the will, but not about the supplementary note accompanying it. Subsequently she did not sympathize with the will (See introductory article.) S.L.T.

² From the following letter to Chertkóv one sees that Tolstóy agreed with his arguments:

"I write to you on these memo-sheets because I am writing in the wood while out for a walk. I have been considering your letter of yesterday ever since I received it. It arouses two principal feelings in me: repulsion at those manifestations of coarse cupidity and insensibility which I either had not noticed or had noticed and forgotten, and regret and repentance that I caused you pain by the letter in which I expressed regret at what had been

us a good account of Switzerland. Sófya Andréevna is very agitated and is always obviously ill. I am going to bed feeling very sorry for her.

13th August

D. Am more agitated again and my heart throbs. But against that I passed the day joyfully. Leo Nikoláevich was at home all the time, and only walked on the verandah in the morning. His health is better and he coughs only a little. He is in a good mood and is not strict or angry with me—thanks even for that. He was busy all the time writing a long letter—replies to questions. Tánya was nice. She said with tears that she always feels for me and loves and pities me.

In the evening we played bridge with Boulanger. Goldenweiser played the piano a little. Márya Alexándrovna has arrived. There was a terrible downpour of rain all day, and a thunderstorm in the evening. Summer lightning flashed every minute, and the thunder was incessant. I catalogued the books in the library and cut out a dress for Márya Alexándrovna. I did not do much work. My head was not clear and my heart was not at rest.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is in a very bad state. In the morning a letter from Chertkóv and mine to him.¹ A conflict with

done. The conclusion I have come to from your letter is that Pável Ivánovich [Birukóv] was wrong, and that I was wrong in agreeing with him, and that I fully approve of your conduct, though I still feel dissatisfied with my own. I feel that it would have been possible to act more wisely, though I do not know how. I do not now regret what has been done (i.e. that I wrote the will that was written), and I can only be grateful to you for your participation in that matter.

"To-day I shall tell Tánya about it all, which will be very pleasant to me.

"12th August, 1910."

"Leo Tolstóy.

S.L.T.

¹ On the evening of that day Leo Nikoláevich wrote to Chertkóv:

"Vladímir Grigórevich,

"I have read your long letter and agree with you in everything except in what you think and say about the constraint in which you consider that I

Sášha † She came herself and explained. Things are very hard, but I am bearing up.

L.T. 2. Always the same and always equally oppressive. She is in a dangerous state. A good letter from Chertkóv to say that I should not ride over to take farewell if it would hinder my going away. Tánya is dear and agreeable.

14th August

D. My agitation has increased. Throbbing of the heart all day and a rush of blood to the head. The thought of a separation from Leo Nikoláevich is unbearable. Indecision all day as to whether to remain at Yásnaya or go with Leo Nikoláevich and Tánya to Kochetý, and I have decided on the latter. Packed in a hurry. Very sorry to leave Lev, who is awaiting his passport and his trial in Petersburg for printing *The Restoration of Hell* in 1905. They won't issue him a passport to go abroad while he is awaiting trial. It was sad to leave Kátya and Máshenka too; and it was not easy to leave my work. But I will not be separated from my husband. I simply cannot!

I walked with Kátya in the fir-grove, but the *ryzhiki* have all been picked. Leo Nikoláevich muffled himself up and rode with Dushán for two hours around Záseka. He is better.

have placed myself by my promise I agree that one should not give a promise to anyone, and especially not to anyone in the state she is now in. But what now binds me is not at all my promise (I do not consider myself bound to fulfil it before her or before my conscience), I am bound simply by compassion and sympathy, which I have felt particularly strongly to-day, and about which I wrote you.

"Her condition is very distressing. No one can see it and refrain from sympathizing as I do myself."

† Alexándra Lvónna noted in her diary that Leo Nikoláevich had said of Sófya Andréevna that she was quite ill, and that he was ready to act as her sister-of-mercy to the end of his life. Alexándra replied that she could not do that. But three hours later she went to her father and asked forgiveness for her lack of self-restraint.

S.L.T.

In the evening Goldenweiser played a Beethoven sonata, but played it lifelessly and coldly. He played two pieces by Chopin beautifully. Schumann's *Carnival* is not bad technically, but the parts lack a distinctive character.

I felt so ill all day that I did not even have dinner. We had many visitors: Dima Chertkóv [the son], a mild, simple, and good lad, not like his father, Nikoláeva, Goldenweiser and his wife. Márya Alexándrovna, and a stranger—Yazýkova. I packed and went to bed late.

L.T. 2. Always worse and worse. She did not sleep last night. Jumped up in the morning: "Who are you talking to?" Afterwards she told me. Horrible sexual irritation. Terrible to say [here Tolstóy has struck out a word]. Horrible, but thank God she is pitiful and I can pity her.¹ I will endure. God help me! She has worn everybody out, and herself most of all. She is going with us. It seems she is dismissing Vára [Varvára Mikháylovna Feokrítova]. Sáscha is grieved. I am going to bed.

¹ Tolstóy wrote to Chertkóv about Sófya Andréevna's condition on August 12, 1910. ". . . I know that all this particularly abnormal condition may seem to you to be feigned or intentionally evoked (to some extent that is so), but for all that it is chiefly due to illness, quite evident physical illness depriving her of will and of self-control. If one says that she is to blame for her unbridled disposition and her self-indulgence, which began long ago—that was a fault of long ago, but now she is quite irresponsible, and one can but feel pity for her. And it is impossible, quite impossible, for me at any rate, to thwart her and thereby obviously increase her sufferings. That insistence on my own decisions contrary to her wish would be beneficial to her I do not believe. And even if I believed it I could not do it. Moreover, apart from the fact that I think I ought to act so, I know by experience that when I insist I find it tormenting, but when I yield it is not only easier for me, but even joyful.

"For me it is easy, because she does try more or less to restrain herself with me. But it is hard for poor Sáscha, who is young and more passionate and whom she constantly attacks with the peculiar venom of people in her condition. And then Sáscha considers herself insulted, reckons with her mother, and therefore finds it particularly hard . . ."

S.L.T.

15th August (Kochetý)

D. We got up early and drove to Zásoka.¹ Many people,

¹ Tatiána and Alexándra, Sófyá Andréevna, and D. P. Makovítski, all accompanied Leo Nikoláevich to Kochetý. They travelled as far as Orel by the Moscow-Kursk railway, from Orel to Blagodátnoe by the Orel-Gryask railway, and the last fifteen versts by horses. Leo Nikoláevich was tired by the journey. T. L. Sukhotin wrote of it to Chertkóv as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND,

"KOCHETÝ. August 16, 1910.

"Affairs here are neither good nor bad, but far better than at Yásnaya Polyána. Sófyá Andréevna is quiet, modest, and quite pleasant with Sáscha. She did not pester Leo Nikoláevich in the railway carriage, and does not attach herself to him here, but even avoids him. The only unpleasantness and upset was in the evening, when she watched for Leo Nikoláevich to go to Sáscha for his diary. She wrote him a note about it to-day. But afterwards she listened to my request not to speak about it, and said: 'I will control myself.' She is looking up the route to the Máslovs, but I do not think she will go there.

"In the train she remarked that it was very painful for her to have an enemy, and that she had never had enemies. To which I replied that this could very easily be altered, and that she had only to hold out a hand to you. Afterwards she seemed to think it would be difficult for her to endure your presence, but she said that if you would accept a condition to go to them once a week she would willingly agree to that. I told her that in my opinion you could not accept any *conditions*, but that if she told you she was so far from having full control of herself that it would be hard for her to see you often, you might out of pity for her try to go less often than formerly.

"I think that if you wrote and told her that the obstacles to your living at Telyátinki have now been removed, and that you would be glad if she could restore you to her good graces, and added your regret that any words of yours had offended her, she would be glad of the possibility of making peace with you.

"Forgive me, dear Daddy, for allowing myself to give you advice. I have mentioned what I am writing to Leo Nikoláevich, and he very warmly approved of my intention to write as I have done.

"I think that the incident with you is now becoming smoothed over, and think what a happiness it would be for you and Leo Nikoláevich to see each other again in peace. I do not for a moment imagine that Sófyá Andréevna is cured, or that the purpose of her illness will change, but I think there may now be a temporary calm, and that the pretext of a fresh flare-up will be a new one and not you. Perhaps I am mistaken, but that is how it seems to me, and it will to some extent depend on whether you will make allowances for her sickly suspicions and (during the first period of your visits at any rate) try to remain more in view of everyone, so that she may not suspect intrigues. I understand that I am proposing what is very difficult, but for Leo Nikoláevich's sake you could do it, and things would then be easier for you."

S.L.T.

including Lev, saw us off as we started for Kochetý with Tánya. It is a long and difficult journey with a change of trains at Orel. Leo Nikoláevich slept a great deal on the way. He seemed weak, and ate little. But in the evening at Kochetý he played bridge till midnight with great animation. He complains of constipation and weakness.

At Kochetý our little granddaughter Tánichka gave us a touching welcome. What a dear, charming, affectionate little girl! How she caressed me and kissed me! There is at least someone in the world who is pleased to see me. And how touching is that childish, sacred simplicity, not like us grown-ups. To-day I went to say good-night to my husband, and while I was there he accidentally asked Sáša for his note-book. Sáša hesitated, and I understood that there is again some cunning or lie. I said: "What is it you want?" and Leo Nikoláevich saw that I had already guessed, and told the truth (for which I thank him), or I should again have been terribly upset. "I asked Sáša for my note-book. I give it to her to put away; she copies out my thoughts."

Of course, *puts it away from me and copies out thoughts for Chertkóv*. It means that Leo Nikoláevich's present diaries are (as I have said before) composed for Mr. Chertkóv, and consequently there can be no sincerity in them. But God be with them, with their secrets and deceptions and hidings from me! In time all will become clear. I am a *conscience* that does not love anything hidden, and that is what they cannot endure. Already at Yásnaya Polyána I had noticed that secret concealment of Leo Nikoláevich's diaries by Sáša. That is why I have been so agitated of late, but they thought everything was hidden from me. I asked Leo Nikoláevich to-day: "Does Sáša read your diaries?"

"I don't know," he replied. "She copies out my thoughts."

But if she "copies out," what does "I don't know" mean? Another lie! But I said nothing.

"You get so agitated about everything," added Leo Nikoláevich, "that is why I hide things from you . . ."

[A subsequent note by Sófya Andréevna reads: "He hides

things from me because I get agitated, but I get agitated because he hides things from me.”]

That of course is an excuse. I am agitated not because they hide the diaries—that is understandable and quite right. They ought to be hidden from *everybody*. I am agitated because Chertkóv and Sáscha *are* allowed to read them, but I, the wife, *am not*. It implies that Leo Nikoláevich accuses me and hands me over to the judgment of my daughter and Chertkóv. And that is cruel and bad.

There are a crowd of people here, all good-natured, not venomous and secretive as in our family *hell*. I begin to feel my love for my husband weakening on account of his insidiousness. I see in his face, his eyes, and his whole figure, that malice which he pours on me all the time, and in an old man such malice is unseemly and undesirable—⁺especially when he is shouting to the whole world about some sort of *love*. He knows that he tortures me by these diaries, and he does it assiduously. [⁺These last words were inserted in the margin.]

God grant that I may free myself from that irrational attachment! How much more widely and how much more freely I shall be able to live! Let them weave their spells with Sáscha and Chertkóv!

Tánya is kind. She has given up her room to me, which preys on my conscience and will worry me all the time.

L.T. On the journey to Kochetý I reflected that if those alarms and demands are renewed, I will go away with Sáscha. That was what I thought on the road. Now I no longer think so. We arrived peacefully. But in the evening I took a note-book from Sáscha and she (Sófya Andréevna) noticed it. “What is that? A diary? Sáscha copies it? . . .”

16th August (Kochetý)

D. Is happiness and the joy of life possible when Leo Nikoláevich, and Sáscha at his instruction, constantly and intensively hide something from me in Leo Nikoláevich's diaries; and I just

as intensively and cunningly try to find and read what is hidden from me, and what is told to Chertkóv about me—and through him to the whole world? I did not sleep all night, my heart overflowed, and I devised all possible means to read what Leo Nikoláevich so painstakingly hides from me. If there is nothing there, would it not be simpler to say: "Well, read it and calm yourself!"? But he would die rather than do that—such is his way! To-day he complains of lassitude and weakness, and is lying down in his room. He went for a walk. I saw him for a moment and handed him a scrap of paper on which I had written that I consider it just and right for him to hide his diaries and not give them to *anyone* to read. But to give them to Sáscha to read and to copy for Chertkóv, and to hide them cunningly from me, his wife, in all sorts of cupboards and drawers, is painful and offensive. I finished the note with the words: "God be your judge!" and I shall not say anything more.

Yesterday evening after the journey Leo Nikoláevich played bridge till past eleven, and this morning felt well, and no doubt is now feeling cross at my having reproached him. What is to be done? We torture each other. Between us, as the peasants say, an *enemy* (i.e. an evil spirit) has settled down. Help me, Lord! I pray for a long time in the evening, pray when I go walking alone, and pray as I am doing now, when my soul aches . . .

In the evening. At midday Leo Nikoláevich called me and said: "You have taken offence again!" "Of course," I replied. "Have you read my note?" "Yes, but I want to tell you that Sáscha does not read my diary. At the end of each day's entry there is a section of thoughts, and these thoughts Sáscha copies out for Chertkóv, as an addition to what went before. I myself have the diary and I will not give it to anyone."

That calmed me a little, if it is not another deception, and I trembled less to-day. I played with the little children, Tánichka and Mífkushka.[†] Tánichka says: "I love granny more than anyone

[†] Tánichka is Tatuána Mikháylovna Sukhotín, by marriage Albertini (b. 1905), the daughter of Tatiána Lvóvna Mikúshka was L. M. Sukhotín's son.

in the world!" We went for a walk and picked mushrooms—*rýzhiki* and *valúyánki*—and it was gay with the children.

There are a crowd of people here, which is rather fatiguing, but what is restful is that I have not the responsibility of the housekeeping. It is hard for poor Tánya, and it is on my conscience that we four have come here and she has so many people of her own. In the evening we played bridge, and I was glad to sit a little with my husband⁺ But he gets much engrossed in bridge, and constantly reproaches me for playing badly and tries to exclude me. Yesterday I won from them all. [From⁺ was inserted in the margin.]

Poor Sukhotín is depressed by the rain, which has ruined the oats and caused him a loss of some three thousand rubles. And Tánya's luggage is lost. It seems that it was not transferred at Orel. I had dinner to-day separately with the little ones and their nurses, and the children were in ecstasies. And I too was in an ecstasy when Leo Nikoláevich got up from his table and came to look at me. How stupidly my heart is still bound to him!

L.T. An explanation with Sónya, which ended well, thank God! Things are very amiable at Tánya's. A crowd of visitors, too many people and too much luxury.

L.T. 2. Last night again she had no sleep. She brought me a note about Sáscha's copying accusations against her from my diary for Chertkóv. I tried to calm her before dinner, telling her, what is true, that Sáscha only copies out separate thoughts, and not my impressions of life. She tries to calm herself, and is much to be pitied. It is now past three. Something is going to happen. I am unable to work. It seems that that is unnecessary. Things are not amiss in my soul.

17th August (Kochetý)

D. Corrected *Childhood* diligently all day. It is surprising to what a degree the traits of childhood resemble those of old age.

The admiration of beauty (Serezha Ívin) and consequent suffering on account of his own ill looks, and the wish to make up for his lack of beauty by being *clever* and *good*. The chapter on Grísha is striking in the manuscript and the passages omitted from the book: that sensual scene in the cupboard with Kátenka immediately after the emotional and exalted religious feeling produced by faith and by the spiritual exaltation of the weak-minded devotee Grísha [34]

Beauty [1], sensuality, rapid variability, piety, the eternal search for it and for truth—those are my husband's characteristics.

He suggests that his becoming colder towards me is a result of my non-understanding of him. But I know that what he dislikes most of all is that I have suddenly understood him so completely, have understood too thoroughly what I had not previously seen.

Leo Nikoláevich went to walk in the park and a *skopéts*^{*} came to see him, with whom he talked for more than two hours. I do not like sectarians, especially *skoptsi*, but this one seems clever, though he boasts unpleasantly about his exile.

Again to-day there is something estranged and sad about Leo Nikoláevich. No doubt he yearns for his idol Chertkóv. I should like to remind him of the wise commandment: Keep yourselves from idols. But one's heart is incorrigible when one is much in love.

What dismal damp weather! But the people here are all simple and nice, not to speak of my daughter Tánya, who is considerate to everyone. Mikhaíl Sergéevich is wrapped up in his farming, and Leo Nikoláevich, far from being agitated by that, is attracted by that old, customary landowner's atmosphere. In Yásnaya Polyána everything has to be renounced, and he has to *suffer* on account of everything, and many things there are already spoilt

^{*} This *skopéts*, Vasíli Yákovlevich Grigórev (1848-1926), was banished to Yakútsk province in 1871, where he lived for thirty-six years. He then settled in his native place some fourteen versts from Kochetý, with his brother Mor-dáry. On June 21, 1910, he went to Chertkóv at Otrádnœe to see Tolstóy. He told him about the history of the sect of *skoptsi* and about their life in Siberia, etc.

The *skoptsi* are a sect of eunuchs.

S L T.

A.M.

by painful recollections. There he has long ago shifted all the burden of life *onto me*, and of course cannot but suffer for it, feeling himself to blame. I have thought of Yásnaya Polyána lately, and feel as if I did not wish to live there again. I want a *new* life, new people, new surroundings. How tired one is of everything there! And that nausea of our life has long been coming on.

I passed yesterday idly, tired. The only pleasant thing was when the children played. How nice they both are! Later on Leo Nikoláevich played bridge animatedly till twelve o'clock. He asked Tánya for some light French novel to read. How weary he is of his role of religious thinker and teacher! How *tired* he is of it! It affords him amusement even to play with the children at "opinions." He did not want me to notice that (i.e., his wish to relax from his role of religious teacher) and therefore carefully tried to prevent my coming to Kochetý. I remember painfully how I asked him whether he would pass the 22nd and 28th (our two birthdays) at Kochetý, or return to Yásnaya. And he replied: "Why, what days are those? . . . But you stay at Yásnaya and come on the 28th for my birthday."

I went crimson with grief and annoyance. Much I need to celebrate his birthday if he wishes to separate himself from me so carefully! And I then at once decided that I too would go to Kochetý. Here at least are my two much-loved Tánys.

As I now have much work on the edition, and wanted to know how long we should stay here, I asked Leo Nikoláevich. And he replied roughly: "I am not a soldier to have the term of my leave fixed for me." How live with such a man! I fear that with characteristic cunning he will stay here a month, knowing that I *must* return home. [Inserted later in the margin: "So it turned out."]

But I won't go away on any account. I will throw everything up and let it all be lost. Who will master whom? And to think that this malignant strife has arisen between two people who once loved each other so much! Is it old age, or the influence of outsiders? Sometimes I look at him and it seems to me that he is dead, that all that was alive, good, sagacious, sympathetic, truthful

and loving, has perished and been killed by the hand of a dry heartless sectarian—Chertkóv.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna was quiet the first day, but towards evening rather agitated.

L.T. 2. To-day was a good day. Sónya was quite good. It is good that I was melancholy, for the melancholy expressed itself in prayer and consciousness.

18th August (Kochetý)

D.B. Terrible news that Chertkóv has been granted permission to live at Telyátinki. That threw me into despair, and again I had a heart attack. It seemed as if I must have a nervous stroke or that my heart would burst. But alas, I am still alive! I suffered terribly all day, both physically and mentally. In the evening I went to the school to see a performance by the boys. It was hot. I was out of breath, and sat under the starry heavens on the little porch of the school instead of looking at the performance.

D. Terrible news in the papers. The Government is allowing Chertkóv to live at Telyátinki!! Leo Nikoláevich cheered up at once, his step became light and brisk, and he seemed younger. My whole heart wilted with tormenting pain, my pulse was 140, and I had pain in my breast and in my head.

It is the hand of God. His will has sent me this *cross*, and Chertkóv and Leo Nikoláevich are the appointed instruments of my death. Perhaps when I lie dead Leo Nikoláevich's eyes will be opened to see who is my enemy and murderer, and he will then hate him and repent of his sinful infatuation for that man.

Towards me his attitude has suddenly changed. He shows kindness and attention. "Perhaps she will make things up with Chertkóv and all will be as of old." But that will *never* be. I will not receive Chertkóv. The open wound that tears my heart is too

deep. And it is utterly impossible for me to forgive Chertkóv's rudeness to me and his insinuation to Leo Nikoláevich that I spend my whole life *killing him*.

I worked badly at the edition, and went with Tánichka to pick mushrooms. I wrote to Lev, and drafted a letter to Stolýpin¹ asking him to bundle Chertkóv out of our neighbourhood. Stolýpin has gone to Siberia, so I have not sent the letter off. Sukhotín does not advise me to send it. I will consult Lev and Count Dmítri Adámovich Olsúfev,² who has arrived to-day with our son Sergéy. Poor Tánya is worn out by all of us and so many guests.

Tánichka's nurse spoke admirably and comforted me. "Pray to your guardian angel that he should calm and quiet your heart," said she persuasively, "and then all will be for the best. Be careful of your life," she added.

I went to the school to see how the lads acted.³ It was hot and dull.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna fell ill on learning that Chertkóv has received permission to live at Telyátinkí. "I will kill him," she exclaimed. I asked her not to talk, and was myself silent, and that seemed to act well. Something will happen. Help me, O God, to be with Thee, and do what Thou wishest. The future is not my business. Often, no not often but sometimes, I am in that spiritual condition, and then how good it is.

19th August (Kochetý)

D Awoke very early, and that unceasing suffering—the thought that there, near Yásnaya, sits Chertkóv—recommenced.

¹ P. A. Stolýpin (1863–1911), Minister-President of Russia. He was assassinated in 1911. A.M.

² D. A. Olsúfev (b. 1862), an old friend of the Tolstóy family, and a university comrade of S. L. Tolstóy's, a member of the Government Soviet by election from the Zémstvo. He had come with S. L. Tolstóy from the latter's estate thirty-five versts from Kochetý. S.L.T.

³ A play adapted from Chékhov's story *The Plotter*. S.L.T.

But my husband consoled me. In the morning before I was up he came to my room and asked how I had slept and how I was, and did so not as he generally does with formal coldness, but with real sympathy. Afterwards he confirmed his promises:

- (1) Not to see Chertkóv at all.
- (2) Not to give his diaries to anyone, and
- (3) Not to let either Chertkóv or Tapsel take photographs of of him.

I begged that of him. It was repulsive to me that his idol should photograph Leo Nikoláevich, like an elderly coquette, in woods and ravines, and that he should despotically turn the old man all ways in order to take pictures of him and make a collection of photographs as well as of manuscript.

"I shall correspond with Chertkóv," Leo Nikoláevich added, "because that is necessary for my work."

I hope that it will be about his work, and not anything else. But I am grateful even for that.

I had a letter from Lev, in which he writes that his trial, for printing the pamphlet, *The Restoration of Hell*, in 1905, is fixed for September 13th in Petersburg. It is depressing. He will leave Yásnaya Polyána finally on September 10th. When I asked Leo Nikoláevich whether we should leave here before then, he hurriedly said that he did not at all know, and did not want to decide in advance. Already I foresee fresh tortures. He is probably arranging something, and of course knows perfectly well what he intends to do, [a later note adds: "Probably he was planning his flight and disappearance"] but habit and a love of indefiniteness and of tormenting me with it all my life, is so great that he cannot do without it.

Went mushrooming with Tánya. There are quantities of them. Then I played with the children, making paper dolls. I can't do any work. My heart just aches physically, and there are such rushes of blood to my head. I am already half killed by Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv, and two or three more such heart attacks as yesterday's will be the end of me. Or I shall have a nervous

stroke. And it would be a good thing! They will *certainly* torment me, but I don't want to kill myself and yield Leo Nikoláevich up to Chertkóv.

How strangely, even ridiculously, it has come about! Chertkóv said that I was killing my husband, but it has turned out just the opposite: Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv have already half-killed me. Everybody is struck at how thin and altered I have become—without an illness, just from mental anguish!

Leo Nikoláevich has gone riding with Dushán Petróvich (Makovítski). The locality is unfamiliar to him, and I was anxious. In the evening I told Count Dmítri Adámovich Olsúfey the whole sad story concerning Chertkóv, and he advised me to postpone writing to Stolýpin about Chertkóv's expulsion. It cannot be done just yet, as he has only just been permitted to return. Should Chertkóv engage in any propaganda and incite Leo Nikoláevich to it, or should Leo Nikoláevich renew their passionate relations, then I had better talk to Stolýpin myself personally. All that is in the future, but meanwhile one must live in the present.

Leo Nikoláevich played bridge with great animation for three hours on end. How he has slackened in old age! How sad it is to see all his weaknesses now at the age of eighty-two, when the spiritual ought to prevail over everything! I try to close my eyes to all his weaknesses and to turn my heart away and seek elsewhere the light I no longer find amid our family darkness.

L.T. In the morning she asked me to renew the promises I had already made, and also not to be photographed. I injudiciously promised. A good letter from Chertkóv.¹ He writes

¹ In that letter Chertkóv gives the following advice, which he had obtained from some psychiatrists, and cites the methods of dealing with the mentally unbalanced, or even with people merely inclined to such derangements or nervous ailments.

“(1) The first method, in cases where a wife or a husband suffers from nervous disorders, nervous heart disturbance or suffocation, and especially from hysteria, is that the wife or husband should avoid being present during such attacks, for experience proves that their presence does not help but harms the patient's condition. In the mutual relations of married couples there is a

correctly about the methods of dealing with mentally unbalanced people.

At dinner I inappropriately told of *Arago tout court*,¹ and felt ashamed, and was then ashamed of being ashamed.

20th August (Kochetý)

D. This evening two thick packets addressed to Bulgákov (i.e. for Mr. Chertkóv) are being sent to the post. Having for my sake declined to meet Chertkóv, Leo Nikoláevich prepares various papers for his idol's collection in order to console him, and they are sent through Bulgákov. Leo Nikoláevich rode for a long way on horseback through the forest to Lomtsy, and in the evening played bridge sleepily.

In the morning Olsúfev and my son Sergéy left. I worked at *Childhood* for the edition. I try to be tranquil and absorbed in the work, but cannot quite manage it as yet. The least reminder of Chertkóv (a photograph to-day) throws me into a terrible condition, with a rush of blood to my head and my heart, and despair in my soul. Yes, there will be no more happiness in life at home. I must either reconcile myself to that, or seek happiness in another and in others! Abrikósov has come.

A photograph taken at Kochetý in summer, in my absence,

specifically and life-long nervous communicability or effusiveness, which causes the patient to exhibit his or her abnormal condition still more instead of restraining it

"(2) The second method of dealing with the mentally diseased is never to fulfil the demands or wishes they present by means of their *hysteria*, for even if those demands can be fulfilled, the very fact of so fulfilling them has a harmful effect, for it serves as an additional stimulus in arousing hysteria in the future when the patient experiences a fresh desire that is not immediately fulfilled.

"(3) A third method is to make the patient feel externally that there are, and ought to be, limits dividing his personal demands from the sphere of other people's interest and freedom of action"

S L T.

¹ This was the story of how the celebrated mathematician Arago, alluding to his celebrity, said to an assembly: "You may call me *Arago tout court*" (i.e. simply Arago). Leo Nikoláevich said that he could be spoken of as Tolstóy *tout court*.

S.L.T.

shows them all at table, with Chertkóv sitting very close beside Leo Nikoláevich. How everything in me exploded again! That eternal *physical* nearness! Now at least *that* indecency will not occur! If only he does not deceive me!

L T. My head is a little fresher . . . Sónya is still continually agitated and pitiable.

L.T. 2. Had a good talk with the watchman. It was not well of me to tell him how I am situated. I went for a ride, and the sight of this land-ownership torments me, so that I thought of running away to hide myself To-day, remembering my wedding, I thought that it was just a fatality. I was never even in love.¹ But I could not avoid marrying

21st August (Kochetý)

D B. I shall not recover. They have killed me dexterously. Leo Nikoláevich will soon have freed himself from me, and will say that he did *everything* for me . . . Too late! They have killed me! And Chertkóv and company will triumph. My children will weep, and for a while Leo Nikoláevich will be depressed, but afterwards life will go on as before, and that passionate relation with Chertkóv will be renewed. I have received pleasant letters from Lev, Andréy, my sister Tánya, and Maude.

D. Again I did not sleep, and again my heart palpitates. I want to weep and do not wish to live. Yes, why, *why* have my eyes been opened to so many things? And why do I so passionately desire my husband's love, caresses, and former confidence? He has procured a key now to lock up his diary. If he locked it up *from everybody* it would be well, but it is only from me! To-day

¹ This is in sharp contradiction with an entry in his diary forty-eight years earlier, on September 12, 1862: "I am in love as I did not think it was possible to love," and may be attributed to the failure of Tolstóy's memory in his eighty-second year.

when telling everything to Abrikósov I said: "Heaven knows what people say and think about my being jealous of Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv, but I simply feel that he has deprived me of my husband's soul." "Yes, that is true," remarked Mikhaíl Sergéevich, "but now it is too late. The soul was taken long ago. You have realized it too late . . ." And that is irreparable.

And I feel that, and I am to blame and I must bear the punishment, and await aid and release not from men but from God! It will probably come with my death . . . I feel that my heart is sick, very sick. But Leo Nikoláevich joyfully informed me to-day that his bowels had acted naturally for the first time. To him that was very important. His digestion always readjusts itself when the weather is good. I have noticed that all his life. But he wants me to think that it results from living away from Yásnaya Polyána, which of course will depress and bore him now.

It is a hot, clear day. Summer has returned. I went with the children, Tánya and Lelya, in the woods, and was very tired. Leo Nikoláevich went to walk by himself. In the evening he again played chess and bridge, the latter very animatedly. But I lay down almost the whole evening, feeling quite ill. He came to me and said he was glad to see me lying so quietly, and in his voice I seemed to hear a note of sympathy. How I seize on those rare notes!

Long years of renunciation of all social life have wearied Leo Nikoláevich, *et il se rattrape* (he is making up for lost time), availing himself now, as much as he can, of all the pleasures of life. At Yásnaya there will not be bridge, nor so many ordinary people, and he will be dull and he will not go back yet. I wrote to Kátya, Andréy, and my sister Tánya.

Childhood is ready for the press. I re-read the chapter "The Ívins," and what I have discovered regarding Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv was again painfully confirmed. These words are striking: "Serezha produced a strong impression on me at the first glance. His unusual beauty struck and captivated me. I felt irresistibly attracted to him." And further on: "To see him was sufficient to make me happy, and at one time the whole strength

of my soul was concentrated on that desire. When I did not see him for three or four days I began to fret, and felt sad enough to cry. All my dreams, waking and sleeping, were of him" . . . and so on.

I repeat "as in the cradle so in the grave." The source of delight in the boy in childhood and in the handsome idol Chertkóv in old age is one and the same.¹ I also repeat: either Chertkóv or I. If Leo Nikoláevich renews relations with him I will not endure it. I shall go away from him, and whatever people may say about my attitude, the truth of the matter will be cleared up.

Night . . . I don't sleep. Prayed long and tearfully, and understood that I must endure my sufferings in order that I may renew my ardent appeal to God, and as an act of repentance for many things, and perhaps to enable me to secure a return of *happiness* or mental peace . . .

L.T. Got up late. Feel fresh. Sófya Andréevna still the same. Tánya told me that she (Sófya Andréevna) had not slept during the night because she had seen a portrait of Chertkóv. The position is perilous. I want so much to speak, i e. to write.

22nd August (Kochetý)

D.B. The day of my unfortunate birth. God knows why it was necessary, and He also knows why He has sent me such sufferings and such a cross. "Thy will be done!"

D. My birthday. I am sixty-six and am still as energetic, acutely impressionable, passionate, and people say youthful. But these last two months have aged me a great deal and, God grant, have brought me near to my end. I got up wearied by sleeplessness and went to walk in the park. It is beautiful everywhere: the old

¹ Tolstóy had explained in his *Recollections*, which Sófya Andréevna must have read, that *Childhood* was "not my own story, but that of my childhood's friends."

avenues of all kinds of trees, the fresh blossoms of the field flowers, the *rýzhiki* and other mushrooms, and peacefulness and solitude—alone with God. I walked and prayed all the time. I prayed for submissiveness, that I might with God's help cease to suffer so much spiritually. I also asked God to give me back my husband's love before our death. And I believe that my prayer for that love will be answered, so many tears and so much faith do I put into it.

The little children and Lelya came in the morning to congratulate me [on her birthday]. While I was out walking Leo Nikoláevich came out twice and asked for me. One must congratulate a wife on her birthday if only for the sake of propriety. I look into his eyes to see if I can catch even a momentary glimpse of his former trustful love. When I recover that love I may possibly make peace with Chertkóv, though that is hard! Everything would start all over again.

Leo Nikoláevich rode a long way to see the *skopéts* who has already been here, and who had previously visited Chertkóv when Leo Nikoláevich was there. He rode twenty versts there and back and was not tired. What an iron constitution! But he is again continually complaining of constipation. He played bridge again, and I also played at another table, teaching Lelya Sukhotín to play at her wish. My eyes were tired from reading all day and all the evening the proofs that had been sent me, and playing cards rests them.

+ The proofs were of *Tales of Army Life*. How beautiful many parts of the *Sevastopol* sketches are. I was enraptured, and greatly enjoyed reading them. And were it not for Chertkóv and his influence—setting him onto such pamphlets as *The One Thing Needful*, etc.—Leo Tolstóy's literary work during these last years would have been quite other than it is. [From + was inserted subsequently in the margin.]

I am feeling rather less nervous, though my heart is painful, and I fear a fresh outbreak and attack at any moment. I even played with the children to-day drowsily and sadly.

I cannot even imagine how and when our life will be decided! When Leo Nikoláevich's birthday is over I will go to Yásnaya Polyána, and probably to Moscow . . . but afterwards?

L.T. A remarkably stupid letter from Rossolím¹ about Sófya Andréevna's condition, and a very good letter from B. I am behaving pretty well.

23rd August (Kochetý)

D.B. Mikhaíl Sergéevich and Tánya are extraordinarily kind hosts.

D. Passed the day quietly, but am not well. Always the same *idée fixe* about Leo Nikoláevich's nearness to Chertkóv.

There will be no meetings, only correspondence. If it were serious correspondence relating to business! But there is some repulsive obscurity. I love, I kiss, I pity, my soul is at peace. Spiritual intercourse. Why then do I kiss, etc.? Probably Chertkóv writes sentimentally and the old man submits, thaws, and perhaps replies in a similar way.

God knows what goes on in my head, which aches from mental anguish. The whole right side of it aches. I shall soon die. But it distresses me to leave my husband to Chertkóv!

Have received a letter and various articles for the edition from Birukóv. I have to work, but have neither physical strength nor mental clearness for it. I spoke to-day about my leaving here just to see how Leo Nikoláevich would take it. I think he would

¹ Professor Rossolím's letter about Sófya Andréevna's illness has not been preserved. What his diagnosis was can however be seen from a letter he wrote to Alexándra Tolstóy on April 19, 1911:

"My opinion of Sófya Andréevna's condition, which I expressed both to the late Leo Nikoláevich personally and to you, amounted to this. Under the influence of her declining years, and the accompanying loss of self-control, Sófya Andréevna's fundamental characteristics have become more and more prominent. She has a combination of two degenerative characteristics: hysteria and paranoia. The first shows itself in the specially vivid colouring of all her experiences and a concentration of all her interests on her own personality, even to the extent of sacrificing truth and her own best feelings, and becoming unscrupulous as to the means she employs to attain her ends. The second is indicated by excessive suspiciousness, and by forming incorrect conclusions based thereon—as to Leo Nikoláevich, his teaching, his relations with Chertkóv, etc."

S.L.T.

be glad, but his pleasure causes me intense suffering! And I am sorry to go.

I went for a walk, worked at *Childhood*, and am much puzzled how to deal with the first part. Leo Nikoláevich also went to walk by himself, wrote a letter to some revolutionary in Siberia, and said that he was feeling well. After the walk he called to me from the window, and a stupid joy and happiness quickly filled my soul. Ah, if only he really loved me again! I read aloud to my darling granddaughter Tánichka.

It is now eleven o'clock. Leo Nikoláevich plays cards with animation each evening, and is still sitting up.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is tranquil.

24th August (Kochetý)

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich went to walk. He does not like the horse he rides here. He is well and still tranquil.

D. How depressing sleepless nights are! Yesterday evening I prayed tearfully for a long long time. What I pray for most of all is that the spirit of evil should be driven out of our house and from between us. Here there are two infants, two angels, and therefore life is easy and good. But in Yásnaya Polyána Chertkóv himself or his apparition will haunt the walls and my imagination for a long time. That huge and hateful figure with the immense sack he always brings with him and in which he cunningly and carefully collects all Leo Nikoláevich's manuscripts will always appear everywhere.

Worked on the proofs of *What Then Must We Do?* and *Childhood* for the edition. Drove with Tánya and Sášha to see a neighbour, Princess Golítsyn.¹ A pleasant, resolute, and clever woman. Living with her are a brother-in-law,² a niece, and an old woman

¹ Princess Véra Pávlovna Golítsyn, a neighbour of the Sukhotíns and according to Makovítski's report "strictly Orthodox." S.L.T.

² Prince Nicholas Dmitrievich Golítsyn (1850-1925), who served in the Ministry of the Interior, and was a senator, a member of the Council of State, and from December 17, 1916, President of the Council of Ministers. S.L.T.

named Mats'ev, who is over eighty, and who though very original, animated, and interested in everything, is, it would seem, spiritually dead; that is, she is no longer interested in any spiritual question.

The evening passed peacefully; there was neither chess nor bridge. We all sat in our rooms. Time flies. I don't want to do anything practical, nor do I wish to go to work at Yásnaya and Moscow. I am weary!

L.T. I continue to feel ill . . . Sófyá Andréevna is all right. If only she were not agitated or suspicious.

L.T. 2. Am gradually coming to life. Sófyá Andréevna, poor thing, suffers unceasingly, and I feel the impossibility of helping her. I feel the wrongfulness of my exclusive attachment to my daughters.

25th August (Kochetý)

D.B. During the day I went for a walk, and was very busy with *Resurrection*. Leo Nikoláevich went for a walk, and also for a ride. He is working on the proofs of his farthing booklets, and writes many letters as he receives many. Of his correspondence with Chertkóv I know nothing. There everything is always secret. A painful talk with Tánya. How many lies and misunderstandings about me!

D. This morning I was unexpectedly gladdened by a visit from Leo Nikoláevich to my room. I was washing and could not immediately go to him, but hastily threw a dressing-gown over my wet shoulders and said: "What is it, Lëvochka?" "Nothing, I only came to hear how you slept, and how you are." I made some reply and he went away. But in a few minutes he returned and said: "I wanted to tell you that last night about twelve o'clock I was thinking very much about you and even wanted to come to your room. I pictured to myself *what* you do, and how lonely you are all by yourself at night, and I felt sorry for you" . . . Then I saw there were tears in his eyes, and he wept. And I was seized

by such joy, such happiness, that I lived on it all day, though I felt ill and was agitated by the thought of my approaching journey to Yásnaya and Moscow.

Was very busy all day with *Resurrection* for the new edition. Passages the censor will not pass must be struck out, and omissions have to be inserted—a large and responsible task. Davýdov and my son Sergéy gave me some indications of what should be done, and so helped me a great deal. But I shall have to do the writing.¹

I go for walks. I am delighted with Tánichka, but am grieved by her mother's attitude towards me. She too is partial to Chertkóv and unjust to me. I had a long talk with Tánya in the evening, but we did not convince one another. I have suffered *too much* these last two months to admit that it was without cause. There was and is a terrible cause! But I pray. I prayed yesterday with tormenting and burning tears for my husband's heart and love to be restored to me and—wonderful coincidence!—just at midnight, when I was on my knees and in tears, he was thinking of me with sympathy! How after that can one not believe in prayer! No, the power of *ardent* and sincere prayer, the prayer of spiritual love, cannot be lost. That is certain!

Wrote to Ványa Érdeli and to my grandson Serezha.

L.T. A painful talk with my daughters.² Wrote to Chertkóv.³

¹ In the twelfth edition of Tolstóy's works many omissions were made to suit the censor's wishes. S.L.T.

² Tatiána Lvóvna Sukhotín's opinion about her mother's conduct is shown by the following extract from a letter of hers to V. G. Chertkóv:

"I wrote you that I do not think she has any material plans I am still of that opinion, but I want to explain to you how I understand the matter. It seems to me that *welfare* for her consists in material prosperity, the spiritual side of life being largely hidden from her. When she becomes irritable she at once begins to accuse everybody of wanting to deprive her of some material advantage, for which she struggles

"I try to warn her that she will obtain no further concessions in that direction, and I advise her to be quiescent. But who knows in how far she will be able to control herself." S.L.T.

³ Tolstóy wrote to Chertkóv:

"For myself I can say that I am well off here. Even my health, on which mental disturbances had an effect, has very greatly improved. I try to treat

L.T. 2. Varvára Mikháylovna writes that scandals are circulating at the Zvegintsevs'. This irritates Sásha. I am indifferent to it, thank God, but my feeling towards her (Sófya Andréevna) suffers from it. That should not be so. If I were only able to be mild but firm!

26th August (Kochetý)

D. Though to some extent I control myself, trying to be wise, spiritually independent of people, and to preserve and maintain sacredly a prayerful attitude, at times I weaken and suffer torments.

My talk last night with my daughter Tánya has explained much to me. She, Sásha and Leo Nikoláevich are carrying on an active correspondence with Chertkóv. They are so afraid of my reading something (though I never have had that mean habit of opening other people's letters) that at Yásnaya Polyána they only send letters to Chertkóv by persons in close touch with them, and here they put them last thing in a wallet which they carefully lock, or they are addressed to Goldenweiser or to Bulgákov.

Leo Nikoláevich also carefully locks his diary away from me, but the diary is at home and it may fall into my hands all the same. I did not sleep to-day and thought that now it is not the diary that contains all those cunning and malicious aspersions of me (of course in terms of Christian humility) but the correspondence with

Sófya Andréevna as mildly and firmly as possible, and am, it seems, more or less able to tranquilize her, though the chief trouble—her attitude towards you—remains the same (She does not say so to me.) I know it appears strange to you, but she often seems to me terribly pitiable. When I think what it must be like for her alone at night, when she is generally sleepless, with a dim yet painful consciousness that she is not loved and is a burden to everyone except the children, I cannot help pitying her . . . My daughters love me, and I them with a good love, rather exclusive but not excessively so, and it is very joyful for me with them . . . The luxury of life amid the poverty of the peasants oppresses me as always, and especially here. Here the peasants say: 'The Kingdom of God is in heaven, but on earth is the kingdom of the landowners'. The luxury is particularly great here, and that saying has got into my head and makes me even more aware of the shamefulness of my life" S.L.T.

Mr. Chertkóv. Leo Nikoláevich has taken on himself the role of Christ, and has cast Chertkóv for the role of the loved disciple. I have not read a single letter of Leo Nikoláevich's to Chertkóv or of Chertkóv's to Leo Nikoláevich. But I know well enough all that they insinuate about me: "Sófya Andréevna is pitiable. I try to restrain myself and to remember that I am called on to fulfil the will of Him who sent me . . . I feel my spiritual nearness to you more than ever . . . I think of you constantly and should wish to see you, but that is not necessary if we feel the communion of our souls. I know that we serve the Father equally. I pray God for patience. I kiss you" . . . and similar pharisaical tendernesses in which, with the mastery of a writer, he probably complains of the sufferings he endures from a wicked wife. And this correspondence between them on that theme will be carefully preserved for future generations.

God sees how I try to educate myself in the wisdom which would liberate me from suffering from my husband's lack of love of me and his love of Chertkóv, and would develop in me an equable and calm attitude towards this net that is spread out from worldly motives by my family: daughters, husband, and Chertkóv—that *evil pharisee* as N. N. Gay called him. But at times it is sad.

Whatever I may be, more than I have given to my husband could not be given. Blind to all his vicious sides, I loved him ardently. I surrounded him with every care, spared him and helped him wherever and however I could. I have never been false to him by a single word or so much as the movement of a finger. What can a woman give more than the strongest love? I am sixteen years younger than my husband, and have always appeared ten years younger than my age, and despite that I gave the whole passion of my healthy, energetic love entirely to him. I understood that all the sanctity of my husband's philosophy would remain in his books alone, and that he needed customary and convenient surroundings for his work. And he has lived all his life in such surroundings^{*}—professedly for me! . . . God be with him! And

^{*} It suits her argument to overlook the years 1891-1893, which he spent in arduous work in the famine district in very poor surroundings. A.M.

help me, O Lord! Help people to discover and see *the truth*, and not pharisaism! Whatever traps may be devised to snare me, Leo Nikoláevich's love of me shows itself everywhere, and people naturally think that if two people have lived together for forty-eight years loving one another, there must have been *something* worthy of love. Now they adopt the attitude that I am *abnormal*, *hysterical*, almost insane, and that everything I do or say must be put down to my illness. But people, and God above all, will see things differently.

Evening of the 26th

I passed the rest of the day patiently, though not quite quietly. I did a lot of *Resurrection* for the edition. I am not fond of this, and it contains much that is false and much hidden spitefulness against people. I read the children a fairy-tale I had invented. I wandered in the park, praying, and in the evening played bridge with Leo Nikoláevich and the brothers Sukhotín. Leo Nikoláevich pretended that it was *not* unpleasant for him to play bridge with me, but I know that he would have preferred his daughters. Why should I be thrown aside all my life long? Why should I be dull? Why should I give way to everybody? I have lived so self-sacrificingly, and what has it led to? It is enough!

Leo Nikoláevich drove with Mikhaíl Sukhotín in a *drózhky* to Trekhonétovo,¹ where there is a large apple-orchard, and returned on foot. He corrected the proofs of the farthing booklet he received from Gorbunóv, and in the evening talked with a peasant who had come from Sarátov. He played chess, and later in the evening bridge. He complains of weakness, but it is simply that he feels the warm, dull, oppressive weather. No one feels well or vigorous.

We are living in the present, and do not know what the future will bring. I wrote to Vánichka Érdeli and to N. B. Nordman about Chertkóv.

¹ A village three versts from Kochetý. It got its name from a previous owner, a Greek named Trafanioti. S.L.T.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna had a heated conversation with Tánya last night. The inconsequence of her thoughts is quite hopeless. I am glad I was silent in face of her provocations and complaints. Thank God I had not the least ill-feeling.

27th August (Kochetý)

D.B. Worked all day perseveringly at the proofs and am very tired. I went for a walk in the morning after a bad night—prayed and wept. Prince Golítsyn was here—clever and pleasant. Summer warmth. I wrote to Dora and to Julia Ivánovna.¹ I suffered severely all day both physically and mentally. Tánya has fifty-eight photographs here of Leo Nikoláevich taken at every possible angle and in all positions, at every possible place and with a variety of smiles and grimaces . . . that is not spiritual intercourse.²

Morning

D. Yesterday I looked at fifty-seven photographs that Tánya has of Leo Nikoláevich taken by Chertkóv, and to-day, waking up sobbing after an oppressive nightmare, I saw clearly that my suspicions as to Leo Nikoláevich's feeling towards Chertkóv, and his for Leo Nikoláevich, are quite well founded. When a man wants to hide something he devises a screen. Their screen is "spiritual intercourse." But where is *spirituality* in contorting oneself *physically* into different poses, now laughing now serious, and a hundred other expressions, for Mr. Chertkóv to amuse himself by taking photographs and making a collection of them? In the old days Leo Nikoláevich was angry with me, and even

¹ Julia Ivánovna Igúmnova, an artist friend of Tatiána Lvóvna's. She had lived for some years at Yásnaya Polyána, where she acted as secretary to Leo Nikoláevich. S.L.T.

² The photographs of Leo Nikoláevich were taken by Chertkóv himself, and by an Englishman named Tapsel whom Chertkóv had had out from England specially for the purpose. S.L.T.

shouted at me, when I asked him to let me photograph him, and often refused, and grieved me by so doing.

That wound of jealousy of Chertkóv gnaws at me painfully! Why did it please God to open my eyes to all that?

I again awoke sobbing, having had a tormenting dream. My sobs even woke me up! I saw Leo Nikoláevich, wearing a new, short, sheepskin coat such as peasants wear, with a hood tied behind and a tall astrakhan cap. His expression was unpleasant and provocative. I said: "Where are you going?" and he replied in a very off-hand manner: "To see Goldenweiser and Chertkóv. I have to read over an article with them and simplify it." And because Leo Nikoláevich was not keeping his promise I was in despair, sobbed terribly and woke myself up. And even now my heart and hand tremble so that I can hardly write.

Evening

I went to walk by myself in great agitation, praying and weeping. The future outlook is terrible. Leo Nikoláevich has promised not to see Chertkóv at all, never to be photographed at his demand, and not to give him his diary. But now he has a new excuse which he employs when he finds it necessary and when he wants to. He says: "I forgot," or "I never said that," or even "I take back my word," and so on. So that I am afraid to believe him.

Worked a great deal on the proofs of the new edition. Corrected *On Art*, *On the Census*, and *Resurrection*. My work is difficult! My head aches terribly, and all is sadness, sadness!

When I said good-night to Leo Nikoláevich I spoke out plainly to him, saying that he sends letters to Chertkóv addressed to different spies—Bulgákov, Goldenweiser, and others—and that in the fifty-eight photographs taken by Chertkóv one cannot infer or see any *spiritual* intercourse. I then said I hoped he would not deceive me by false promises, and asked whether he wrote to Chertkóv every day? He told me that he had written once, adding a postscript to Sása's letter, and that he had also written again separately. That makes two letters since August 14th.

L.T. She is terribly pitiable and distressing. Just now, in the evening, she began to speak about the photographs, which she evidently regarded from her deranged point of view. I tried to disengage myself and went away.

28th August (Kochetý)

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich's birthday. He came down to breakfast well and smiling. I had thought he was upset by my sickly and nervous appearance when I congratulated him earlier, but he has lost all sensitiveness and become impervious. His joyful mood was probably caused by a letter from Chertkóv. I am quite unwell. It is hot and beautiful weather. Varvára Nagórnova has come with Másha Tolstóy. [Márya Nikoláevna Tolstóy, wife of S. L. Tolstóy.]

A painful talk with Leo Nikoláevich. Always the same sufferings and jealousy of Chertkóv, and feeling assured of what my eyes have been opened to.

D. Leo Nikoláevich's birthday. He is eighty-two. A wonderfully clear summer day. I awoke in agitation, having scarcely slept at all, and went to congratulate my husband, but grew agitated. I wished him a long life, but without any deceptions, secrets, or obsessions—and chiefly that he might towards the end of his life become *truly enlightened*.

His face at once became malignant. He is afflicted, poor man, and considers that he and Chertkóv are on the highest plane of spiritual perfection. Poor creatures! Blind and proud! How much more highly attuned Leo Nikoláevich used to be a few years ago! Now he frankly amuses himself, loves good food and a good horse, cards and music and chess and merry company, + and to be photographed hundreds of times. [From + was added in the margin.] He gets on well with people in so far as they flatter him, pay him attentions, and connive at his weaknesses. All his sensitiveness has vanished. Perhaps it is his age. [This last sentence was added in the margin.]

Varvára Nagórnova and Másha Tolstóy have arrived. I am very glad, but I feel that everybody looks on me as diseased and almost mad, and so they turn away and avoid me. It is very distressing!

If I knew that I was seriously to blame before my household I would try to reform.

But Chertkóv scolded me, my husband has ceased to love me, everybody hides things from me, and then they all attack me. How then can I reform myself? Am I to love Chertkóv? That is impossible. The wound he inflicted on me aches and aches, and exhausts me terribly!

Leo Nikoláevich said to-day that the Christian ideal is celibacy and complete chastity.

To my rejoinder that the two sexes were created by God and why is it necessary to go against His will and against the law of nature, he replied that besides being an animal, man is a reasoning being, and that reason should be above the animal instincts. Man should become more spiritual and not be anxious about the continuance of the human race. Therein lies the difference between man and the animals. That would be all very well if Leo Nikoláevich were a monk, an ascetic, and lived a celibate life. But at his wish I have been pregnant sixteen times: thirteen children born and three miscarriages. In those days he suggested to me, a young woman, that he could not work or write or be well if I refused to cohabit with him. [23]

Now, after forty-eight years, I feel as though I were to blame before him, and as if for that too he is now ready to hate me, to deny all that I have lived for, and to create a *spiritual union* which finds expression in letting Chertkóv take away his papers and photograph him hundreds of times, and share secrets with him.

Evening

The burden of life oppresses me more and more. *How* will all this be solved? God knows, and God alone can help me. This is what happened: in the evening we all went to see the children

being bathed. On returning I sat knitting and thinking, and after a while said to Leo Nikoláevich that he spoke of complete chastity as an ideal, but if it were fully attained there would be no children, and without children there would be no kingdom of God on earth. For some reason this remark made him very angry, and he began to shout at me (Mikhaíl Sergéevich told me afterwards that Leo Nikoláevich was just then losing a third game of chess to him), saying that the *ideal* consisted in the striving towards it. I said: "If the final aim—that is, the birth of children—is rejected, such striving has no sense. What is the use of it?" "You don't want to understand anything! You don't even listen!" he cried angrily.¹

My sick soul could not bear Leo Nikoláevich's angry tone calmly, and I burst into tears and went to my room. When he had finished his game he came to me and said: "Why were you so upset?" *What* could I say? I replied that he hardly ever spoke to me, and that when he did he became angry and venomously unfair. Our conversation little by little became heated, very aggrieved on my side and very wrathful on his. The old reproaches were revived. To my sickly appeal *what* to do that we might be closer together and more friendly, he angrily pointed to the table where the proofs lay and exclaimed: "Abandon the copyrights,

¹ For twenty-five years before this, some of Tolstóy's critics had been treating his views on that question as though he had laid down rules to which people must conform. He had said that freedom from lust is a desirable ideal ("Blessed are the pure in heart"), though beyond the reach of people in their present state, and that what was valuable was progress towards perfection rather than the attainment of this or that particular stage on the endless road. He added that the effort towards perfection needs to be continued from generation to generation, and that he would much rather live in a world with children than in a more advanced society that had no children.

That his wife, who was competing for the right to edit his works and inherit his literary rights, should speak in a way showing how little attention she had paid to his explanations, and that she was ready to adopt and repeat the most plausible of the disparaging opinions published by hostile critics, was naturally trying to him. Apart from any question of the validity or otherwise of his opinions, that she should thrust such criticisms on him when he was trying to rest and recuperate his forces, played directly into Chertkóv's hands, and was most injudicious in regard to her own and the family's interests. A.M.

give the land away, and live in a cottage." I replied: "All right, but we must live without outside people and influences. We will live among the peasants, but alone together . . ." As soon as I agreed, Leo Nikoláevich rushed to the door and cried out desperately: "For God's sake leave me alone! I will go away!" and so on. He said: "It is impossible to be happy if, like you, one hates half the human race." (Thereby he gave himself away.) . . . "Well, perhaps I am wrong to say *half*—" "But whom do I hate?" I asked. "You hate *Chertkóv and me*." "Yes, I hate Chertkóv, but I can't and won't connect you with him" And so my heart was once more pierced by his irrational love for that idol of his (Mr. Chertkóv) from whom he cannot tear himself apart, and who forms half the human race for him.

And I was more confirmed than ever in my decision not to receive or see Chertkóv on any account, and to do everything to make Leo Nikoláevich tear himself apart from him, and if I do not succeed, then to kill Chertkóv. Then let come what may! As it is, life is now a hell.

Várenka understood everything Másha however judges in a very limited way, and fortunately for herself there are many things she simply does not know or understand. But it would be well to open her eyes, too, to Leo Nikoláevich's love for Chertkóv. She would perhaps understand my sufferings and their origin if she read the page affixed at the end of this note-book.

To live in a cottage! But to-day, when out walking, Leo Nikoláevich gave away apples to the lads, and in the evening he played chess for over two hours and bridge for another two. He finds it dull without amusements. The cottage and life in a cottage are only excuses for being angry with me. With customary artistic skill he presents discord with his wife in order to give himself the role of martyr and saint.

The legend of Xanthippe is not there in vain: foolish people will fasten that role on me [here she has deleted two words] but wise people will look into the case and understand.

I want to leave here, to have solitude at least for a time, and to avoid being baited. My room is surrounded by people, and it

is noisy. And they are all ill-disposed towards me for *daring* to be ill and suffer in soul and body.

L.T. In the evening I answered Sófya Andréevna instead of keeping silent, and things began. She talks and will not let me go.

L.T. 2. Continually harder and harder with Sófya Andréevna. Not love, but a demand for love that resembles hate and changes into hate. Yes, such egotism is insanity. What saved her before was having children. It was animal love, but self-sacrificing all the same. When that was past there remained only terrible egotism, egotism of a most abnormal character—insanity. I have just talked with Sáscha and Mikhaíl Sergéevich. Neither Dushán nor Sáscha admits that she is ill, but they are wrong.¹

29th August (Kochetý)

D. Leo Nikoláevich's anger yesterday acted on me so painfully that I had no sleep at night, but prayed and wept. I got up

¹ The impression I got when I stayed at Yásnaya for a few days in 1909 was that Chertkóv was so incensed with Sófya Andréevna, and so anxious to present her to Tolstóy in the worst possible light, that he would not recognize the symptoms that were evident even then, because an acknowledgement of the fact that the Countess was mentally deranged would serve as an excuse for her conduct, and would make Leo Nikoláevich pity her more and condemn her less. Already then, knowing that I was writing a *Life of Tolstóy*, she told me her evidently insane story of the abnormal relations she suspected between her husband and Chertkóv. (I have reason to believe that she had been telling it for years previously to other visitors.) Even before that she had adopted the habit of choosing out misleading and harmful assertions and insinuations by writers who were anxious to discredit Tolstóy on political, ecclesiastical, or social grounds, and repeating them as if they were original observations of her own, based on her personal knowledge of him. An extremely inflated estimate of her own importance as the wife of Russia's greatest writer, accompanied her insane desire to depreciate and misrepresent his opinions on religious and social themes. Much of her time and energy was devoted to disparaging and misrepresenting both her husband personally and his opinions. Her position enabled her to do this the more effectively as people liked to be able to say: "I had it from his wife herself!"

early and wandered about in the park and in the woods. Then I called in on Anna Ivánovna,[†] the kindly nurse, and she and her touching and sympathetic old mother comforted me. Leo Nikoláevich had looked for me everywhere and had not found me. I went to his room, and he said that he confirmed his promises: (1) not to see Chertkóv, (2) not to give him the diaries, and (3) not to let him photograph him. But again he made this conditional on having a peaceful life. It was he who got angry and shouted yesterday, but once again I am to blame! He will pick some quarrel in order to see Chertkóv, will upset me purposely and infringe his promise. That is what I fear. And then I shall *certainly* go away. To go through such sufferings again is inconceivable.

Have had a telegram from Lev that his trial is fixed for September 3rd (not the 13th) and that he will leave Yásnaya on August 31st. I was glad of a pretext to leave here, and above all I wanted to see my son, say goodbye to him, and encourage him. So I went with Sáscha to Yásnaya via Blagodátnoe and Orel. I parted from Leo Nikoláevich lovingly and touchingly, and we both of us even wept and asked one another's forgiveness. But those tears and this goodbye seemed like saying goodbye to our former happiness and love. Our love having once again awakened seemed just like a beloved child who was always being wounded and killed . . . and killing us with grief when it vanished and was transferred to someone else. Lévochka and I wept for it in each other's arms, kissing and weeping, but feeling it to be inevitable. He cannot cease to love Chertkóv, and realized that himself though it tormented him.

I left Kochetý sleepy, tired, and shattered. It is cold, only 36°. Sáscha and I shivered and yawned. We reached Yásnaya at five o'clock in the morning.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna was greatly agitated. She was out walking till past twelve. I waited to have another explanation.

[†] Anna Ivánovna Putílín was a nurse at the medical centre arranged and maintained at Kochetý by M. S. Sukhotín. S.L.T.

I found it very hard, but restrained myself, and she became calmer. She decided to leave to-day. She said goodbye very touchingly, asking everyone's forgiveness. I am very very lovingly sorry for her.

30th August (Yásnaya Polyána)

D. Have got home, and it is good, better than being away. I went for a walk with my son Lev and my daughter-in-law Kátya. It is very chilly, clear, and beautiful weather. I found Bulgákov, Bulýgin, and Márya Alexándrovna here, and excitedly told Bulýgin the whole melancholy story about Chertkóv. He understood, I fancy, but did not wish to admit it. I wandered about the house and went into Leo Nikoláevich's rooms. Everything seemed quite different, as if something had been buried for ever, and now nothing will be as it was before in our life. What it will be I do not know and cannot imagine. [A later note by Sófyá Andréevna reads: "Was not this a presentiment of what actually occurred—Leo Nikoláevich's death?"]

Sáša and Varvára Mikháylovna drove over to Chertkóv's. He is very lively, they say, and in very good spirits. I seem to hear his [1] laugh. Repulsive!

The September number of the New York magazine *The World's Work* has arrived. It has a very flattering article about me, and some biographical information about Leo Nikoláevich. Among other things it says that I was Leo Nikoláevich's "confidant and counsellor" all my life, that I gave to him the strength of my "body, mind, and spirit", and much else that is very flattering. How then can I help being grieved that that role of "confidant and counsellor" has been taken from me and given to Chertkóv? I involuntarily grow thin and weep, as I have done latterly.

To-day the moulders made a cast of Lev's bust of me, and one can't help seeing that he has much talent and that it is good. The moulder, M. I. Agárin, an old acquaintance, has previously cast busts of Leo Nikoláevich and others.

Attended reluctantly to the estate, to papers and affairs, engaging

painters and stove-builders, and clearing up things generally. But my head is not clear and does not grasp things.

L.T. I feel sad without her, and alarmed on account of her. Tranquillity is lacking.

L.T. 2. Yesterday we had a terrible morning without any cause. She went into the garden and lay there, but afterwards calmed down. She spoke reasonably, and when taking leave touchingly asked forgiveness. To-day, the 30th, I feel unwell. Mavor.¹ Sáscha telegraphed that things are well. Something will happen.

31st August

D. Received letters from Tánya and Leo Nikoláevich.² At first I felt glad, but then I wept. "How good it would be both for me and for you if you could *master* yourself," writes my husband. He has a single aim and a single wish: that I should *master* myself and, evidently, allow Chertkóv's proximity. But that is unthinkable.

It is a clear, beautiful day, cold and melancholy. I saw Lev off

¹ James Mavor, of Toronto University. He co-operated in the Doukhobor migration to Canada in 1898-1899. S.L.T.

² In that letter Tolstóy wrote: "I was deeply moved, dear Sónya, by your good and sincere words at parting. How well it would be if you could master in yourself that—I don't know how to express it—that within you which torments you. How good it would be both for me and for you."

Of that letter Sófya Andréevna wrote to her daughter, T. L. Sukhótin, on August 31st:

"For a moment, as of old, Papa's letter made me terribly glad, but on reading it over several times I suddenly realized that he still cherishes the hope that I shall *master* something in myself which will make things better both for him and for me—better for him, that is, because by this mastery is understood a renewal of relations with Chertkóv. But I offer him the same choice as before: either I, his wife, or Chertkóv. There can never be room for us both—never! I shall be at peace only when I understand that your father *firmly* and *truly* confirms my rights and my place with him as his loving wife, and that he will not exchange me for the man he now loves so insanely." S.L.T.

to Petersburg for his trial. Went to walk with Kátya and Varvára Mikháylovna, but was over-tired and the whole of my stomach and legs began to ache.

In the evening worked intensively at proofs, after copying letters. Was terribly tired! And how many things have heaped up on me! I sleep little, and hardly eat anything.

1st September

D. In the morning Katerína Vasílevna and her daughter left, and I am sorry. Bulgákov, Márya Alexándrovna, and Lísá Rízkin (*née* Zinger)^{*} and her two boys had lunch with me. She is not stupid and is educated, but I find her alien with her materialism and her erudition. In the evening Nádyá Ivánovna came. I did not go for a walk. I do not want to water with tears and darken with my grief the beloved spots in Yásnaya Polyána where for so many years I ran about with a light step and light heart under the influence of the beauty of nature and my own happiness! Now too, in these clear bright days, nature is extraordinarily beautiful. But in my soul there is sadness, sadness!

I worked much at the proofs, and at the edition generally, and gave instructions about the estate. But nothing goes right. I wanted to go to Moscow, but have nothing ready and no energy. Everything seems unnecessary and unimportant.

There was a painful incident with Sáscha, who was rude to me. She came into the room when I was telling Márya Alexándrovna how already, last summer, Leo Nikoláevich at Chertkóv's command had made us all (Davýdov, Salomon, myself and others) search in the ravine for a watch Chertkóv had lost there when photographing Leo Nikoláevich, and where both of them for some reason had got off their horses. I said how awkward, shameful, and disagreeable it was that Leo Nikoláevich, and all of us on his account, should be so humiliated.

^{*} Elizabeth Vasílevna Rízkin was the daughter of V. Zinger, a professor of mathematics, and of Magdalína Ivánovna Raévsky, sister of Tolstóy's friend I. I. Raévsky.

I had already finished my story when Sáscha came in to tea and at once began to shout at me for again talking about Chertkón. I too, unfortunately catching her spitefulness, grew angry, and a painful scolding-match occurred which I regret. But I really can't ask my daughter's permission as to what I may talk about with my friends! So the day ended painfully, and I feel more unwell and more unhappy. I wrote to my husband.

L.T. I wrote Sónya a letter that poured from my heart.¹

2nd September

D. Spent the whole morning working at *Resurrection* for the edition. During the day I sent for a priest to perform a service

¹ Tolstóy's letter of September 1st to Sófya Andréevna:

"I was expecting a letter from you to-day, dear Sónya, but thank you for the short one you wrote to Tánya. I think of you, and feel your presence unceasingly in spite of distance. You are anxious about my physical condition, and I am grateful. But I am anxious about your mental condition. How is it? May God help you in the work I know you zealously carry on in your soul. Though I am chiefly concerned about your spiritual side, I should like also to know about your bodily health. As to myself, were it not for the anxious thoughts of you which never leave me, I should be quite content. My health is as good as usual. In the mornings I take the walks I value so highly, and during which I write down with a clear head the gladdening thoughts that occur to me. Then I read and write at home. To-day for the first time I recommenced work on an article I began long ago, as to the reasons for the immoral life that everybody lives nowadays. Then I go riding, or more often walking again. Yesterday I rode with Dushán to Matvéev's, and was as tired by my ride there (she took us home in her carriage) as by her senseless chatter. But I do not regret my visit. It was interesting and even instructive to observe that extremely rich and contemptible society existing amid our peasant folk.

"The day before yesterday Mavor was here. His conversation about China and Japan was very interesting, but I was very tired by exerting myself to speak in an unfamiliar and little-known language. To-day I went for a walk. And now this evening I am answering letters, first of all yours. How do you spend your time? Are you going to Moscow, and if so when? I have no definite plans, but wish to do what will please you. I hope and believe it will be as good for me at Yásnaya as it is here. I await a letter from you. I kiss you.

"Lev."

S.L.T.

and sprinkle holy water.¹ Excellent prayers except the final one for "Victories for His Majesty the Emperor." Prayers to God for victory, that is the murder of people, are out of place beside prayers about sin, softening the heart, and delivery from suffering.

In the evening Nikoláev came and warmly impressed on me Chertkóv's insignificance, pointing out that I humiliate myself by putting him on an equal footing with me and speaking of his occupying my place with Leo Nikoláevich. "It is simply that Chertkóv has a well-ordered office where he can deal with Leo Nikoláevich's writings, and Leo Nikoláevich is grateful to him for that." Both Nikoláev and Márya Alexándrovna evidently dislike Chertkóv very much.²

¹ V. M. Feokrítova took down Sófya Andréevna's words. "I am going to send for a priest immediately I want to have a service performed and Leo Nikoláevich's rooms sprinkled with holy water. Chertkóv's spirit reigns there. He must be smoked out [with incense], I have taken down his photograph, and now a priest must do the sprinkling." Goldenweiser mentions that. "She told the priest all that she says about Leo Nikoláevich. And the priest's report of that was published in the magazine *Affairs and Days* in 1920" S L.T.

² Sófya Andréevna's judgment of what M. A. Schmidt and Nikoláev thought of Chertkóv was much exaggerated. S L.T.

While Sófya Andréevna's denunciations of V. G. Chertkóv are so exaggerated as to indicate clearly that she was mentally unbalanced, the faults were not all on her side. The general dislike of Chertkóv that she mentions was a fact, for hardly anyone who attempted to help him in dealing with Tolstóy's works was considerably treated by him. Nor after he obtained control of Tolstóy's literary inheritance did he at all strictly carry out the undertaking he had given to deal with the works as Tolstóy had wished.

Chertkóv had, for instance, bitterly reproached the Countess for wishing to avail herself of copyrights, which he himself, both before and after Tolstóy's death, emphatically repudiated as immoral, even holding up his own practice of renouncing them as an example to authors and publishers generally, and suggesting that those who drew profit from their works placed themselves morally on the level of prostitutes.

On obtaining control of Tolstóy's literary inheritance he proceeded to publish his posthumous works in various languages.

It happened that when I stayed with Tolstóy at Yásnaya Polyána in September 1909 (a year before his death) I inquired about his unpublished works, and he told me that there was little in the way of fiction worth publication, except *Hadjí Murad*, and he repeated the encouragement he had previously repeatedly

Among Leo Nikoláevich's papers was a letter from Chertkóv to the Emperor, in which he asked permission to return to Telyá-tinki. It is a pharisaical letter, but shows most clearly his desire to be near Leo Nikoláevich. And now see! The Emperor has allowed him to return, but Tolstóy's *wife* has dismissed him. *Femme veut, Dieu le veut*. How vexed he must be with me. But I rejoice!

Still the same enchantingly lovely weather. Clear, chilly towards night, glitter, varieties of greenness of leaves on bush and tree.

given me by letter, to pursue my aim of producing a satisfactory English version of his works

When Chertkóv wanted to publish Tolstóy's posthumous works in English, I was asked to translate *Hadji Murad*, and as that was the very story to which Tolstóy had drawn my attention, I willingly undertook the task, feeling that besides supplying a version for Chertkóv to publish among the posthumous works, I should when the time was ripe have the work in hand for inclusion in the definitive English edition I was contemplating. It never entered my head that Chertkóv would cease to feel himself bound by his very strident repudiations of copyright, and I was therefore much surprised and dismayed when, after the announcement of the Centenary Edition I was to edit for the Oxford University Press, it appeared that he had sold the copyright in my translation to an American firm of publishers, thus depriving me of the use of my own version without either warning or consulting me.

Had he merely abandoned his non-copyright principle he would have been acting within his legal right. But to go back on it clandestinely, without notifying either me or the public, seemed strange. Nor have I been able to obtain any satisfactory explanation of his conduct, which apart from the question of copyright, conflicted with Tolstóy's expressed wish to encourage my efforts to arrange for a proper publication of his works in English.

That Chertkóv (who was so emphatic in his denunciation of copyrights when they were not his and he was seeking to deprive Countess Tolstóy of those she claimed) should be so ready to dispose of a copyright I never intended to part with, still seems to me very strange. The only explanation that occurs to me is that suggested by the story of the missionary and his Hottentot convert.

The missionary one day asked the convert whether he now knew the difference between good and bad.

"Yes," said the Hottentot. "If that man takes my cow—that's bad. But if I take his cow—that's good."

Beyond throwing light on Chertkóv's relation with those who tried to co-operate with him, the matter had no serious consequences apart from delaying my plans and putting me to unexpected expense, for I was eventually able to re-purchase permission to include *Hadji Murad* in the two editions of Tolstóy's works I am editing.

A.M.

Apples still hang on the trees, they are mowing the second crop of hay, are ploughing, and have begun taking up the potatoes. The painters are finishing the roofs and the servants' quarters, and the earth is being taken out of the frames. There are still mushrooms here and there in the woods.

After the service and after sitting at home all day I feel better and more at peace. I talked to the priest, and he, like everyone else, was horrified at Chertkóv's rudeness. But enough about him. I let the curtain fall on that man [4].

L.T. Had a bad letter from her to-day. The same suspicions, the same spitefulness, and the same (were it not so terrible and so tormenting) comical demand for love.

To-day in the *Circle of Reading*, Schopenhauer: "As an attempt to coerce to love, so . . ."

3rd September

D.B. Wrote to Gorbunóv. Worked much at *Resurrection* for the edition. Walked in my plantation, and Léna and I cut away the superfluous twigs and bushes along the paths where Leo Nikoláevich always walks. I am dull without him and without news of Lev's prosecution. I await a telegram. My health is not good, but I am quieter.

D. I delight in the beauty of nature and the dazzlingly bright days, but am still sad! Had a very good letter from my husband and felt so happy. How I wish that I could, as of old, mingle with him in one life, without discord and without animus! But a *letter* is not life! I sent him too what I think is a good letter, by Sáscha who started this morning for Kochetý. I am preparing to go there myself after to-morrow. God will decide, but I should like to return home with Levochka. The edition has come to a complete standstill. I must get on with it. That is a duty to my conscience and a duty to the public which reads and loves Tolstóy.

In the evening Nikoláeva came. Her life is not an easy one either, with an idealizing though very good husband, but with five children and no servant.

4th September

D. My impatience to see my husband increases, and I shall certainly go to Kochetý to-morrow. To-day I took a walk alone, sad at heart. Had a good letter from my son Lev, whose trial is fixed for the 13th. Worked at *Resurrection* with Varvára Mikháylovna, and went about on estate business. It is warm and rather windy. Wonderful garden flowers and wild ones too. Not a cloud in the sky, many-coloured leaves. It is good! But *how* depressing solitude is! I do not love it. I love people, movement, life . . . In that respect it is better at the Sukhotíns', with many people. And everything is simpler there, without ideas and denials. There Leo Nikoláevich is gay too: a game of chess with Sukhotín or the doctor who lives there, directly after dinner. Leo Nikoláevich plays for a couple of hours, walks about, reads his letters, comes out into the dining-room, looks for everybody and asks to have the table set for cards—bridge. And the game goes gaily on for some three hours, till half-past eleven. No one expects any poses from Leo Nikoláevich, and he has no need to receive anyone: there are no petitioners or beggars and no responsibility. He lives, writes, plays, converses, sleeps, eats and drinks . . .

I am much afraid that he will be dull at Yásnaya Polyána. I will try to have more people here. But everybody has dropped off, and now I have driven away Chertkóv and company.

L.T. Sáscha has come and has brought bad news. Sófya Andréevna writes that she is coming here. She burns portraits, and has a service performed in the house. When I am alone I prepare myself to be firm with her and feel as if it were possible, but with her I weaken. I shall try to remember that she is an invalid.

To-day, the 4th, I was sad. I wished for death, and still wish it.

5th September (Kochetý)

D.B. We were amazed by Leo Nikoláevich's total forgetfulness of Másha's death.¹

D. I am writing later what happened, having missed writing up my diary. Early in the morning of September 5th I started for Kochetý via Mtsensk, hoping in my soul that Leo Nikoláevich would come back with me to Yásnaya Polyána. Harnessed as I am to the necessary work on the new edition I must be nearer to Moscow and have all the books and material at hand. I drove the thirty-five versts from Mtsensk in very heavy rain and storm. The mud, the ferry-crossing, and my agitation, were all very distressing.

At Kochetý both my husband and daughter received me coldly. Leo Nikoláevich understood that I should ask him to return home, and he is sorry to leave the gay life at Kochetý, with the large company and the various games. He had just ridden over to see the *skopets*—twenty versts there and back in this terrible weather.

But how sweetly and affectionately my five-year-old granddaughter Tánichka and her friend Mikúshka Sukhotín met me!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna has arrived, very agitated but not hostile.

6th September (Kochetý)

D. Leo Nikoláevich's big toe swelled up and became red as a result of his ride yesterday, and he kept repeating: "That is senile gangrene, and I shall certainly die." And till the evening he felt ill all over, ate nothing, and lay in bed.

¹ During the last months of his life Tolstóy had occasional severe lapses of memory, and on this occasion had forgotten the death of his daughter Mary, who died in 1906.

In the evening Drankóv gave us a whole cinematograph performance. Leo Nikoláevich got up and saw it too, but was very tired. Among other things they showed us all at Yásnaya Polyána in winter. Drankóv presented me with the film, which I am entrusting to the Historical Museum in Moscow for safe keeping.

L.T. I spoke with Sófya Andréevna, and all went well.

7th September (Kochetý)

D.B. The Abrikósovs have come ¹ The weather is clear, but I did not go out, but corrected proofs of *Theology* ² It disturbs me very much that Leo Nikoláevich remains obstinately silent about leaving here. He is revenging himself for Chertkóv. I wrote to Lev and to Varvára Mikháylovna.

D. Leo Nikoláevich is better. He had dinner with us and played chess. Afterwards he and I listened while Zósya Stakhóvich read aloud the introduction to Bordeaux's *Peur de la mort*. The others had gone to see the cinematograph that was being shown in the village.

My relations with everybody are strained. We all jealously try to draw Leo Nikoláevich to ourselves, and he chooses what diverts him most and is better for himself, and he disregards my passionate, ardent, and irrational yearning that he should return with me to Yásnaya Polyána.

8th September (Kochetý)

D.B. My head and heart have ached all day. I lay down and did not have dinner. Killing me proceeds slowly but surely.

¹ Krisúnf Nikoláevich Abrikósov and his wife Natálaya Leonídovna (*née* Princess Obolénsky), who was Tolstóy's grand-niece. They lived seventeen versts from Kochetý. S.L.T.

² *A Criticism of Dogmatic Theology* written by Tolstóy in 1880-1881. S.L.T.

D. I was more tranquil when I arrived at Kochetý, but now everything is beginning again. I did not sleep last night and got up early. Drankóv filmed us again, and afterwards filmed a village wedding that was performed expressly for that purpose.

During the day I at last decided to ask Leo Nikoláevich when he would return home, but he became terribly upset and began shouting wrathfully at me about "freedom" of some sort, swinging his arms awkwardly and using angry gestures. + To crown it all he angrily added that he was sorry he had promised not to see Chertkóv. [+ Opposite this sentence in the margin is written: "That was later."]

I understood that the whole trouble lay in that regret. He revenges himself on me for that promise, and will do so long and obstinately. My only fault this time was that I asked about an *approximate* time for Leo Nikoláevich's return home.

Of course I could not join the others at dinner. I lay down all day sobbing, and decided to leave so as not to inflict myself on the whole Sukhotín family in so distressed a state.

But I felt how Leo Nikoláevich's pitiless and obstinate behaviour conduced to my nervous illness, and to my death which approaches ever more and more rapidly, and that thought reduced me to despair. I desired only one thing: to deflect my heart and love from my husband in order not to *suffer so much*.

Have received a letter from Chertkóv:¹ a false, pharisaical letter which clearly aims at a reconciliation, so that I should admit him again to the house and let him renew his intimate relations with Leo Nikoláevich.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna becomes progressively more and more irritable. It is depressing, but I restrain myself. I cannot as yet manage to do what I should do quietly . . . Sófya Andréevna insistently demanded that Drankóv should film her and me together. Have seen Chertkóv's letter to Sófya Andréevna Before

¹ Chertkóv's letter to Sófya Andréevna, which has already been published by Goldenweiser, is reproduced in full in Appendix III, with her reply, for these letters vividly characterize the relations that existed between them in 1910.

that arrived we had a depressing conversation about my departure, in which I defended my liberty. I will go when I choose. Am very sad, but that, of course, is because I am not good.

L.T. 2. Sófya Andréevna has arrived. Very voluble, but at first there was nothing distressing. Towards evening however it began. Innuendoes and seeking for something to condemn—very distressing. This morning she came to tell me some nastiness about Z. I do restrain and will restrain myself as much as I can, and pity her and love her. God help me!

9th September (Kochetv)

D.B. My extreme nervousness has broken out again. I ate nothing all day and suffered terribly both in soul and body. I had vainly dreamed of Leo Nikoláevich returning to Yásnaya with me, and when he smashed it pitilessly I again broke down. I must free myself completely from my heart's dependence on my husband and things will then be easier. Tánya, Mikhaíl Sergéevich, Zósyá and Anna Ivánovna are very kind to me. Sáscha does not even come to see me. She has her father's character—pitiless and obstinate. To-day however Leo Nikoláevich tried hard to be kind—thank him even for that. I wrote to Chertkóv.

D. Wept and sobbed all day. I ache all over—head, heart, and stomach. My soul is torn in pieces by my sufferings. Leo Nikoláevich *tried* to be more kindly, but his egotism and ill-will do not allow him to make any concessions, and he obstinately avoids telling me whether he will return to Yásnaya Polyána and when.

Wrote a letter to Chertkóv, but have not sent it. All my misfortunes are due to him and I cannot be reconciled.

L.T. Had an unhealthy irritation in the morning. I am not quite well and am weak. I spoke from the depth of my soul, but evidently nothing I said was accepted. It is very painful.

D. I was more tranquil when I arrived at Kochetý, but now everything is beginning again. I did not sleep last night and got up early Drankóv filmed us again, and afterwards filmed a village wedding that was performed expressly for that purpose.

During the day I at last decided to ask Leo Nikoláevich when he would return home, but he became terribly upset and began shouting wrathfully at me about "freedom" of some sort, swinging his arms awkwardly and using angry gestures. + To crown it all he angrily added that he was sorry he had promised not to see Chertkóv. [+ Opposite this sentence in the margin is written: "That was later."]

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Wrote a letter to Chertkóv, but have not sent it. All my misfortunes are due to him and I cannot be reconciled.

L.T. Had an unhealthy irritation in the morning. I am not quite well and am weak. I spoke from the depth of my soul, but evidently nothing I said was accepted. It is very painful.

10th September (Kochetý)

D.B. Lay down in the morning. Went in for a minute to see Leo Nikoláevich. Then went out and walked for a long time. Leo Nikoláevich's attitude towards me is as depressing as ever, and in the evening he spoke out—at an angry moment the words burst out: "I will never yield to you again in anything, and I terribly regret my mistake in promising not to see Chertkóv!" That is the whole matter. His exclamation completely broke me up. I lay down in his room. Afterwards he got up, came to me, took both my hands in his, smiled kindly and began to cry. Thank God!

D. Leo Nikoláevich's anger shattered me completely. I lay on a lounge in his room quite collapsed and in despair. He sat down at the table and began to write something.

Afterwards he got up, took both my hands in his, looked intently at me, smiled kindly, and suddenly burst into tears. And in my soul I said: "Thank God! A spark of his former love for me is still alight in his soul."

During the day I went to an old woman, Nurse Putflina's mother. The holy devout old woman comforted me and advised me to have faith in God's mercy and to pray, which I do unceasingly all the time.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is still as irritated as ever. It is very distressing . . . This is the second day she has eaten nothing. It is dinner-time. I am going to ask her to come to dinner. Terrible scenes all the evening.

L.T. 2. Yesterday, the 9th, she was hysterical all day, ate nothing and wept. She was very pitiable, but no arguments or reasoning had any effect. I got something said, and thank God without bad feeling, but as usual she did not understand. I myself was bad in the evening, gloomy and depressed. She has had a letter

from Chertkóv and has answered it. There is a letter from Goldenweiser with an extract that horrified me.¹ To-day, the 10th, everything is still the same. She eats nothing I went to her. Complaints at once, and a demand that Sáscha should go to the Crimea. In the morning I thought I could stand it no longer, and that I should have to go away from her. There is no life with her, only torment, and I told her so. My trouble is that I cannot remain calm with her. Towards the evening scenes began, runnings into the garden, tears and screams. When I went out into the garden after her she even cried out: "He is a beast, a murderer! I can't endure the sight of him!" And she ran to hire a cart that she might leave at once. So it went on all the evening. When I lost control of myself and told her *son fait* (the truth about her condition) she at once recovered.

11th September (Kochetý)

D. I am still expecting something. My head is not clear, and my stomach and head ache. I overtaxed my strength walking with Tánya and the children, am terribly tired and can eat nothing. After dinner Leo Nikoláevich constrained himself and asked me to play cards. I sat down and played a little, but my head whirled and I was obliged to lie down. I have decided to leave to-morrow. Despite my illness and grief I read proofs and pamphlets all the time for the edition.

L.T. 2. It was the same to-day, the 11th. It is impossible to talk to her, for she does not recognize the necessity of logic

¹ Goldenweiser wrote: "Varvára Mikháylovna took down a conversation she had with Sófyá Andréevna on September 4th," and he adds: "Unfortunately for certain reasons I cannot here print her memorandum, which is of biographical importance. I considered that conversation so important that I wrote to Leo Nikoláevich, and with Varvára Mikháylovna's permission enclosed her memorandum, slightly abbreviated, and with the specially bitter and cynical passages omitted." This and Leo Nikoláevich's reply are mentioned in my introductory article.

or the correct repetition of what has been said to her and what she has said. It came very near to my running away. My health is not good. Dreams.

12th September (Yásnaya Polyána)

D.B. In the morning I was agitated, cried, and read proofs. I avoided Leo Nikoláevich; his obstinacy in not saying even approximately when he will return home is so painful to me. I sobbed terribly, and suffered from his coldness, and so I left—still sobbing. His heart has petrified. I suffered so much from his coldness and sobbed so insanely that the servant who was with me when I left burst out crying when she looked at me. I did not glance at my husband, my daughter, or the others. But suddenly Leo Nikoláevich, going round to the other side of my *drozhky*, came up to me and with tears in his voice said: “Well, give me another kiss. I shall come soon—soon . . .”

But he did not keep his promise; he stayed another ten days at Kochetý.

Tánya and my granddaughter Tánichka and Mikúshka accompanied me a little way in the *drozhky*. I sobbed the whole journey.

I arrived at Yásnaya Polyána in the night and was met by Varvára Mikháylovna and Bulgákov. The emptiness of the house and my own solitude seemed to me terrible. Before leaving I wrote a letter to Leo Nikoláevich which Sukhotín gave him. (There is a copy of it in the exercise book containing all my letters to my husband.) The letter was full of tenderness and suffering, but nothing can break the ice of Leo Nikoláevich's heart. He replied briefly and dryly, and we exchanged no more letters during the following ten days—a thing unprecedented during the forty-eight years of our married life.

I simply staggered when I reached home, I was so tired and overwrought. And still I am alive, nothing finishes me off. I only grow thin and feel that my death draws near more quickly than before these calamities. Thank God!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna went away in tears. She tried to provoke a conversation, but I avoided it. She took no one with her. I am very very tired.

L.T. 2. Sófya Andréevna has left after some terrible scenes. I am calming down by degrees, but the letters from Yásnaya Polyána are terrible. It is painful that in her bewildered mind there is a thought of representing me as having become weak in the head, thereby making my will—if there be one—invalid. And always the same stories about me and an admission that she hates me.¹ Have had a letter from Chertkóv confirming everyone's advice to be firm in my decision. I don't know whether I shall be able to hold out.

13th September

D.B. Slept little: everyone rushed at me with household affairs—the apple-dealer,² the clerk. An enormous batch of proofs, servants' wages to be paid, and herrings to be provided for the holiday. All this material chaos, together with my afflicted heart, wears me out. Read many of the proofs. Ánnenkova and Klechkóvsky³ have come.

¹ Apparently Leo Nikoláevich was still under the influence of Goldenweiser's letter and Feokritova's memorandum. S.L.T.

² Early in his married life Tolstóy had planted a large apple-orchard. The apples were usually sold on the tree to a dealer who gathered the crop. A.M.

³ Mavríky Mecheslávich Klechkóvsky, who had graduated in law and now taught music at the Conservatoire, was near to Tolstóy in his convictions and opinions. Of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána and Telyátinki Bulgákov noted:

"On his arrival at Yásnaya he at once encountered Sófya Andréevna, and as usual she decided to initiate her guest into all that was going on in the place, and began to tell him such things about Chertkóv, plunging him into such mud, that poor Mavríky Mecheslávich was horrified. He burst out crying on the spot, in front of Sófya Andréevna, and jumping up from his place ran out of the house like one possessed. He fled into the woods, wandered about there almost all day, and at last turned up at Chertkóv's at Telyátinki

"He probably hoped to find peace for his soul at Chertkóv's. But here he encountered Anna Konstantínovna Chertkóv and Vladímír Grigórevich himself, who for their part told him so much that was repulsive about Sófya

D. Worked much at the proofs, tried to calm myself and to believe Leo Nikoláevich's words: "I will come soon—soon!"

I lived on those words and calmed myself. Ánnenkova and Klechkóvsky have come to see me

All our conversations are depressing. Everybody considers me abnormal and unjust to my husband, but I only write absolute *facts* in my diary. Let people make their own deductions from them. I am tormented by life and material affairs.

14th September

D.B. Bad news from Gorbunóv of the censor's attitude towards *An Investigation of the Gospels*. Worked little. Walked with Natálya Alexándrovna.¹ Tried to play a Beethoven sonata in the evening, but could not. A moan burst from my very heart. Dull proofs.

D. Natálya Alexándrovna Almédíngen, a clever and lively girl, has come for the bust of me which my son Lev modelled. Andréevna and immersed him in such intolerable details of their conflict with her, that Klechkóvsky was more horrified than ever. I think he almost went out of his mind that evening—probably realizing how all this was likely to end for Leo Nikoláevich.

"... He was appalled by the atmosphere of hatred and malignity by which the great Tolstóy was surrounded in his old age, when he was in such need of peace." S.L.T.

¹ Natálya Alexándrovna Almédíngen-Tumín (b. 1883), a teacher. From 1906 to 1917 she edited the children's paper *Rodnik, Education and Instruction*, and *Sunshine*, which had previously been published by her father. She was twice at Yásnaya Polyána, the first time, in September 1910, she went from Moscow at Leo Nikoláevich's request on an urgent errand to Sófyá Andréevna. The second time was on October 24-25, 1910, on Sófyá Andréevna's written invitation.

Of her visits to Yásnaya Polyána, Goldenweiser wrote. "During the day Alexándra Lvóvna drove over. She told us that Miss Almédíngen would be coming on October 24th, and that she had already approached Sófyá Andréevna in September about the purchase of Leo Nikoláevich's works for a million rubles by the publishers of *Enlightenment*. Probably she was now coming on the same business."

Apparently Almédíngen had been commissioned by the publishers of *Enlightenment* to test the ground for such a purchase. S.L.T.

From loneliness and distress I told her the whole history of my conflict with Chertkóv.

Have learnt that Lev's trial for publishing *The Restoration of Hell* as a pamphlet in 1905 has been postponed till November 20th.

L.T. To remember that in my relations with Sófya Andréevna my aim must be not my own satisfaction or dissatisfaction, but the accomplishment of deeds of love in the difficult circumstances in which she puts me.

15th September

D.B. It was pleasant with Ánchenkova, but she left in the evening. Have taken Marshálov in for the night—a half-insane creature. Have written to Zósya, Glébova, my daughter-in-law Sónya, Denísenko, Chefránov, Tánichka, and my sister Tánya. Have had a letter from Leo Nikoláevich¹ which was like a douche of cold water. There was not even a proper beginning—less courteous than a letter to a tradesman. Did not leave the house. My whole inside quivers and suffers.

D. Another melancholy day: neither letters nor news. Went out to walk alone, picked flowers, wept. Stillness and loneliness! All the same I work a lot at the proofs.

L.T. I cannot accustom myself to regard her words as raving. All my troubles come from that. It is impossible to talk to her, for she is not bound either by logic or conscience or truth, or by

¹ Tolstóy's letter to Sófya Andréevna, dated September 14th:

"I have read your letter, given me by Mikhaíl Sergéevich, and thank you very much for it. As I have said, I don't want to discuss our relations with one another. I will only try to improve them, and feel quite sure that if you will help me I shall succeed. But as Mikhaíl Sergéevich is sending someone to Mtsensk I avail myself of this opportunity to write to you. Yesterday I was weak and in bad condition physically and spiritually. To-day, having slept well, I am vigorous. How did you get home? Please let me know, dear Sónya. I kiss you. *Au revoir.*"

S.L.T.

what she herself has said. That is terrible. Not to speak of any love for me—of which there is not a trace—she does not even need my love. She only needs one thing—that people should think that I love her. That is what is so terrible.

16th September

D.B. Got up crying and with unendurable anguish in my heart. Went for a walk, picked flowers and wept. My husband's harshness and coldness is simply killing me. M. M. Klechkóvsky came, and in the evening Nikoláev. They all complain of me and only hinder my working and upset me. A mass of proofs. Have sent off *Resurrection*. Wrote to Gradóvsky. Warmer in the morning—52°.

17th September

D.B. How solitary and sad! I drove with Varvára Mikháylovna to Taptýkovo¹ to see my grandchildren Sónichka and Ilyúshka. They and Lev are very sweet, and it is so much easier than to be at home alone. It is windy. I am tired, and still sad. A telegram of congratulation from the Sukhotíns. Have despatched my letter to Chertkóv.

D. My dream that my husband would return for my name-day has been shattered. He has not even written, nor has anyone from Kochetý. Only my darling granddaughter Tánichka has sent me congratulations with a little picture, and they have also sent me a dry and lifeless joint telegram from Kochetý.

It is my name-day, and the day of Leo Nikoláevich's proposal to me. And *what* has he made of that eighteen-year-old Sónichka Behrs, who gave up her *whole* life to him with such love and

¹ Taptýkovo, an estate bought by Andréy Lvóvich Tolstóy, seven versts from Túla and 20 versts from Yásnaya Polyána. His first wife, Ólga Konstantínovna, lived there with her two children Sónya and Ilyá. S.L.T.

trustfulness? He has simply tortured me of late by his cold cruelty and extreme egotism.

I drove to Taptýkovo with Varvára Mikháylovna. Olga (my son Andréy's first wife)¹ and her children—my namesake Sófyá Andréevna and Ilyúshka—were very good and affectionate to me, and were it not for the stone that presses on my heart I should have enjoyed my name-day.

L.T. To-night, the 17th, I wish to return to Yásnaya.

18th September

D.B. Have returned from Taptýkovo. Wept all the morning and suffered unendurably. Many letters, but nothing consoles me. My heart is breaking from the malicious revenge my husband is taking for Chertkóv, and his indifference to me. He deliberately refrains from coming home, knowing that he is tormenting me. Sometimes I begin to hate that evil man who so assiduously tortures me, ill and unhappy as I am! All day I read proofs and wept. A nice edition it will be!

D. Returned to Yásnaya in the morning. I cried all day and all the time and suffered unendurably. Received many letters of congratulations, but none from my husband or my children. The sadness in this empty house is terrifying. Read proofs, my eyes strained from tears and the intensive work. At times there even arose in my soul a feeling of spite against the man who so calmly and consistently tortures me because I hate his idol—Chertkóv.

There has been a nasty and scandalous affair among the servants. Our old cook was violated by the man-servant Fílka. He fought with her and with the Circassian forester. Screams. I have dismissed them all!

¹ Ólga Konstantínovna Dietrichs, Chertkóv's sister-in-law, had married Tolstóy's fourth then surviving son, Andréy, whom she divorced. A.M.

19th September (Moscow)

D.B. Proofs. Packing up. In the evening started sorrowfully for Moscow. Almost died in the railway carriage from a spasm of the heart. Was cheered at Túla by seeing that Sergéy, his wife Másha, his son and the tutor, were on the train.¹

D. Read proofs, packed, and left in the evening for Moscow on business. In the railway carriage I was almost suffocated to death. Was delighted to see my son Sergéy at Túla, and to learn that he and his wife and son were going to Moscow in the same carriage with me.

20th September (Moscow)

D.B. Chaos and coldness in the Moscow house, but it is pleasant that Sérgey and his family are here. I took everything to the Museum.² Went to the bank. Purchases and affairs. Am tired to idiocy and have a pain in my head and my heart.

21st September (Moscow)

D.B. Again the same bustle of affairs: accounts of book sales. Goldenweiser came, and Chefránov was here. My soul is depressed and lonely. Leo Nikoláevich has obeyed Chertkóv and has *run away* from his wife—not to America but to his daughter at Kochetý. Thirteen degrees of frost at night. I have seen charming Praskóvya Vasílevna.

¹ S. L. Tolstóy, his wife Márya Nikoláevna, and his son Sergéy by his first wife Márya Konstantínovna (*née* Rachínsky). The tutor was Moris Cues, a Swiss. Sergéy Lvóvich and his family lived in Moscow in Sófyá Andréevna's house in the Khamóvnichesky *pereulok* (now named L. Tolstóy street).

S.L.T.

² Sófyá Andréevna took some manuscripts of Tolstóy's to the Historical Museum, where other manuscripts of his and mementoes of him, formerly placed there by her, were being kept.

S.L.T.

D. I spent September the 20th and 21st doing business in Moscow. Went to see Tanéev's old nurse and to hear something of him. He is still in the country. I should like to see him and hear him play. At one time, after Vánichka's death, that kindly and calm man helped me much towards spiritual tranquillity.

Now that is no longer possible. I no longer love him so much, and for some reason we do not see one another. For a long time I have made no effort at all in that direction.

22nd September

D.B. There is a kind of hell in my heart. My head and heart have started aching. Such distant relations with my husband never existed before. Chertkóv evidently has a very great influence. Neither letters nor news.

D. Got back to Yásnaya Polyána in the morning. It is clear frosty weather. My soul is being poisoned by grief and despair. Walked in the garden and wept myself to the verge of insanity. Terrible pains in the head. And still I am alive: I walk, breathe, and eat—but I do not sleep. The flowers have frozen, like my life. Nature looks dismal and my soul is dismal. Will our life ever be lit up again by a spark of joy and happiness? Chertkóv's nearness has surely quenched it for ever!

Not a whisper not a breath from Leo Nikoláevich. He has not sacrificed for me a single day of his epicurean life at the Sukhotíns', with daily games of chess and bridge. And I now await him without my former love.

At night Leo Nikoláevich, Sásha, and the doctor arrived, and instead of being glad I reproached him, burst into tears and went to my room to let him rest after his journey.

L.T. Found Sófya Andréevna exasperated when I reached home. Reproaches and tears. I kept silence.¹

¹ Bulgákov noted: "Sófya Andréevna met her husband very coldly. She spoke to him drowsily and as if unwillingly. They went upstairs together, and the rest of us went into Alexándra Lvóvna's room. After about a quarter

L.T. 2. *Morning of the 22nd.* I am travelling to Yásnaya, and terror seizes me at the thought of what awaits me there. Only *fais ce que dois*, and above all keep silence and remember that in her too the spirit of God dwells.

23rd September

D.B. My wedding-day. Have wept all the morning over my forty-eight years of marriage! What have I for all my love and my life of self-sacrifice?

Yesterday evening he returned. He had not sacrificed his game of bridge or his epicurean life at the Sukhotíns' for a single day to meet my wishes, and by his cruelty he has even become hateful to me. Towards evening and during the day he grew kinder and I was easier . . . just as if I had at last really found my other half and joined up with it. Nikoláev came with the dear children.

D. Well, this is our wedding-day. For a long time I stayed in my room and wept alone. I wanted to go to my husband, but on opening the door I heard him dictating something to Bulgákov, so I went out to wander about in Yásnaya Polyána, recalling the happy times (not very many) of my forty-eight years of married life.

Afterwards I asked Leo Nikoláevich to let us be photographed together. He agreed, but the photograph came out badly. Bulgákov was not experienced enough to take it properly.¹

of an hour Sófya Andréevna came into the room. 'Papa finds it dull without you,' she remarked, thereby inviting us all upstairs.

"She seemed upset. Apparently her conversation with Leo Nikoláevich had not taken the turn she wished."

S.L.T.

¹ In his *Tragedy of Leo Tolstóy* Bulgákov says:

"After lunch I photographed Sófya Andréevna with Leo Nikoláevich. She had begged him to be taken with her on this anniversary of their marriage. The taking of the picture was very trying. Sófya Andréevna was nervous and in a great hurry, apparently not wishing to inconvenience Leo Nikoláevich, but at the same time she asked him to change his position. Knowing Leo

Towards evening Leo Nikoláevich seemed to soften and grow kindlier, and I felt more at ease. My soul felt appeased, as if it had really found its other half again.

Nikoláevich's dislike of being photographed, it was not difficult to guess his feelings at the time. I felt ashamed to look at them, and pressed the rubber bulb mechanically, counting aloud: one, two, three—as Sófya Andréevna had instructed me to.

"But being photographed with Sófya Andréevna did not end the matter for Leo Nikoláevich. Having yielded to one party, a shower of reproaches fell on him from another, namely, from Alexándra Lvóvna.

"She was offended not only because Leo Nikoláevich had given way to his wife, but also because on his return from Kochetý he had not interfered with the rearrangement Sófya Andréevna had made of the photographs in his study. Two large photographs had hung over his table: one showing Chertkóv with Ilyá Tolstóy [the son of Andréy Tolstóy and his wife Ólga Konstantínovna (Chertkóv's sister-in-law)], and the other Leo Nikoláevich with Alexándra Lvóvna. Sófya Andréevna had moved these photographs—putting one behind the curtain at the window and the other in Leo Nikoláevich's bedroom—and in their place had hung her own portrait and one of Leo Nikoláevich's father. A terribly petty thing to do.

"In the typing-room Alexándra Lvóvna loudly condemned Leo Nikoláevich to V. M. Feokrítova, who of course sympathized with her about it all. Suddenly Leo Nikoláevich came in.

" 'What are you shouting like that for, Sáša?'

"Alexándra Lvóvna then expressed her dissatisfaction to him too: it was not right that he should let himself be photographed with Sófya Andréevna when she had made him promise not to be taken any more at Chertkóv's. It was inconsistent to sacrifice the interests of his friend and his daughter for the sake of a senseless woman, and allow her to re-arrange his photographs, etc., etc.

"Leo Nikoláevich shook his head and said: 'You are becoming like her!'

"And with those words he went away to his study.

"A few minutes later his bell rang—one ring, which was the signal for Alexándra Lvóvna (two rings were the signal for me).

"Alexándra Lvóvna, still vexed with him, did not go.

"I went to him. Hardly had I left his study after doing some small task for him than he rang again, once, for Alexándra Lvóvna to go to him. But she still did not go.

"Then he sent me to call her, and she went.

"Then, as she herself recounted afterwards, this is what happened.

"Leo Nikoláevich asked her to take down a letter to type. But hardly had she seated herself at the table than the old man suddenly let his head fall on the arm of his chair and burst into sobs . . .

" 'I don't need your stenography!' he cried through his tears.

"Alexándra Lvóvna rushed to him and asked his forgiveness, and they both wept . . ."

S.L.T.

L.T. This morning Sófya Andréevna went out somewhere. Then she was in tears. It was very distressing . . . Sáscha is irritable and unjust.

24th September

D.B. Once again Leo Nikoláevich shouted at me because I wanted to read his unpublished manuscript, *The Wisdom of Children*, of which *not a single copy* could be found in the house. Chertkóv had already seized the manuscript, and I spoke of him as a *collector*. This irritated Leo Nikoláevich, and again I wept all day. I sawed branches of firs in the wood, printed unsuccessful photographs, and corrected proofs.

D. Leo Nikoláevich's kindness has not lasted long. He shouted at me again because, having heard at Taptýkovo from the Dietrichs' former French governess that they had read Leo Nikoláevich's article *The Wisdom of Children* at Chertkóv's, I asked for it to read too. When no copy was to be found in our house, not even in Leo Nikoláevich's room, I felt spiteful, and said bitterly that of course Chertkóv had been quick in taking away the manuscript because he is just a *collector* and nothing else. Leo Nikoláevich got terribly angry at that and shouted at me, so that I again wept inconsolably. I went into the fir grove, sawed some branches there, and afterwards printed photographs, read proofs, and hardly saw him again all day.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna was unpleasant. Towards evening she got over it. She is ill, and I pity her from my soul.

L.T. 2. I have lost my small diary,¹ so am writing in this one. The day began quietly, but at lunch a conversation was started about *The Wisdom of Children*, and that Chertkóv is a collector, appropriating things. "Where will he put the manuscripts after

¹ Sófya Andréevna found that small private diary in Leo Nikoláevich's boot, read it, and hid it in her room.

your death?" On that I asked her rather warmly to leave me in peace. Things seemed all right at the time, but after dinner she began to reproach me for having shouted at her, saying that I ought to pity her. I kept silence. She went to her room. It is now nearly eleven, and she has not come out, and it distresses me. A letter from Chertkóv containing reproaches and accusations.¹ They tear me in pieces. I sometimes think I ought to get away from them all. It turned out however that she had been sleeping, and was quiet when she came out. It was after midnight when I got to bed.

25th September

D.B. Wrote to Andréy, Lev, M. A. Stakhóvich and N. A. Almédingen. Was photographed with Leo Nikoláevich again, this time successfully. Read proofs. I seem to have become more tranquil. I am glad that my husband is here with me and not so distant in soul! How much more I love him than he loves me! He went for a ride on horseback, wrote letters, and was much interested in Malinowsky's book *Blood Vengeance*. Sáscha still avoids me. Márya Alexándrovna has come.

D. I am glad my husband is at least *in fact* with me, and I am beginning to quiet down. But how far he is from me in spirit! I love him more than he loves me.

He is reading a book by Malinowsky, *Blood Vengeance*, with interest. He went riding.

¹ Chertkóv wrote about the promises Leo Nikoláevich had given to Sófya Andréevna: (1) Not to see him (Chertkóv); (2) Not to give him his diaries; (3) Not to allow himself to be photographed—saying that by giving these promises Leo Nikoláevich was allowing an outsider, a spiritually alien person, to interfere in their relations, and that "thereby, unconsciously, and trying only to do your best, you have allowed yourself and me to be drawn into an equivocal and even not quite honest position." Quoting extracts from Sófya Andréevna's reply to his conciliatory letter, Chertkóv added that Sófya Andréevna did not understand the actual and sincere motives of his letter, but treated them as a cunning attempt to re-establish personal relations with Leo Nikoláevich

L.T. Woke early. Wrote to Chertkóv.¹ I hope he will take it as I ask him to. I am now dressing. Yes, all my affair is in God's hands, and I need solitude. Again a request to pose for a photograph as a loving couple. I consented, but felt ashamed all the time. Sáscha was terribly angry and it was painful for me. In the evening I called her and said: "It's not your stenography I want, but your love!" And we both kissed one another and had a good cry.

26th September

D.B. In the morning everything was all right. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna drove to Taptýkovo and I printed photographs. But I happened to go into Leo Nikoláevich's study and saw that Chertkóv's portrait was again hanging above Leo Nikoláevich's chair, and I was greatly agitated and grieved. I tore his hateful face to bits and that, of course, caused a terrible fuss. Again unendurable sufferings from jealousy and from the loss of my husband's love. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna returned at night and were rude to me because Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt had told them that I had learnt to shoot with a toy pistol.² All

¹ Leo Nikoláevich's letter of September 25th to V. G. Chertkóv was as follows:

"Your letter produced a painful impression on me, dear friend Vladímir Grigórevich I quite agree with you that I made a mistake which should be corrected. But the whole matter seems to me harder to solve and more complicated than it can possibly appear even to such a near friend as yourself. I must solve it alone in my soul, before God, and I am trying to do so, and every attempt to help me makes my task more difficult. Your letter pained me. I felt that I was being torn in two—no doubt because, rightly or wrongly, I detected a personal note in what you wrote. If you want to do me good—and I know you wish that with your whole soul—please let us talk no more about that letter of yours, but let us *for the present* correspond as before, as though nothing were happening: of my ordeal and of our common interests, spiritual and practical, but chiefly spiritual . . ."

Chertkóv replied on September 26th regretting that "I wrote you such a letter, especially at a time so painful for you even without that; and from the depth of my heart I ask your forgiveness." S L.T.

² Bulgákov describes that day in *The Tragedy of Tolstóy*:

"Sófya Andréevna had rearranged the photographs in Leo Nikoláevich's

these leisured women confuse both my life and my relations with my husband.

D. In the morning all was peaceful and well. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna went to Ólga's at Taptýkovo, and Márya

study and placed them differently. She was annoyed because a large portrait of Chertkóv had hung above Leo Nikoláevich's armchair. On the morning of the 26th Leo Nikoláevich himself restored the photographs to their former place.

"Then he went for a ride with Dushán Petróvich, and Alexándra Lvóvna and Varvára Mikháylovna drove over to Taptýkovo, beyond Túla, to stay the night with Ólga Konstantínovna Tolstóy. I was sitting with Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt in the typing-room, and suddenly Sófya Andréevna ran in in the highest pitch of excitement and announced that she had burnt Chertkóv's portrait.

"'The old man wants to kill me! I have been quite well these last days . . . But he has purposely re-hung Chertkóv's portrait and has gone off riding.'

"A minute later she came in again, and said that she had not burnt Chertkóv's portrait but had 'got it ready to burn.' And a little later she appeared again holding in the hollow of her hand a small bit torn off the portrait she so hated. Then things happened with extraordinary rapidity and unexpectedness. Márya Alexándrovna and I heard a shot in Sófya Andréevna's room, though not a very loud one. She was shooting with a toy pistol. Márya Alexándrovna hurried to Sófya Andréevna, who explained to the frightened old woman that she had fired (at whom one does not know) but 'had missed,' and had only made herself deaf . . .

"Leo Nikoláevich arrived and we told him the story. When he had already lain down to rest another shot was heard from Sófya Andréevna's room. Dushán, who was bandaging Leo Nikoláevich's leg, told us that Leo Nikoláevich heard that shot but did not move on hearing it.

"Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, much alarmed by the shots, sent a messenger on horseback with a note to Taptýkovo to recall Alexándra Lvóvna, who reached home with Feokritova about midnight. Sófya Andréevna herself opened the door, and a sharp encounter ensued then and there between mother and daughter.

"Vexed and alarmed by her daughter's unexpected return, Sófya Andréevna did not know on whom to expend her anger—whether on her or on Varvára Mikháylovna, or on old Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, who had sent for them but who was not really at all to blame. But in fact her wrath broke over all three.

"Márya Alexándrovna, poor thing, who had settled down for the night in the next room (the library) in her bed behind the cupboard, lost her head and tearfully begged Sófya Andréevna's forgiveness.

"Alexándra Lvóvna, with imperturbable mien, sat silent and immovable

Alexándrovna remained with us I printed photographs. Passing through Leo Nikoláevich's study I saw that Chertkóv's portrait (which I had removed to a remote wall during Leo Nikoláevich's absence, putting a portrait of his father in its place) was again hanging above the chair in which Leo Nikoláevich always sits.

It pained me to see that hateful man's portrait hanging over Leo Nikoláevich every day when I came in the morning to greet him. So I had moved it.

The fact that Leo Nikoláevich should have replaced it again in its former position reduced me once more to terrible despair. Not seeing the man himself, he could not part with his portrait! I took it down, tore it into little bits, and threw them into the earth-closet. Of course Leo Nikoláevich was angry, justly reproaching me with depriving him of freedom (he is quite mad on that subject now) which he had never troubled himself about or thought of before. What does he want *freedom* for, when we have loved one another all our lives and have tried to make everything pleasant and joyful for one another? Again I was seized by a mad despair, again a most bitter jealousy of Chertkóv arose within me, and again I wept to exhaustion and gave myself a headache. I thought of suicide.⁺ I thought I had to get out of Leo Nikoláevich's life and give him the freedom he desires. [From ⁺ was inserted between the lines and in the margin.] I went to my room, got out a toy pistol and started practising, thinking to procure a real pistol later on. When Leo Nikoláevich had returned from his ride I fired another couple of shots, but he did not hear them.

Márya Alexándrovna Schmidt, thinking that I really wanted to

on the sofa behind the writing-table, with a wide, half-ironic half-contemptuous cold smile on her tightly closed lips.

"During the wrangle Sófya Andréevna let fall a threat that she would drive Alexándra Lvóvna 'out of the house,' and she simply told Varvára Mikháylovna that she would have to leave next day. In the end Alexándra Lvóvna and Varvára Mikháylovna decided that they would both leave next day and settle in Alexándra Lvóvna's little house at Telyátinki. [She owned a small house near Chertkóv's]

"Alexándra Lvóvna immediately went to Leo Nikoláevich and informed him of her decision.

" 'It all leads to one end,' replied Leo Nikoláevich."

S.L.T.

shoot myself, and not quite knowing what was the matter, wrote a letter to Taptýkovo telling Sáša that she ought to return home, because mamma had shot herself—or something of that kind.

I knew nothing of that, but in the night I heard a carriage drive up and someone knock at the door. It was very dark, and I wondered who it could be. I went to the door and to my great surprise saw Sáša and Varvára Mikháylovna “What has happened?” I asked. And suddenly two voices showered such abuse on me and such angry reproaches that it was a long time before I could recollect myself. I went upstairs—Sáša and Varvára Mikháylovna screaming behind me. At last I lost patience and became terribly angry. What had I done to either of them? For what was I to blame?

Unfortunately I began to shout too, and said that I would drive them out of the house and would dismiss Varvára Mikháylovna next day. Márya Alexándrovna, having realized her mistake, began to cry, and asked those two screaming women to leave her room.

But those malicious creatures were not easily quieted, and next morning, having packed their things and collected horses, dogs, and a parrot, they drove off to Sáša’s house at Telyátinki. They themselves were to blame. It was they who grew angry and behaved badly.

L.T. Went riding with Dushán. On returning found Sófya Andréevna terribly upset. She had burnt Chertkóv’s portrait. I started to speak to her but became silent, finding it impossible to understand her. In the evening Khiryákov and Nikoláev were here. I was very tired. Sófya Andréevna again began to say something. I kept silent. But just before dinner I remarked that she had rearranged the photographs in my room and had burnt the portrait of my friend and now represented me as being to blame for it all. The day culminated in Sáša and Varvára Mikháylovna returning, at Márya Alexándrovna’s urgent request. Sófya Andréevna met them stormily, so that Sáša has decided to leave home.

L.T. 2. Another scene because I had re-hung the portraits in their old places. I began to tell her that it is impossible to live like that. And she understood.

Dushán says that she fired a toy pistol in order to frighten me. I was not frightened however and did not go to her—which was really the best thing to do. But it is very very hard. Lord help me!

27th September

D.B. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna [3] were furious, and drove off to Telyátinki. Leo Nikoláevich rode 17 versts on horseback and I followed him in the cabriolet with the coachman. He was tired and slept till half-past seven. We dined late. Khiryákov and Nikoláev were here. I worked at the edition and copied out Leo Nikoláevich's article on Grote.¹

D. We old folk have been left alone. Leo Nikoláevich rode alone along the high road, and I followed him in the cabriolet. It seemed to me that he looked round continually on purpose, and rode always further and further, hoping that I should at last grow cold and go home. (I had not dressed warmly enough.) But I did not turn (and caught a cold which I still have) but followed him till we got home. We had by then gone 17 versts, and he slept till half-past seven. We had dinner at eight.

In the evening Leo Nikoláevich played chess with Khiryákov. He was sleepy, listless, and his stomach was upset. Evidently that ride in the cold and the terrible wind had a bad effect on him.

Despite the unpleasantness I worked much at the edition and the proofs.

L.T. How absurd is the contradiction in which I live! Without false modesty I may say that I express very important

¹ N. A. Grote, professor of philosophy at Moscow University, author, and editor of the magazine *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*, in which he published Tolstóy's *What is Art?*, which involved him in trouble with the censor.

truths, while side by side with that I am involved in feminine caprices and devote a large part of my time to struggling with them.

As regards moral improvement I feel myself to be but a child—a pupil, and a poor pupil of little zeal.

Yesterday Sófya Andréevna had a terrible scene with Sáscha on her return, and she also shouted at Márya Alexándrovna. Sáscha left for Telyátinkı to-day. And Sófya Andréevna is quite tranquil, as if nothing had happened. She showed me a toy pistol and shot, and told lies.

To-day she followed me in the cabriolet, probably spying upon me. She is to be pitied, but I find it hard. Lord help me!

28th September

D.B. Worked diligently at the edition all day. Leo Nikoláevich rode to Ovsyánnikovo and, alas, met Chertkóv riding to Taptýkovo. It would be interesting to know how much pleasure that gave him. It is a good thing I did not see it, but I was again ill and depressed all day. Leo Nikoláevich ate very little and is starting an attack of influenza. I should think so—riding so far two days running, and in such a cold north wind. The Nikoláevs came to say good-bye. Sáscha spitefully keeps away.

D. Worked by myself as before, and with a heavy load on my spirits. Not only do they not help me to get well, but they do everything to torment me. Even fate is against me! Leo Nikoláevich was riding to Ovsyánnikovo to see Márya Alexándrovna, and met Chertkóv riding to Taptýkovo to Ólga's. My heart just ached when I thought of the joy they both felt. But Leo Nikoláevich did not dismount, so they did not kiss one another (I asked both Dushán and Leo Nikoláevich himself about that), and they did not talk long. There was nothing secret either, for Díma and Rostóvtsev were riding with Chertkóv. All day Leo Nikoláevich ate very little. He has started a cold and coughs a little. Yesterday's ride could not but have an effect; it is a long ride to Ovsyánnikovo and it was very cold. Riding to Ovsyánnikovo always has ill effects.

L.T. It is very hard. These expressions of love, this talkativeness, and continual interference. It is possible, I know it is possible, to love despite it all, but I cannot. I am no good.

29th September

D.B. How good, quiet, and amicable it is with Leo Nikoláevich. And how pleased he was when I began to eat at lunch! With how much love he brought me a pear! Thank God, Who has hearkened to my prayers. I worked diligently at the edition, and drove with the coachman to Kolpna to buy rye. A clear frosty day, and very beautiful! I sawed some branches in the fir grove. Am tired and have a bad cold.

D. While Leo Nikoláevich was having lunch I sat with him and began to eat something too—I think it was pancakes and curds. You should have seen how pleased he was when in answer to his question for whom the pancakes were, I said: “For myself!” “How glad I am that you have at last started eating something!” Then he brought me a pear, with so much love, and asked me to be sure to eat it. In general when we are alone he is as kind and affectionate as of old, and I feel that he is *mine*. But somehow he is not cheerful, and I am anxious. I myself spent an active day.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna did not sleep and was up at 8 o'clock. She is very nervous. I must be careful. Just now while out walking I twice caught myself feeling dissatisfied, first because I had renounced my freedom of will, and then because they will sell this new edition for hundreds of thousands of rubles. But in each case I pulled myself up, remembering that man has but to do what is right in God's sight. Then one is at once conscious of the joy of life. . . . Sófya Andréevna said that she is ready to make it up with Varya.¹ Afterwards she touched me very much by thanking me

¹ Sófya Andréevna was taken aback by her daughter's removal to Telyátinki, and on September 29th wrote V. M. Feokritova the following letter:

“Varvára Mikháylovna!

“I consider it my duty to tell you that you at any rate are acting badly

for my tenderness towards her. I try to believe that she too can be mastered by kindness, but I am almost afraid to.

L.T. 2. Sáscha still wishes to live away from home. I am afraid for her. Sófyá Andréevna is better. Sometimes a feeling of shame for my weakness comes over me, but sometimes, as to-day, I am glad of that weakness. To-day I perceived for the first time a possibility of overcoming her by love and kindness. Ah, if only . . .

30th September

D.B. Sáscha drove over. She has a thick and impenetrable skin both physically and mentally. Having left her old parents she can still giggle and not feel anything at all [3]. I think all the time of how to make Leo Nikoláevich happier, and do not see how. To admit Chertkóv is to renew my sufferings. And that will be no better for Leo Nikoláevich, especially if I kill myself!

by influencing Sáscha to abandon her old parents Surely if you are fond of Sáscha, and even for your own sake, you cannot with indifference see her drive to and fro to Telyátinki every day in all weathers She may easily catch cold and be quite cut off from her father, for he will *certainly* not abandon me and move to Sáscha's, but will at most visit her occasionally for a few minutes And apart from that consideration your action and Sáscha's is in the highest degree unkind to Leo Nikoláevich He suffers much from every fresh evil that arises. I have always considered you to be very kind, and am sorry I was mistaken. If anyone is to blame in this whole matter we are all to blame Márya Alexándrovna is to blame because of her interference and her mistake in regard to my shooting with a *toy* pistol, and that at a time when Leo Nikoláevich was out riding and knew nothing about it till the evening. You are to blame because all the way home (not having understood the affair) you advised Sáscha how best to shout at me and treat me most severely. And you and Sáscha are equally to blame in that on getting out of the carriage you both immediately began to shout at me—when I as yet knew nothing either of Márya Alexándrovna's letter or of what you were shouting about You know that I am sixty-six, and I consider myself most of all to blame for having been so offended and for having said so many harsh things in the heat of the moment. However that may be, I ask you to forgive me, to forget my heated remarks, and not to bear me ill-will. I thank you for all your past services.

"S. TOLSTÓY."

S.L.T.

D. Leo Nikoláevich had a severe attack of hiccups this morning. That is always a bad sign and alarms me, especially as he is depressed. Sáscha's leaving home was a fresh and unexpected unpleasantness. Can that armour of hers be so impenetrable that she is not sorry to make her old father unhappy by running away from home? Leo Nikoláevich went riding with that stupid Dushán, regardless of his physical indisposition, and rode a long time among the woods and ravines. I say *stupid* Dushán because as a doctor he is kept to watch the state of Leo Nikoláevich's health and not let him do what is unreasonable. Again an icy wind and sunshine. I have a cold and my spirits are depressed. I pasted in press-cuttings, put away the newspapers, busied myself giving instructions about the estate, and worked at the edition. But I have neither health nor energy nor my former capacity for work. I shall soon die.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna says that she does not understand the love of enemies, and that there is some affectation about it. She and many others do not understand it chiefly because they think that the partiality they experience for some people is love.

L.T. 2. Still the same to-day. She talks a great deal simply for the sake of talking, and she does not listen. There were painful moments to-day as a result of my weakness. I saw unpleasantness and pain where for one's true life they are not and cannot be.

1st October

D.B. Sáscha drove over, loud-voiced and unfeeling. I wanted to say to Leo Nikoláevich that if he feels sad I think he should go to Chertkóv's, but that Chertkóv ought first to come to us. But suddenly everything in me was completely shattered again, the blood rushed to my head, and tears choked me. I saw Leo Nikoláevich's joy at the possibility of meeting Chertkóv and was seized by despair. In the evening I mastered myself and worked

on *Childhood*. Torrents of rain and wind. Leo Nikoláevich rode on horseback, read, and is rather livelier.

D. Goldenweiser came in the morning.¹ He played chess with Leo Nikoláevich in the evening. During the day Sáscha came and drove Goldenweiser over to the Chertkóvs'. I wanted to suggest to Leo Nikoláevich that he should go there too, but as soon as I thought of it and began to speak to my husband tears rose in my throat, I shook with agitation, and blood rushed to my head. I felt as if something had hurt me all over, especially when I saw that Leo Nikoláevich looked glad at the thought of meeting Chertkóv again. Once more I was thrown into despair and went to my room to weep. I thank my dear husband that he did not go to Chertkóv's, but rode about the woods and ravines again and got very tired. I have finished my work on *Childhood* and read the proofs of *On Money*.² It is pouring with rain and is windy.

¹ Goldenweiser, who had come from Moscow, had not seen Leo Nikoláevich and Sófya Andréevna for more than a month. He wrote that day:

"On seeing me Sófya Andréevna, who was drinking coffee in the dining-room, jumped up quickly, stopped me on the landing, and, taking me aside, began to ask me tearfully to use my influence with Alexándra Lvóvna to persuade her to return to Yásnaya.

"I was sincerely sorry for her, and as I myself thought it would be better for Alexándra Lvóvna to return, I told Sófya Andréevna that I would be quite frank with Alexándra Lvóvna—without however saying what I meant by that.

"Leo Nikoláevich has become more firm and very calm in his relations with Sófya Andréevna. He is silent most of the time, and in general talks but little. When one begins speaking of something in his presence, or telling him something of current events, even something interesting, one feels that it goes past him, and that though he tries to listen and sometimes asks questions he does so merely out of delicacy and politeness, while in reality he is far away.

"There were many conversations at the Chertkóvs'. Vladímír Grigórevich kept saying to Alexándra Lvóvna that an unkindly feeling towards her mother had overpowered her love of her father."

S.L.T.

² *On Money* was a part of *What Then Must We Do?* When that book was mutilated and a large part of it suppressed by the censor, this part was published as a separate article, thereby causing a good deal of misunderstanding as to Tolstóy's meaning.

A.M.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna suggested that I should see Chertkóv. I said there was no need to talk about it. She should simply stop playing the fool and be as she always had been

L.T. 2. The unkindly feeling for her is terribly oppressive, but I cannot control it when she starts this endless talking, talk without any purpose or meaning. Chertkóv's article about the soul and God. I am afraid it is altogether too wise. It gladdens me to note that there is one and the same thing in all truly original religious people. *Antoine le guerisseur*¹ has it too.

2nd October

D.B. P. I. Birukóv arrived, and my son Sergéy came for dinner. What a good talk we had at tea!² In the evening they played chess, first Leo Nikoláevich with Goldenweiser, and then Sergéy with Goldenweiser. Have finished working on *Childhood*, and have read the proofs of *On Money*. I told Pósha [Birukóv] about my griefs, and wept as I did so. Am not well. It is clear, with a bitterly cold north wind.

D. The amiable Pável Ivánovich Birukóv arrived this morning. He is always sympathetic, mild, wise and kind. When telling him of my grief I wept. He does not like Chertkóv and he understood me. Leo Nikoláevich gets continually worse. He went

¹ *Antoine le guerisseur* (b. 1842), a coal-miner known for his religious and moral views and highly moral life, and who had a considerable influence on those about him. Several articles about him and his sayings were written at the time

S L.T.

² Of that talk Goldenweiser wrote:

"At tea Sófya Andréevna remarked that yesterday (just as I was starting to go to the Chertkóvs) she went to Leo Nikoláevich and said 'I am sure you want to go to see Chertkóv. Why don't you go with Goldenweiser?' And he replied: 'I've been expecting you to say that for a long time!' Whereupon she became hysterical again, and he went for a ride with Dushán."

S L.T.

nowhere to-day, his stomach is upset, and he slept all the time. My son Sergéy came, and after dinner we all had a good talk. They all played chess.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna's health is bad.

L.T. 2. In the morning she started talking, first of all about her health, following that up with reproaches, and she continued talking ceaselessly, even interfering in a conversation. But I am a poor fellow—I cannot conquer an ill and unkindly feeling. To-day I felt a strong desire to write fiction but realized the impossibility of concentrating on it with this struggle within me and this persistent feeling about her. But of course that struggle and the possibility of victory in that struggle is more important than any possible work of art

3rd October

D. Leo Nikoláevich went for a walk in the morning, and then had a short ride. He was almost frozen afterwards, his feet were quite numb with cold, and feeling weak he tumbled onto his bed and fell asleep without even taking off his cold boots. As he was a long time in coming to dinner I went to his room. He looked up in a dazed way, took up his watch several times, and asked what the time was, mentioning dinner, but immediately drowsed off again. Then to my horror he began to be delirious, and dreadful convulsions of the face began, with complete unconsciousness, delirium, senseless words, and terrible twitchings of the legs. Two or three men could not have held his legs still, they twitched so. I did not lose my head, thank God, but filled hot-water bags and bottles with great rapidity, put mustard-plasters on his calves and eau de Cologne on his head. Tánya put smelling-salts to his nose, and we wrapped his legs, which were still cold, in warm things. I brought coffee and rum and we gave him some to drink, but the

attacks continued, and the convulsions were repeated five times. When I held my husband's twitching legs in my arms I felt extreme despair at the thought of losing him. My whole being was in the clutches of remorse, gnawings of conscience, senseless love, and prayer. I would devote everything to him—everything—if only he remained alive just this once and recovered; that the gnawing of conscience for all the uneasiness and agitation I have caused him by my nervousness and sickly agitation might not remain in my soul.

I also brought the icon with which Auntie Tatiána Alexándrovna had blessed him (her Lévochka) when he went to the [Crimean] war, and I tied it to his bed. During the night he came to himself, but remembered nothing at all of what had happened. His head and his limbs ached. His temperature was at first 99·8 and then gradually dropped to 98·1. I sat on a chair beside my invalid all night and prayed for him. He did not sleep badly. He groaned occasionally but the convulsions had ceased.¹ During the night our daughter Tánya Sukhotín arrived.

¹ Bulgákov wrote a detailed account of what occurred:

"Before dinner Leo Nikoláevich went to sleep. After a ride he usually rested till dinner, and having waited for him till seven o'clock we sat down to table without him. Having served the soup, Sófya Andréevna got up and went once more to hear whether he was not getting up. When she returned she told us that when she went to the door of his bedroom she heard the striking of a match and went into the room. Leo Nikoláevich was sitting on his bed. He asked what the time was, and whether they were having dinner. But Sófya Andréevna felt that something was not as it should be. Leo Nikoláevich's eyes seemed strange to her

'His eyes lacked recognition. That precedes an attack. He has fits of unconsciousness . . . I know by experience. His eyes always look like that before an attack' [In his old age Leo Nikoláevich had severe fainting fits three or four times, generally as a result of some great agitation or over-exhaustion. During 1910 he had no such attack until October.—S.L.T.]

She took a little soup. Then with a rustle of her dress she pushed back her chair, rose, and again went into the study.

Her children—Sergéy Lvóvich and Tatiána Lvóvna—exchanged looks of dissatisfaction: why did she want to disturb her husband?

But on her return Sófya Andréevna was quite perturbed.

'Dushán Petróvich, go to him at once! He has lost consciousness. He is lying down again and muttering something . . . God knows what is happening . . .'

We all jumped up as if we had received an electric shock. Dushán ran

L.T. Had a good talk with Sergéy and Birukóv about Sónya's illness.

4th October

D.B. Tánya's birthday. Leo Nikoláevich is better. He has remembered everything, but is weak and his temperature is still

through the drawing-room and study into Leo Nikoláevich's bedroom, the rest of us following.

It was dark there Leo Nikoláevich was lying on the bed, his jaws moving, and making strange low sounds resembling the mooing of a cow.

Despair spread through that room, and then terror

We lit a candle on the stand at the head of the bed Then we took Leo Nikoláevich's boots off and covered him with a blanket.

He lay on his back, and pressing the fingers of his right hand together as if holding a pen, began to pass his hand feebly along the blanket. His eyes were closed, his brows frowning, and his lips moved as though he were chewing something.

Dushán turned us all out of the room. Only P I Birukóv remained there in an armchair in a corner opposite the bed Sófya Andréevna, Sergéy Lvóvich, Tatiána Lvóvna, Dushán, and I, greatly depressed, returned to the dining-room and resumed our interrupted dinner The pudding had just been served when Pável Ivánovich [Birukóv] ran in

'Leo Nikoláevich has convulsions, Dushán Petróvich!'

Once more we all rushed to the bedroom, giving an order that dinner should be cleared away But when we arrived Leo Nikoláevich had already quieted down Birukóv told us how the invalid's legs had suddenly begun to twitch. At first he thought Leo Nikoláevich was merely trying to scratch his leg, but on going up closer he saw that his face too was twisted by a convulsion.

'Run downstairs. Bring hot-water bottles to put to his feet! And we must have mustard poultices to apply to his calves And bring coffee—hot coffee!'

Someone gave the orders, I think it was Dushán and Sófya Andréevna together. The others obeyed, and they and those who gave the orders did all that was necessary. Dushán's lean figure glided noiselessly about the room like a shadow. Sófya Andréevna's face was pale, her eyes half closed, and her brows overcast as if her eyelids were swollen . . . It was impossible to look at the unhappy woman without pain at the heart God knows what went on in her soul, but she did not lose her head She arranged bottles about his legs, went downstairs and herself prepared the solution for an enema, and, after a dispute with Dushán, placed a compress on the sick man's head.

Leo Nikoláevich was, however, not yet undressed. Later on we—Sergéy Lvóvich (or Birukóv) and Dushán and I—undressed him. I supported Leo Nikoláevich with the help of Sergéy Lvóvich or Birukóv (I did not even notice which), and Dushán anxiously and carefully removed his clothes, tenderly

rather high—99·8 and 98·6. He suffers from his liver, his tongue is coated, and he has eaten nothing for more than twenty-four hours. But the danger is past, thank God. I was lovingly and even

persuading the sick man all the time, though he was in a state of unconsciousness throughout the proceedings.

At last we laid him down comfortably.

'A company . . . a company . . . about three . . . A company about three . . .'

Leo Nikoláevich was delirious

'To write,' he said

Birukóv gave him a pencil and a writing-pad. Leo Nikoláevich covered the writing-pad with his handkerchief and drew the pencil over the handkerchief. His face was sombre as before

'It must be read!' he said, and then repeated several times 'Reasonableness . . . reasonableness . . . reasonableness . . .'

Then terrible attacks of convulsions began one after another. His whole body, lying helpless on the bed, writhed and shook. He kicked vigorously, and it was difficult to hold his legs down. Dushán held his shoulders while Birukóv and I rubbed his legs. There were five attacks in all, the fourth one being particularly severe. Leo Nikoláevich's body jerked almost completely across the bed, his head slipped off the pillow, and his legs hung down on the other side.

Sófya Andréevna threw herself on her knees, put her arms round Leo Nikoláevich's legs, let her head fall on his body, and remained in that position till we placed him properly on the bed again.

In general Sófya Andréevna gave one an extremely pathetic impression. She turned up her eyes, hastily crossed herself with small movements, and whispered: 'Not this time, dear Lord! . . .'. And she was not doing this that others might see, for I surprised her at the same prayer when I happened to go into the typing-room.

To Alexándra Lvóvna, whom I had summoned by a note, she said:

'I am suffering more than you. You are losing a father, but I am losing a husband for whose death I am to blame! . . .'

Alexandra Lvóvna appeared outwardly calm, and only said that her heart throbbed terribly. Her pale thin lips were resolutely compressed.

But things did not pass off without a regrettable incident. Despite her agitation Sófya Andréevna managed to take from Leo Nikoláevich's writing-table a portfolio containing papers, and to hide it. The children noticed this, and Sergéy Lvóvich hastened to hide Leo Nikoláevich's note-book, while Tatúána Lvóvna did the same with the key of his writing-table.

After the fifth attack Leo Nikoláevich quieted down, but was still delirious. He started counting: '4, 60, 37, 38, 39, 70.'

Late in the evening he regained consciousness. At night, taking advantage of the fact that her husband had fallen asleep and all the others had dispersed, Sófya Andréevna took from her little cupboard in the drawing-room where

ardently reconciled to Sáša this morning, and in the evening both she and Varvára Mikháylovna drove over to us. To-morrow they will come back here, thank God. In general everyone has become

she had hidden it the small portfolio she had abstracted from Leo Nikoláevich's study, and carried it to her own room. Tatiána Lvóvna met her.

'Why have you taken that portfolio, Mamma?'

'So that Chertkóv shouldn't have it.'

But she gave up the portfolio on Tatiána's Lvóvna's demand."

D P Makovítski recorded the occurrences of that day as follows:

"During the day we rode some twelve versts among the ravines, Leo Nikoláevich dismounting at one difficult spot. Before dinner he slept till 6.45. We then went to him. He did not recognize us, and said something disconnected and meaningless. His legs were cold and his face pale. We applied hot-water bottles to the soles of his feet and mustard poultices to his calves. An enema which we gave him acted, and a semi-conscious condition ensued. At seven o'clock his temperature was 98.6 and his pulse 98. He insisted on having a light brought, and having writing materials given him. At eight o'clock he was seized by convulsions, which began, I think, in his legs. After that he became conscious, though not fully. Half an hour elapsed and then he had convulsions again, and three times more after that, so that between eight and ten o'clock he had five attacks lasting three minutes each. They were tonic and clonic spasms, affecting the muscles of the face, neck, back, arms, and most of all the legs. He seemed drowsy all the time, and afterwards slept till eleven o'clock. He was quite rational when he awoke, began to adjust his pillow and blanket, and felt for the matches and his watch. He asked us why we were there and what had happened to him. 'I don't feel anything abnormal,' he said. He slept till 2.30 a.m. From three till five o'clock he was awake. Then he sent Sófya Andréevna away and slept calmly till 9.45 a.m.

"While the spasms were very severe Brukóv, Boulanger, and I had held his arms, body, and legs. Sófya Andréevna had bustled about less and worried us less this time than during Leo Nikoláevich's previous illnesses. She was distressed, sad, and submissive. During the attacks she helped to hold his legs, and kissed them, kneeling down and sobbing quietly. Sergéy Lvóvich stood at the foot of the bed with a frightened face like a child. He took possession of Leo Nikoláevich's note-book. Alexándra Lvóvna and Chertkóv were summoned simultaneously from Telyátinki. Chertkóv came with Bélenki and sat in my room. He did not go upstairs on account of Sófya Andréevna."

In his unpublished notes S. L. Tolstóy says that:

"When we had undressed my father and put him in bed, my sister Tatiána took his indoor blouse from his pocket [Tolstóy, who usually wore a thin blouse indoors, had apparently put on some more substantial garment when he went out riding and had stuffed the blouse into a pocket of that garment], and handed me the small diary which she found in his blouse pocket for me

kinder and more tranquil from joy that Leo Nikoláevich is better. He has taken some rhubarb, and at my request has put on a compress.

D Tánya's birthday. We are all more cheerful. We drove to the Chertkóvs'. Leo Nikoláevich is very much better, but cannot leave his bed. His memory and consciousness are fully restored, but he asks what happened to him and what he said. His tongue is coated, he is suffering from his liver, and has eaten nothing. We sent to Túla for a doctor (Shcheglóv) and gave him rhubarb and some soda and Vichy water, and at night applied a vodka compress.

Was touchingly and cordially reconciled to Sáscha,¹ and we

to return it to him next day. Next morning my father awoke after a deep sleep, recognized Sáscha and asked her where his little diary was. She replied: 'Sergéy has it,' and called me. I gave him the diary and said: 'I have not read it.' I was glad to hear him reply: 'It would have been all right if you had.' It was a continuation of his 'Diary for Myself Alone' " S.L.T.

¹ Bulgákov noted this as follows.

"During the day another joyful thing happened. 'There is no evil without some good.' Sófya Andréevna and Alexándra Lvóvna were reconciled. It was Sófya Andréevna who took the initiative. She watched for a long time for Alexándra Lvóvna when the latter went in to see her father before leaving for Telyátunki. But she missed her, and then followed her out into the porch and as Alexándra Lvóvna afterwards told us, stood there with nothing on over her dress, stooping, pitiable, and solitary. Alexandra Lvóvna meanwhile had gone out by the back way and had to pass her mother who did not now expect to see her, supposing her to have gone away already. On seeing her, Sófya Andréevna stopped her and called her to her, embraced her, kissed her, and begged her forgiveness, sobbing and trembling as if she were in a fever. . . . Alexándra Lvóvna also burst into tears, asked forgiveness, and promised to return home that very day. Sófya Andréevna invited Varvára Mikháylovna to come too, asking Sáscha to tell her that she loved her, was not angry with her, and begged her forgiveness if she had offended her. She promised not to infringe Leo Nikoláevich's peace by a single step. Both mother and daughter were touched. . . ."

Alexándra Lvóvna wrote of that day (we quote from a rough draft of her diary):

"Sergéy told mother that she ought to undergo a treatment if she is ill. If she did not come to herself it would be necessary to place her under control. We should have a family council, call in doctors, take over the property, and

decided not to refer to the past, and to pursue together the aim of making Leo Nikoláevich's life as calm and happy as possible. But, my God! how difficult it will be for me if it is necessary to renew relations with Chertkóv. Such a thing seems to me terribly hard and even impossible! But I shall have to do it, and the sacrifice will be beyond my strength. Well, it will be as God decrees! For the present everyone is quieter and kinder from joy that Leo Nikoláevich is so much better.

5th October

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich has got up. He is better. He drank coffee, and ate several rusks and a roll with a good appetite. I have been reading for the edition. Sergéenko has come. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna have returned with the parrot, the dogs, and all their things. Thank God for that!

D. Leo Nikoláevich is very much better this morning. He drank so much white coffee, ate so many rusks, as well as a whole large roll, that I even felt alarmed. He drank Vichy water and had dinner with us. Sergéy left in the morning. Tánya was at Ovsyánnikovo all day. Sáscha and Varvára Mikháylovna have returned and it has become livelier and life is easier. Tánya is not kind and is always reproaching me and threatening something, and then she declares that she desires peace more than any of us. I feel broken to pieces. The pit of my stomach aches on the left side, and so does my head.

Sergéenko has come. I don't like him. He is not genuine and exploits us as much as he can. When he wants to get something he is flattering and makes honeyed speeches.

Leo Nikoláevich is kind and affectionate to me. He saw how oblige her to separate from our father . . . Should our father die, the whole world would say that it was her doing."

Sergéy reproached his sister with being harsh towards her mother, to which she replied: "I am here alone. You all go away, and can't even stay for three days."

S.L.T.

hard it was for me and how sorry I was for him, how self-sacrificingly and usefully I attended to him, and how I repented of having worried him!

L.T. Have been seriously ill for two days. A fainting fit and weakness. It began the day before yesterday, October 3rd, after my sleep before dinner. One good result of it was Sófyá Andréevna's reconciliation with Sásha and Varvára Mikháylovna. But Chertkóv is still just as far away from me. I am particularly sorry for him and Gálya, to whom it is very painful.

L.T. 2. I have handed over the sheets and am beginning a fresh one to-day. I feel as if that were necessary. On the 3rd of this month, after sleeping before dinner, I became unconscious. They undressed me, put me to bed, and administered an enema. I said something, but remember nothing of it. I came to myself about 11 o'clock. Headache and weakness. Yesterday was in a fever all day, with a pain in my head. I ate nothing and the weakness persisted. All night it was the same. Now at 7 o'clock in the morning I am better, though I am suffering from my liver, and my head and legs still ache and I am weak. The chief result of my illness is that it has reconciled Sásha and Sófyá Andréevna. Sásha was particularly good. Vára has returned. But it remains to be seen . . . I struggle with my unkindly feeling for her [Sófyá Andréevna] I cannot forget those three months during which she tormented me and all who were near to me. But I will master it. In the night I slept, and I can't say that I thought, but thoughts wandered about in my head.

6th October

D. Leo Nikoláevich is better, but he is still weak and complains of his liver and hiccups. He walked a little in the morning, and was going to walk later in the day too, but the weather tempted him to have his usual ride, and he rode off with Bulgákov without telling me, which greatly alarmed me.

Bulýgin, Boulanger, and Strákhov and his daughter have come. It is better when we have guests—not so melancholy. I consulted them about the edition. We conversed peacefully in the evening. Sáša drove over to the Chertkóvs', and with my consent invited him to come to see Leo Nikoláevich. Chertkóv wrote an indefinite letter, unpleasant as usual,¹ but did not come. I don't quite know whether Leo Nikoláevich was much grieved. I think he was. But thank God for one more day without that hateful man!

7th October

D.B. I consented to Tánya's inviting Chertkóv to come here, and then tormented myself murderously. If only my end would now come quickly! I suffered terribly. Leo Nikoláevich had a bath. During the day he rode out with Fílka, and in the evening conversed with his idol Chertkóv.² I ache all over. The weather

¹ Chertkóv's note was as follows:

"You will understand how pleased I am at the softening that has taken place in Sófya Andréevna since your last attack, about which I hear from various sides. What a joy and relief it must be for you! And in order to give Sófya Andréevna full scope for that more affectionate disposition towards you, and also that you may avail yourself fully of the relief which that change in her affords, I think that you should under no pretext raise any question with her about myself as long as her better disposition lasts."

But despite that letter Chertkóv rode to Yásnaya Polyána next day at Leo Nikoláevich's request

² A. K. Chertkóva wrote to Goldenweiser:

"8th October, 1910

"Yásenki, Tula province.

"Dear friends Alexander Borísovich and Anna Alexéevna,

"Yesterday, at last, at Leo Nikoláevich's invitation, Valdímír Grigórevich went to Yásnaya for the first time in two and a half months. He saw Leo Nikoláevich in his study. Sófya Andréevna did not show herself, but her daughters say that she was greatly agitated. Her relations with Valdímír Grigórevich continue to be hostile, as always latterly, but she had yielded as regards this visit, and had even proposed it herself in view of Leo Nikoláevich's illness and from a wish to atone in some way for her fault towards him.

"Leo Nikoláevich was weak, but he goes out riding already and wanted to come and see us, but she made it a condition that Valdímír Grigórevich should first go to Yásnaya, or else she would make trouble again and not let Leo

is calm and clear. How much sunshine there is in nature, and how much gloom in my soul!

D. Again they discussed Chertkóv's coming here. Tánya and Sáša eventually drove over there and he promised to come this evening at 8 o'clock. I arranged that the doctor should order Leo Nikoláevich a bath in the evening. It is good for his liver, and I thought it would shorten Chertkóv's visit.

So it happened. All day I prepared myself for that hateful visit. I was agitated and could not settle down to anything. And when through the open casement I heard the sound of a vehicle on springs, I had such terrible palpitations that I thought I should die on the spot. I ran to look through the glass door to see how they would meet, but Leo Nikoláevich had just drawn the curtain. I rushed into his other room, drew back the curtain, took an opera-glass, and looked to see whether I could detect any particular expressions of love or joy. But he knew that I was watching, and merely shook Chertkóv's hand and assumed an expressionless face. Afterwards they talked for a long time, and then Chertkóv leaned nearer to show Leo Nikoláevich something. But I hurried up the bath and sent Ilyá Vasevich [the servant] to say that it was ready and would be getting cold. And Chertkóv got up, said good-bye and they parted.

All the evening I shivered terribly. I did not cry, but it seemed to me that I should die immediately, at any moment. Leo Nikoláevich repeatedly began to torment and irritate me, saying that Chertkóv was the person *nearest* to him. At last I put my hands over my ears and exclaimed: "I won't hear any more. I have heard that twenty times, and it is enough!"

Nikoláevich visit us. There is neither logic nor justice in such a stipulation. There were moreover some other humiliating conditions to which Vladímir Grigórevich did not wish to agree and on account of which he at first refused to go to Yásnaya Polyána. Poor Leo Nikoláevich was so glad to see him, and thanked him very much for coming, and promised to visit us soon . . .

"But of course we do not hope for our former frequent and unhampered meetings with Leo Nikoláevich. Probably we shall see one another only occasionally."

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He went away and I groaned inwardly and my whole being suffered intolerably! *What* husbands there are! But it is not only impossible to foresee how things will turn out, it is impossible even to imagine it. At last, reduced to extreme anguish, I became tired and fell asleep.

What an effort it cost me to consent to admit that [1] into the house, and how I tried to take myself in hand! But it was impossible. I cannot endure him at all. He is simply a devil! Leo Nikoláevich has become gloomy again. I am sorry for him and alarmed for him, but how much more I suffer than he does.

I did not do much work, but went for a walk and sauntered about the house. They putted in the double windows [for the winter]. It was wonderfully beautiful weather, clear, sunny, and quiet. In the middle of the day Leo Nikoláevich went for a longish ride, and jumped on his horse with such ease and agility that he surprised me. But in the evening his step was weary. He seems languid in himself and is evidently vexed with me for being so agitated over Chertkóv's visit.

I said good-bye to Tánya sadly. She is leaving to-morrow and it pains me to cause her and Sáscha uneasiness by my attitude towards Chertkóv, whom their father so loves and I so hate! But what am I to do? God will decide somehow. The best solution would be Chertkóv's departure, the next best his death or mine. The worst of all would be Leo Nikoláevich's death. But I will try to saturate myself with the spirit of the prayer: "Thy will be done!" I will not now kill myself, will not go away anywhere, will not try to catch a chill or torment myself with hunger or tears. I am in such a bad state both physically and morally that my death is approaching rapidly enough without my doing any violence to my organism, which I have convinced myself cannot be killed by *my own* will.

L. T. Chertkóv was here. Very simple and lucid. We talked a great deal about everything, except about the difficult position we are in. It was better so. He left soon after nine o'clock. Sónya had another hysterical seizure which was distressing.

L.T. 2. Yesterday, October 6th, I was weak and depressed. Everything was oppressive and unpleasant. A letter from Chertkóv. He considers *that* unnecessary. She made an effort and asked him to come here. To-day Tánya drove over there. Gálya is very irritated. Chertkóv decided to come at 8. It is now ten minutes to. Sófya Andréevna asked me not to kiss him. How repulsive! She had an attack of hysteria.

8th October

D.B. Tánya left in the morning. When I got up Leo Nikoláevich reproved me on Chertkóv's account with agitation and some anger, saying that my conduct was capricious and affected. He wants to associate with him, but such a thing would cost me too dear. For Leo Nikoláevich it would of course be *more convenient*. He is well, went riding, ate much and with a good appetite, read Nikoláev's book, and was kind enough to me. I worked a good deal and sawed off some branches. The weather is calm and dull. It is a good peaceful day because there has *certainly* been no meeting with Chertkóv.

D. Got up early to see my daughter Tánya off. Then I lay down again feeling quite ill and worn out. When I got up Leo Nikoláevich came to my room, agitated and evidently displeased about something, and as I was already dressed I followed him out. He asked me to hear him in silence, but I involuntarily interrupted him a couple of times. His remarks were of course directed to my being so jealous and behaving with such animosity to Chertkóv. Agitatedly and even angrily he suggested that I had deliberately adopted a caprice I ought to try to get rid of, that he had no exclusive affection for Chertkóv, but that there were people nearer to him in all respects, as for instance Leoníd Semenov¹

¹ Leoníd Dmítrievich Semenov (*d* 1917) (a nephew of the well-known president of the Russian Geographical Society, P. P. Semenov-Tyanshánsky) was near to Tolstóy in his outlook on life, corresponded with him, and used to visit Yásnaya Polyána.

Tolstóy called Semenov the man nearest to him because he was the most

and some Nikoláev or other (quite unknown to me) who has sent him a book and who lives in Nice. That of course is not true, but he has to try somehow to hoodwink me about his exclusive partiality for Chertkóv. But there is no deceiving me. I know my husband too well. It is time I did! + His throaty voice, his agitation, and his passionate speech, made me understand only too well that his whole interest and aim was to induce me to regard a renewal of their relations calmly. But that is impossible! [From + onwards is written in the margin.] I have relieved him of his promise not to see Chertkóv. But when he saw him yesterday what did his meeting with that revolting [I] cost me? Now to-day he reproaches me that he can never be at peace because my painful attitude to his meetings with Chertkóv always hangs over him like the sword of Damocles! But what are those meetings for?

Leo Nikoláevich's health is being restored, thank God. He ate his dinner to-day with so good an appetite that I was even afraid for him. But it all passed off well, and in the evening he ate slices of water-melon, drank tea, and lay down quietly and was sympathetically disposed towards me. Now nice and peaceful it is when there is no meeting with Chertkóv to be feared, and when we are alone with our affairs and our work and on friendly terms with one another!

9th October

D. The day has passed very quietly, thank God. No visitors, no reproaches, no exacerbated conversations. But something melancholy and somnolent weighs me down. Leo Nikoláevich walked into the village to the people's library, and inquired what was chiefly being read. From there he rode with the doctor through Babúrino and Zásėka. I feared that he would go to the Chertkóvs'. In the evening he read a lot and afterwards wrote his diary as he consistent in his way of life. He broke away from his family, a wealthy and important one, and after taking his degree at the University in two faculties, simplified his life, did manual labour as a miner, and so on. He was very popular among those of his way of thinking and among the peasants he came in touch with.

S.L.T.

always does before going to bed. I looked at his serious face through the balcony door ⁺ with love and the constant fear that he will go away from me as he has of late often threatened to do. [From ⁺ was inserted in the margin.] This year he has begun to hide his diary from me. Yes, all my unhappiness dates from his stay at Chertkóv's last year.

Arranged the books—a dull task. Was so tired that I slept, or rather lay down, all the evening. Read a little of a book by some unknown Nikoláev in Nice,¹ and it pleased me very much: logical and well thought out. Unfortunately there are no such people around Leo Nikoláevich. Only this [6] has established himself. This, for instance, is what he wrote among other things to Leo Nikoláevich on September 21, 1909, after his stay with him at Krekshino where we were his guests. Enumerating all the difficulties of his life, his exile, unpleasantness with the government, and so on, he confesses in his letter to Leo Nikoláevich:

"The most difficult thing, the most dangerous stumbling-block for me, is not anything in that direction, but a very small, commonplace circumstance—the struggle with desire" . . . [159]

This evening I was so sorry for my beloved and dear husband that I cried when, groaning painfully, he pushed back his intestine which had dropped down after an enema.

To sum up Chertkóv I will here add what Leo Nikoláevich wrote to him ⁺ in reply to a letter of his (see the December 1910 number of *Art and the Printed Word*) [⁺ The words that follow were inserted above the line, and the whole phrase was certainly added later, for it was not possible in an entry of October 9, 1910, to quote from a letter that only appeared in the December number of *Art and the Printed Word*.]

"You give three examples of your worthlessness:

"(1) Anger with people. (2) Discrepancy between your life and your understanding of it. (3) Doubt as to a future, eternal life . . ."

¹ P. Nikoláev's book, *A Conception of God as a Complete Basis for Life*, was obviously written under the strong influence of Tolstóy. When Bulgákov (see his book *Leo Tolstóy in the Last Year of his Life*) spoke of that to Leo Nikoláevich, the latter smiled and said: "Yes, I forget everything I have written, and afterwards it is pleasant to recognize it."

S.L.T.

From that it follows that Chertkóv himself admits that:

(1) Since there is *anger* in him he does not love people. (2) Since there is *inconsistency* between his life and his understanding of it, progress in the direction of Tolstóy's teaching (and he is supposed to be his teacher) is also lacking. (3) And finally, since he has doubts about a future eternal life, he lacks faith. So what is left?

In what moral and physical purity I have lived with Leo Nikoláevich all my life! And now all this intimate life of ours is told by means of diaries and letters to Mr. Chertkóv and Co. And on the basis of letters and diaries that were often written to please him and in his style, that repulsive man forms his conclusions and bases his conceptions, of which he writes to Leo Nikoláevich—thus, for instance:

“October 1, 1909.

“Letters of yours about your life I keep separately, so that in due course I may compose from them an *explanation* of your position, for the benefit of those who really are perplexed by these general rumours . . .”

I can imagine what sort of explanation that malicious and repulsive man will give, and what *selection* he will make of Leo Nikoláevich's indictment of his family!

Especially composing it at a moment of *strife* . . .

L.T. She is quiet, but is preparing to talk about herself. Read about hysteria.¹ Everybody is to blame except herself. Have not ridden over to Chertkóv's, and will not do so. Tranquillity is the most precious thing. The state of my soul is serious and strict.

10th October

D. To-day I am a little more at ease. There was no reference to Chertkóv all day, and Leo Nikoláevich has not as yet gone to see him. In the morning I finished entering up the books in the catalogue. My daughter-in-law Sónya Tolstóy came with my

¹ Probably in Korsakóv's *Course of Psychiatry* previously referred to. S.L.T.

seven-year-old granddaughter Vérochka. I was very glad to have them. Leo Nikoláevich went to walk alone both in the morning and later in the day, and went rather far. I tormented myself with the thought that he was going to keep a rendezvous with Chertkóv. I am also tormented by curiosity and desire to read Leo Nikoláevich's diary, and see what he writes and invents there.

I work a little at the edition, arranging the articles. It is very difficult! Boulanger and Iván Fedorovich Nazhívin have come. Life is easier when there are people, and Leo Nikoláevich revived.

It is cloudy. In the morning there were 4 degrees of frost, then it became sunny and quiet, and towards evening it was warmer. My relations with Leo Nikoláevich are not very close, but he seems to remember me more often and treats me more gently. My *whole* life lies in him alone!

L.T. Calmer, but it is all unnatural and uncanny. There is no tranquillity. Nazhívin. Bélenki.

11th October

D.B. In the morning I gave Leo Nikoláevich some extracts from Chertkóv's letter. [4] Surely he will now understand and cease to love him. I went into the fir grove to saw off some branches, and stayed there a long time in the quiet. I feel ill and very unhappy. Various discoveries about Chertkóv—terrible! Worked but little. Sónya and Vérochka left during the day and Nazhívin in the evening. Bulgákov is here. It is quiet, cloudy, and warm. Leo Nikoláevich is well and energetic.

D. I did not give Leo Nikoláevich those extracts yesterday from Chertkóv's letters, but to-day I placed them on his table with my comments and an exposure of the whole falsity of *spiritual* intercourse with him. Leo Nikoláevich must at last understand his delusion and see all the stupidity [3]. But of course he does not like to part with the illusion, to cease the idealization of his idol, and to have only emptiness in its place.

I did not sleep at night and felt very ill all day. I went into the fir grove and sawed branches, and afterwards sat there exhausted on a bench and listened to the quietness. I am fond of my little plantation! We used to walk there and sit about with Vánichka. I did very little work. I am suffering too much both in body and soul.

Leo Nikoláevich rode out with Dushán Petróvich. He intended to come to see me in the fir grove but I came home too soon. Afterwards he brought me a pear and was very kind to me. I told him he ought to ride over and see Gálya Chertkóv, who is much distressed that he has ceased his relations with them (or so he says). But he would not do so on any account, though he said that perhaps he would go to-morrow. And now I shall be agitated till that visit actually takes place. Gálya is, of course, a pretext to see her hateful husband.

Sónya, my daughter-in-law, has left. She too has endured much sorrow with Ilyá, poor thing. He was carried away and ruined, and they have seven children! We had a good talk as wives and mothers, and understood one another. Nazhívin has gone too. I told him all that I have endured from Chertkóv, from my husband, and from my daughters.¹

I looked yesterday at the academic publication about Púshkin and his library.² He *himself* planned it and selected the books, whereas our library here is a quite fortuitous one. Books are sent us from all parts of the earth, of course gratuitously and with inscriptions, and sometimes these books are good but sometimes mere rubbish! Leo Nikoláevich seldom bought books *himself*, for the most part they were sent to him and have formed a most shapeless and haphazard library.³

¹ Many books and articles about Tolstóy were based on such information supplied by the Countess and accepted by casual visitors at its face value. A.M.

² What Sófya Andréevna read was Modzalévsky's learned description of Púshkin's library. S.L.T.

³ Tolstóy's library contained more than 10,000 volumes, and more than 21,000 works. It was formed gradually during the last half-century of his life. He was not a bibliophile, and according to Sófya Andréevna readily gave his books away to those who asked for them, saying that "books exist

Bulgákov has returned, and wants to go to Moscow to-morrow to withdraw from the University and then to refuse military service. Poor fellow!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is again agitated by imaginary secret meetings with Chertkóv. I am very sorry for her. She is ill.

L.T. 2. This morning a conversation about my having seen Chertkóv yesterday secretly. She did not sleep all night. But I am grateful that she struggles with herself. I restrained myself, and was silent. She interprets everything that happens as a confirmation of her mania. But what does it matter?

12th October

D.B. Still the same suffering, but I made myself work assiduously at the edition, and sat at it all day. Sáscha drove to Túla about her teeth. Bulgákov has gone away, and I am sorry! Decided to-day to tell Leo Nikoláevich that I know of his will, made with Chertkóv, leaving his rights as author for the benefit of the public, and that that is a bad action. He was silent all the time. And that

to be read " The Tolstóy family and their relations and acquaintances availed themselves of this extensively, so that only a proportion of the books that served Tolstóy as material for his works have remained in the library. Besides his own books he made extensive use of books from the great town libraries — the Chertkóv and the Rumyantsev libraries in Moscow and the Public Library in Petersburg. Large parcels of books from the latter used to be sent him by N. N. Strákhov and V. V. Stásov. Sófya Andréevna is right in her opinion of the library at Yásnaya Polyána. Its composition was heterogeneous enough. It contained old eighteenth-century books that had belonged to Tolstóy's grandfather and to his parents, books that had served him as material for *War and Peace*, for his articles on education, for the novels he projected about the Decembrists and about Peter the Great, about Hadji Murad, etc. There were also works on philosophy, theology, the study of religions and ✓ sectarianism, and on folk-art. The greatest Russian writers were represented, and there were English novels in the Tauchnitz edition, magazines, books of the Tolstóy family, and works sent him by their authors, among which were very many translations of his own works in different languages, etc. S.L.T.

again is the influence of that malign Chertkóv. He has deprived me of my husband's heart and love, and now has influenced and aided him in depriving our children and grandchildren [3] of their daily bread. He has broken the unfortunate old man and turned him towards evil, and will cause reproaches to fall upon his tomb.

D. Little by little I get to know of the various nastinesses Chertkóv has committed. He has persuaded Leo Nikoláevich to make arrangements so that after his death his rights as author should not go to his children but should be left for the benefit of the public, as has been the case with his later writings. When Leo Nikoláevich wanted to inform the family of this, Mr. Chertkóv was aggrieved and would not allow Leo Nikoláevich to turn to his wife and children. [1] A despot! He has got the poor old man into his [1] clutches and compels him to do evil deeds. But if I live I will be revenged on him in a way he cannot imagine. He has taken from me my husband's heart and love, and taken the bread from the mouths of our children and grandchildren. And his son has a million of mad money in the Bank of England.¹ Not like what Leo Nikoláevich and I earned together (I helped him in many things). I told Leo Nikoláevich to-day that I know of his arrangements. He looked guilty and pitiful, and kept silent all the time. I told him that what he was doing was not right, that he was preparing evil and discord, and that our children would not yield up their rights without a struggle. It hurts me to think that so much evil will be aroused over the tomb of the man I love—reproaches, legal proceedings, and all that is distressing! Yes, the evil spirit operates through Chertkóv's hands. Not for nothing is his name derived from *Chert* (a devil) + and not for nothing has Leo Nikoláevich written in his diary:?

"Chertkóv has drawn me into strife, and that strife is very hard and repulsive to me."

[From + the words are written at the foot and at the top of two pages of her diary, and were probably inserted later.]

¹ He had money in the Bank of England, but the "million" (even of rubles) is no doubt a gross exaggeration.

I have also learnt of Leo Nikoláevich's present lack of love for me. He has forgotten everything—forgotten that he wrote in his diary: "If she rejects me I shall shoot myself!" But I not only did not reject him, I have lived with him for forty-eight years and have never for a moment ceased to love him.

I am hurrying to get out the edition before Leo Nikoláevich takes any extreme step, which may be expected of him in his present uncompromising mood. He went to meet Sáscha on horseback, but she returned late. Then he overslept himself and dined alone at 7 o'clock. He is writing to Tánya. He loves his daughters, but in general is not fond of his sons, and he hates some people. His sons are not [1] like Chertkóv.¹

In the evening I showed Leo Nikoláevich his diary of 1862 (which I copied out long ago). It was written when he fell in love with me and proposed. He seemed to be surprised by it, and afterwards remarked: "How distressing!"² But I have retained one consolation—my past! To him of course it is distressing. He has exchanged all that was straightforward, pure, truthful, and happy, for what is hidden, impure, false, evil and—weak! He suffers very much, but throws all the blame on me, preparing to bequeath me the role of a Zanthippe⁺ as I have often foretold. [From ⁺ is inserted in the margin.] That is easy for him on account of his popularity. But what is he preparing for himself before his conscience, before God, and before his children and grandchildren? We shall all die. My enemy will also yield up his spirit. But what shall we all feel at our last moments? Shall I forgive my enemy?

I cannot consider myself guilty, for I feel with my whole being

¹ I think a more accurate statement of the case would be that Tolstóy was extremely fond of all three of his daughters, and that they all loved him sincerely and ardently. In his last years he was on good terms with his two eldest sons, but in acute discord with his third son Leo Lvóvich, who made no secret of his animosity to his father. He was also grieved by the conduct of his youngest sons, Andréy and Mikhaíl. The three youngest sons were all apparently quite prepared to help their mother in any attempt to defeat their father's wish to make his copyrights public property. A M.

² Tolstóy's diary of 1862 accords with what Sófya Andréevna says of it. Leo Nikoláevich had apparently forgotten his diary of that period. S.L.T.

that by separating Leo Nikoláevich from Chertkóv I am *saving* him from the enemy—the devil! When praying I plead that the Kingdom of God should return to our house: “*Thy Kingdom come*”—and not that of the enemy.

L.T. 2. Another conversation this morning and a scene. Someone had said something to her about some bequeathing of the diaries to Chertkóv. I kept silence. An empty day. I could not work properly. In the evening the same conversation again. Insinuations and prying.

13th October

D B. I torment myself and am more unhappy than ever. Leo Nikoláevich holds a knife over me all the time (only metaphorically of course): “If I liked I could cut you to bits at any time!” And I always keep some poison and think more than ever: “If I want to, I can kill myself!” And that is our life, or rather *mine*. This confirmation of the former news—that Leo Nikoláevich has written a note about the posthumous renunciation of his rights as author, and has done it *in secret* from his family, and has *secretly* given it to Chertkóv, has definitely killed me. I think of suicide all day long. Drove to Yásenki, walked a great deal, worked but little, slept and suffered torments. Leo Nikoláevich rejected governments, but what with the diaries (which are in the State Bank) and with his will, he and Chertkóv are hiding behind the government! How much theory and how little practice! It is not avarice that torments me; it is the *secrecy* and the evil that this will give birth to.

D. The thought of suicide is growing again, and more strongly than before. Now it feeds itself in quiet. I read to-day in the papers that a girl of fifteen poisoned herself with opium and died easily—just fell asleep. I looked at my large phial of opium—but have not yet decided.

To live is becoming unthinkable. Ever since Leo Nikoláevich

stayed with him in June and fell completely under his influence, it has been as though I lived under a bombardment directed by Mr. Chertkóv. "*Il est despote, c'est vrai*"—as his mother said of him.

And now my poor old man is enslaved by that despotism. Moreover when he was still young he wrote in his diary that he had been in love with a friend [After "a friend" three other words were written but were afterwards deleted by Sófya Andréevna] and that he tried chiefly to *please* that friend and not grieve him—once even spending eight months in Petersburg to that end. And it is just the same now. He has to *please* that [1] spiritually and serve him in every way.

It began by that despot taking all Leo Nikoláevich's manuscripts and carrying them away to England. Then he took away the diaries, which I only recovered at the price of my life and which are at present in the bank. Then he kept Leo Nikoláevich with him as long as he could, and calumniated me to my face and behind my back with all sorts of venomous reproaches + such as that I spend my whole life in killing my husband, as he said to my son Lev. [From + is inserted in the margin.]

Finally he persuaded and helped Leo Nikoláevich to write out a renunciation of his posthumous rights as an author (I don't know the exact form) thereby taking the last bit of bread from the mouths of our children and grandchildren in the future. But the children and I, if I live, will defend our rights.

[1] and what right has he to interfere in the affairs of our family?

That wicked Pharisee, who deceived me before by assuring me that he was our family's *closest friend*, is hatching some fresh plots.

I walked about Yásnaya Polyána in the morning. It was frosty, clear, and wonderfully beautiful! And there is nothing sweeter than the thought of death. I must end these tortures more quickly, or to-morrow Mr. Chertkóv will be carrying away not manuscripts but *me*—to a lunatic asylum! And Leo Nikoláevich, in the weakness of his old age, will carry that plan out to please him, cutting me off from the whole world, and then I shall be deprived

of an escape by death. Or else in revenge for my having *exposed* him, Chertkóv will persuade my husband to go away with him somewhere, but then things will come to a climax—opium or the pond, or the river in Túla, or a branch in the Chepýzh wood. Surest and easiest—opium.¹ Then I should not witness the horror of the discord with our enemy—the wrangles, anger, quarrels, and lawsuits, over the grave of the husband I once loved I should not have to bear the constant reproach and venom that now weary my heart, torment me, and compel me to keep devising most complex and terrible means to avoid seeing the evil pre-arranged by the father and grandfather of a numerous family, under the influence of that malignant despot Chertkóv.

When I told Leo Nikoláevich yesterday that by arranging to

¹ We quote an extract from V. M. Feokritova's Memoirs, recording what Sófya Andréevna said to her :

"13th October, 1910.

"Yásnaya Polyána.

"I can't live like this any more! It isn't so hard to drink enough poison. It is easier than to live under perpetual threats of being certified insane at Chertkóv's command! Leo Nikoláevich took the diaries from me at his command, abandoned the rights in his works, and has now made a will in secret. I was sorting the linen as I always do, and something fell out on my foot. I picked it up and saw that it was a small book, which of course I took and read. It was praise of Chertkóv and abuse of me. And it also mentioned the will. But I had heard about the will from others. They said that at first Leo Nikoláevich wanted to summon the family and announce his wishes to them, but (probably under pressure from Chertkóv) he reconsidered the matter, and now hides it all from me. Life like this is impossible. Leo Nikoláevich is always holding a dagger over me and threatening me with it. That is why I want to finish the edition as quickly as possible and put it on sale—then no one will be able to deprive me of it. But Leo Nikoláevich may do this—bequeath all rights to Chertkóv—and die, and I shall then be stuck with my edition. I cannot face the rancour there will be after his death. We shall get the upper hand of course. We shall be able to prove his fainting fits and weak-mindedness, and the wronged will triumph. But what will it be like to live through those quarrels and lawsuits? Why does he wrong his children?

"... For myself I need nothing. Yes, and Tanya let something out to me too—not intentionally but accidentally. How can I live under that lifted dagger? That is what eats into me all the time. And I cannot ask him about it. I spoke to him to-day. He kept silent, but did not deny it. But if I ask whether he has left me the rights to my edition he will certainly say that he can promise nothing. So why should I ask?"

S.L.T.

give his copyrights after his death to the whole world and not to his family he is doing an evil deed and not a good one, he remained obstinately and angrily silent all the time. In general he has now adopted a tone which seems to say: "You are ill and I must bear with you But I shall remain silent and shall hate you in my soul."

[1] Chertkóv's suggestion that my chief motive is *cupidity* has infected Leo Nikoláevich too. But what cupidity can there be in a sick woman of sixty-six, who has a home, and land, and a wood, and capital, and my Memoirs, and diaries and letters—all of which I can publish? !!

It is Chertkóv's bad *influence* that is so painful. It is painful that there are *secrets* from me everywhere. And it is painful that Leo Nikoláevich's *will* will give rise to much evil; to quarrels, lawsuits, and newspaper controversies over the grave of the old man who during his lifetime availed himself of everything, but disinherited his numerous direct heirs after his death.

Having at Chertkóv's instigation abused the government in the rudest way in all his writings, he now takes cover behind the law and the government in his outrageous actions, placing his diaries in the *State Bank*, and drawing up a *legal will*, which he hopes will be enforced by that same government.¹

¹ The situation was a perplexing one for Tolstóy. He was anxious not to retain any benefit for himself or for his family from his writings, but to give them absolutely to the world, hoping that by doing so they would become cheaper and more accessible to everybody. He had publicly announced this intention years before. He disliked and disapproved of legal formalities, and had hoped that his disposition of his literary inheritance would be accepted and recognized by his family. But he had now learnt that his wife and younger sons were planning to upset his arrangements by availing themselves of the fact that a will not drawn up in legal form had no juridical validity. He had therefore to choose between abandoning his purpose or submitting to the legal formalities necessary to ensure respect for his intention. Reluctantly, and after much hesitation, he adopted the latter course as the lesser of two evils.

He had also to reckon with the fact that his wife disliked and disapproved of several of his most serious works, and apart from that was in no fit state to edit them, especially as the censor was active and afforded any editor ample opportunity to mutilate them, and modify or misrepresent the opinions they expressed.

Had the Countess been better balanced mentally, she would have realized that by worrying, distressing, and exhausting her husband, she was playing

I remember reading to the children a fairy-tale in which there was a wicked girl who lived with some robbers, and whose favourite amusement was to draw a knife across the nose and throat of her animals—a deer, a horse, and an ass—making them fear every moment that she was going to plunge the knife into them. I am now continually experiencing that very thing. The knife is held by my husband; he threatens me with everything—to give away the rights in his works, to run away from me . . . and there are secrets and all sorts of spiteful menaces. We talk of the weather, of books, of the fact that there are many dead bees in the honey—but we are silent about what is in the soul of each of us, and this continually burns our hearts, shortens our life, and lessens our love . . .

I am so frightened by my husband's anger and shouts directed against me that I now fear to talk to him. Does he think that shouting at me will make me well and tranquil?

Walked a great deal. Nine degrees of frost. I drove to the post at Yasenki.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is much agitated and is suffering in consequence. Her future would seem to be so simple: to live out her old age in concord and love with her husband, without interfering in his life and affairs. But no, she wants—God knows what she does want—to torment herself, it seems. It is evidently a disease and one cannot but pity her.

L.T. 2. It appears that she has found my little diary and carried it off. She knows about some bequeathing of something to someone, evidently related to my works. What she suffers on account of their monetary value! And she is afraid lest I should interfere with her edition. She is afraid of everything—poor unhappy woman!

directly into Chertkóv's hands, for Tolstóy had for a long time hesitated just what arrangements he ought to make; but under the attacks and misrepresentations to which the Countess gave violent expression he came to feel more and more dependent on Chertkóv to deal with his works in accord with his intentions.

A.M.

14th October

D.B. I wrote a letter to Leo Nikoláevich about the injustice of his arrangement regarding the copyrights. He was angry and upset. Ladýzhensky arrived. An intimate conversation. Gorbunóv came. Worked much at the edition. Clear, beautiful, and frosty.

D. Woke up early and wrote my husband a letter which I here insert:

"You ask me every day with apparent sympathy how I am, and how I have slept; but every day there are fresh blows which scorch my heart, shorten my life, and torment me unendurably, and which cannot possibly lessen my sufferings.

"It has pleased fate to reveal to me this new blow—this evil deed by which you are depriving your numerous offspring of your copyrights, though your accomplice in that affair ordered you not to inform the family. He threatened that he would *smirch* the family, and that he has brilliantly done by wheedling out of you the document with that renunciation.

"The government which both of you have abused and rejected in all your writings will *according to law* deprive your heirs of their last bit of bread and transfer it to Sýtin¹ and other wealthy printers and adventurers, while Tolstóy's grandchildren will be dying of hunger in consequence of his evil and vainglorious will.

"And the government—that is the State Bank—will safeguard Tolstóy's diaries from his *wife*. *Christian* love by various means is systematically killing the person nearest to you—not in your sense but in mine—your wife, who during our whole marriage has done no bad deeds, and who apart from suffering most acutely herself still does none. Various threats are now suspended over my head. Listen, Lévochka, you pray when you go for walks! Pray then. and consider well what you are doing under pressure from that

* Sýtin did a very large business in cheap booklets, and had been induced to publish Tolstóy's short stories for the people, which he sold in very large numbers. Afterwards he also published many of Tolstóy's longer works. A.M.

wretch. Extinguish the evil, open your heart, evoke love and kindness, not anger and evil deeds and vainglorious pride (concerning your rights as an author) and hatred of me, who lovingly gave my whole life to you and helped you in everything. If it has been suggested to you that I am guided by mercenary motives, then I personally am ready, like my daughter Tánya, to renounce officially the right to inherit my husband's property. Why should I want it? It is obvious that for one reason or another I shall soon depart this life.

"I am seized by horror at the thought that I may survive you and see the evil that will spring up around your grave in the memory of your children and grandchildren! Extinguish that evil while you are still alive, Levochka! Arouse and soften your heart! Arouse God and love in it—about which you preach to men so loudly . . .

"S.T."

When I opened the door into Leo Nikoláevich's study he immediately said: "Can't you leave me in peace?" I answered nothing, but closed the door again and did not go back. He himself came to me instead, but again with reproaches and a sort of hatred and a refusal to reply to my questions.

Ladýzhenskaya has come and I said a great many unnecessary things, but I long so to let the groanings of my heart be heard. Leo Nikoláevich went out on horseback. He went round to Zásaka station to inquire whether I had been there, as I had planned, and that pleased me. He returned home tired, quite exhausted, and had forgotten Ladýzhenskaya. He greeted her and went away to have his sleep. Gorbunóv came for dinner, and Leo Nikoláevich got up feeling energetic. He is reading Dostoévsky's *Karamázovs* and says it is very poor. The descriptions are good, but the conversations are very bad. It is Dostoévsky speaking everywhere, and not the persons of the story. They have no characteristic language of their own.

Worked hard at the edition, but I am feeble, my head aches, and I simply fall asleep with my head on the books, papers, and note-books. Yesterday evening I wrote to Andréy. It is lovely

weather—clear, starry, frosty and bright. But I did not go out to-day.

L.T. Still the same. But to-day I am physically very weak. On the table there is a letter from Sófya Andréevna accusing me, and inviting me to renounce something or other. When she came in I asked her to leave me in peace and she went away. My chest felt congested and my pulse was over 90 . . . Before going out I went to Sófya Andréevna and advised her to leave me in peace, and not interfere in my affairs.

L.T. 2. A reproachful letter on account of some paper about rights, as if the question of money was the most important thing. This is better and more definite. But when she speaks exaggeratedly of her love for me and goes on her knees and kisses my hand I find it very hard. I am still unable to announce resolutely that I am going to ride over to Chertkóv's.

15th October

D. In the morning M. A. Stakhóvich and Dolgorúkov¹ came with Seropólko² to inspect the village library, and in the evening my son Sergéy came. I told Stakhóvich everything. He tried to explain it all as a simple matter of no account—nothing to be agitated about. But I am not to be pacified by words. The fact that Leo Nikoláevich does not ride over to Chertkóv quiets me for the present, but he is weak and sad. He went riding with Dushán Petróvich to-day, and his horse balked at the stream, and when it finally leapt over it jerked him so that he immediately had

¹ Prince P. D. Dolgorúkov and Seropólko were then organizing libraries on behalf of the Committee of Literacy in several villages—among others in Yásnaya Polyána. S.L.T.

² Stepán Onísimovich Seropólko, manager of D. I. Tikhomírov's publications and editor of *Southern Russia* and *Pedagogic Leaves*—magazines published in Moscow. He was in correspondence with Sófya Andréevna concerning the sale of her editions of Tolstóy's works. S.L.T.

a pain in the pit of his stomach and suffered from hiccups all the evening. The day passed in conversations, and it became easier to live with people here. In the evening I read proofs. Our people all went to see the library with the guests. It is still the same frosty, clear, and dry weather.

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is quieter. I went riding with Dushán. I wanted to go to Chertkóv's, but thought better of it, for when I mentioned my intention at lunch-time a stormy scene began. She ran out of the house and went to Telyátinki. I rode out, and also sent Dushán to say that I would not go to Chertkóv's, but he did not find her. I returned home, she was still not there. At last they found her at 7 o'clock. She came home and sat immovable with her outdoor things on, and ate nothing. And in the evening she at once began a lot of unsatisfactory explanations. Quite late at night she confessed that she torments me, and promised not to. What will come of it all?

L.T. 2. There was a collision with Sáscha and a general upset, but it was endurable.

16th October

D.B. Was upset by Leo Nikoláevich's intention to ride over to Chertkóv's, and I ran about in the fields and woods for four hours on end.¹ I suffered unendurably. He did not go, but I did

¹ Goldenweiser quotes the following note made by Chertkóv's secretary, Alexéy Petróvich Sergéenko, who met Sófya Andréevna near Telyátinki:

"On October 16th, about three o'clock, I was going to Alexáandra Lvóvna's pond. I was walking along a path among the fir-trees and saw a lady walking along the road that leads from Yásnaya. I got within some yards of her and saw that it was Sófya Andréevna. She spoke first, hurriedly, with an ingratiating and almost guilty air, asking me how I was. I replied. Then she said, 'I wanted to go to the cemetery and came out on this road accidentally. But who is that boy you have with you?' (It was our shepherd-boy.) Suddenly some figures appeared far off on the open field, walking quickly. Sófya Andréevna noticed them, and putting a field-glass to her eyes watched them attentively for some minutes. It was plain that she was afraid Leo Nikoláevich might be coming

not know that. I went to Telyátinki and had no dinner. In the evening it was cordial and joyful with Leo Nikoláevich.

D. Got up tranquil, though not feeling well. I could not sleep, and thought continually of how to rescue Leo Nikoláevich's diaries from the State Bank in Túla. I came out to lunch, and suddenly Leo Nikoláevich announced that he was going to ride over to see Chertkóv. The cunning Gálya pretending that she had neuralgia had sent for Dushán Petróvich, and Leo Nikoláevich availed himself of the opportunity—as if it were necessary for him to see her and also to see Chertkóv regarding some books. Of course it was just an excuse.

I cannot express what came over me! It was as if everything inside me had been torn away. Here they are—the threats under which I now constantly live! I said quietly: "This is only the second day since I have begun to recover!" and I went to my room. Afterwards I dressed and went out for a walk, but soon returned, called my husband, and quietly, almost in a whisper, said to him affectionately: "If you can, Levochka, don't go to Chertkóv's yet awhile! It's terribly hard for me."

Just at first he was not angry. He said that he promised nothing but wanted to do what was best. But when I repeated my request, feeling irresponsible as a result of my mental sufferings, he repeated with vexation that he would not give any promise. Then I went away and clambered about among some ravines, where it would have been difficult ever to find me had I fainted. Afterwards I

to us. Lowering the glass she remarked: "What a lovely place this is . . . I have never been here before!"—and then, quickly correcting herself: "That is, I have never been here at this season . . . It is very beautiful. I am short-sighted and can't see anything, so I have to use a field-glass . . ." Then she turned to me and remarked once more: "I was going to Telyátinki on some business and have come out here accidentally . . . Is Ólga Konstantínovna with you?" "No." "Will she come to-morrow?" "I don't know." "But I thought she was with you. I wanted to call in and see her . . ." "I think she will be coming to-morrow." "You don't know for certain?" "No." Sófya Andréevna then went along the road very slowly, apparently waiting for something. She stayed a long time in Alexándra Lvóvna's garden, trying to be unseen from the road, and then she went along the road towards Yásnaya Polyána." S.L.T.

came out into the fields, and from there almost ran to Telyátinki. I lay in a ditch not far from the gates that lead to Chertkóv's house and awaited Leo Nikoláevich. I don't know what I should have done had he ridden up. I imagined all sorts of things—how I would lie on the bridge over the ditch and be trampled on by Leo Nikoláevich's horse.

But fortunately he did not come. I saw young Sergéenko and Peter carting water. Under the guise of some sort of Christian unity Chertkóv has collected young people who serve him as our domestics serve us.

It was after four o'clock when I went away and again began wandering about. It grew dark. I came into our garden and lay for a long time on a bench under the large fir-tree by the lower pond. I suffered insantly at the thought of a renewal of Leo Nikoláevich's relations with Chertkóv and exclusive love of him. I could see them in my mind's eye shut up in a room ⁺ with their everlasting *secret* conversations about something or other. [From ⁺ is inserted above the line, in place of a sentence that had been struck out.] And my sufferings at once turned my thoughts to the pond and the cold water in which I could immediately, this very minute, find full and eternal forgetfulness of everything, and delivery from my torments of jealousy and despair!

But again cowardice prevented me from killing myself, and I wandered back to the house. I don't even remember how. I did not go in, I was afraid to. I sat down on the bench under the fir-trees. Then I lay down on the ground and drowsed a little.

When it was quite dark and I could see a light in Leo Nikoláevich's windows (which meant that he was awake) they came with lanterns to look for me. Alexéy the porter found me. I got up and saw Varvára Mikháylovna. I was quite crazy with cold, fatigue, and the agitations I had lived through.

I went in quite stiff and numb with cold, and sat there without taking off my things. I remained like that, like a mummy, not eating any dinner, and not taking off my jacket, my hat, or my goloshes. See how expert they are at killing people without using a gun!

It turned out that Leo Nikoláevich, having wearied me out by refusing to promise anything, had not gone to Chertkóv's but had ridden to Záséka, sending Dushán Petróvich to tell me that he would not go to Chertkóv's. But I had already started for Telyá-tinki and Dushán Petróvich did not find me.

In the evening, when I asked Leo Nikoláevich why he had tortured me by refusing to say that he would not go to Chertkóv's, he cried out irritably: "I want freedom! I don't want to be exposed to your caprices! I don't want to be a boy or a rag under my wife's slipper at eighty-two!" . . . He said much more that was hard and offensive, and it hurt me terribly to listen to him. Afterwards I said: "You don't look at it in the right light. It isn't that at all. You explain it all wrongly. A man's highest achievement is to sacrifice his happiness to free someone near him from suffering." But that did not please him and he kept reiterating one and the same thing: "I take back all the promises I have given you! I promise nothing. What I want to do I will do!" and so on.

It is of course unendurable for him to be deprived of intercourse with Chertkóv, and that is why he is so angry that I cannot, I simply and involuntarily *cannot*, endure a renewal of friendship with that [1].

I went to Leo Nikoláevich twice in the evening when I emerged from my torpor, for I wished in some way to harmonize our relations. I managed to do so with difficulty, and we forgave one another, kissed, and parted for the night.⁺ Among other things he said that he wants to do everything so as not to grieve me, and as will be best for me. [From ⁺ was inserted between the lines and in the margin.] What will it be like to-morrow?

We had only just begun a peaceful and quiet life, and again everything is dark. I shall be weak and ill for a yet longer period, and Leo Nikoláevich has undermined his health and strength once more and cannot work. And all because he has some *idée fixe* that he wants to be *free*. Is he not free now, except as regards intercourse with Chertkóv and his irrational wish to meet him?

L.T. To-day it was decided. I want to go to Tánya's but hesitate to do so. An acrimonious hysterical attack. The whole

thing was that she proposed that I should ride over to Chertkóv's and asked me to, but to-day, when I said that I would go, she became frenzied. Things are very very difficult. God help me! I told her that I do not and will not make any promises, but will do all I can not to grieve her. I shall hardly carry out my intention of going away (to Tánya's) to-morrow. But I ought to do so. Yes, this is a trial, and my business is to refrain from doing what is unkind. God help me!

17th October

D.B. Am busy all day with the edition, which gets on little by little. If only all goes peacefully and without Chertkóv, I shall be tranquil and happy. Sent off the corrected proofs. Wrote to Torba, Marúsa Maklakóva, Mey,¹ and Birukóv. A little fine snow is falling. Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv has gone. Yakubóvsky was here, and Parker,² the editor of a vegetarian magazine, a repulsive chattering Jew with perspiring hands.

D. The day passed peacefully and well. Worked much at the edition and the proofs. In *The Teaching of Jesus* Leo Nikoláevich among other things writes of love (from the Gospels)—
 ✓ "If you feel that your brother has acted badly, go to him, choosing a time and place when you can talk with him alone, and then tell him in a friendly way what you have against him. If he listens to you, then instead of being your enemy he will become your friend. But if he will not listen then have pity on him, and *do not have anything more to do with him.*"

That is what I try to do with Chertkóv—not have anything to do with him and avoid any contact.

¹ Albert Ivánovich Mey, proprietor of a photographic business in Moscow. Sófya Andréevna corresponded with him concerning the reproduction of portraits of Tolstóy. In 1910, on her instructions, he did some portraits and photographs for inclusion in the eleventh edition of Tolstóy's collected works which she had undertaken. S.L.T.

² Joseph Ovstéevich Pérper (not Parker as Sófya Andréevna writes) edited *The Vegetarian Review*, first in Kishinev and afterwards in Kiev. S.L.T.

The amiable I. I. Gorbunóv has gone. Yakubóvsky, who is sympathetic, was here, and also a repulsive Jew, the editor of a vegetarian magazine—Parker, I think his name is. There is still no real winter snow.

I am so tired, both mentally and physically, that just now I have no ideas and no inclination to write. I am tormented by curiosity as to what my husband writes in his diary. He writes his diaries now knowing that people will extract thoughts from them and form their own conclusions. My diaries are the sincere cry of my heart and a faithful description of all that goes on among us. Sásha writes a diary too. I imagine how, as a result of her own bad character and not loving me, she painstakingly accuses me and explains my words and feelings in her own way! But God knows if it is so! Sometimes tenderness and pity for her awake in me. And then immediately there is some bitterness or unfair rudeness on her part once more and I want to get away from her. She serves her father zealously enough, and threatens me with his diaries. God be with her!

I have decided not to go anywhere in future; neither to Moscow nor to concerts—nowhere. I have come to value every moment of life with Leo Nikoláevich so much, and love him so ardently—almost as it were afresh, like the last flame of a dying fire—that I will not part from him. Perhaps if I deal tenderly with him he too will be attracted to me again, and will be glad not to be separated from me. But God only knows! He has changed much, and for the worse, and he displays a sort of vexation more often than direct kindness. Apart from my jealousy of Chertkóv, I surround him with such love, care, and endearments, as anyone else would value. But he has been spoilt by people generally, who judge him by his writings and not by his life and actions. So much the better!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna came. She still treats me very kindly and tenderly. But she is much agitated and talks a great deal.

L.T. 2. Am weak. Sófya Andréevna is better and seems to be repentant, but in that too there is an hysterical exaggeration.

She kisses my hands, is very agitated, and talks unceasingly. I feel morally well. I remember who I am. I read S'ri Sankara. The fundamental metaphysical thought about the essence of life is good, but the whole teaching is confused—worse than mine.

18th October

D.B. Wrote to Gorbunóv, Birukóv, and Almédigen. Leo Nikoláevich much alarmed me when he woke up before dinner. He was drowsy, unwilling to speak, and did not eat anything. In the evening he freshened up and drank two cups of tea with almond milk and ate some bread. He was delighted with the clever religio-philosophic book of the unknown Nikoláev who lives abroad. I feel weak and unstable, and am distressed by all sorts of fears for the future.

D. Got up late, feeling quite shattered, ill, and distressed by constant fear of some unpleasantness or protests. Looking back on these four months of my suffering I think of how a cat plays with a mouse (Leo Nikoláevich with me). It tortured me to know that Chertkóv had five note-books of the diaries, and I asked Leo Nikoláevich to get them back. He tormented me for two or three weeks by refusing and drove me to despair. Then he took them to put in the bank. I was ill with a nervous disease even before that affair with the diaries—when he postponed coming for a day and thereby made my illness worse.

He prolonged his stay at Kochetý intentionally because he knew I had to be nearer to Moscow on account of the new edition. He knew that separation and my uneasiness on his account wore me out, but he stubbornly stayed on there instead of returning to Yásnaya.

At the end of my own stay there I begged him with tears to fix at least an approximate time for his return ⁺ to come back at any rate in time for my name-day—but he got vexed and stubbornly declined. [⁺ These words were inserted between the lines.]

When I asked him what document or will he recently gave to Chertkóv he angrily and stubbornly declined to tell me.

At every moment I expect some fresh repulse, and that continual expectation of something unkind, some new decision about the diaries, makes me nervous and my life painful and unendurable.

But to-day, when he woke up drowsy after his nap and did not eat any dinner, I was tormented by anxiety and was ready to make any sacrifice for him, even to letting him visit Chertkóv (who is now more my enemy than ever, after an absence of three months). And really he woke up and became nearer to me, and Sáscha too. She has entirely devoted herself to serving her father, and her only pleasures are her interest in horses and in her little estate at Telyátinki.

Worked little to-day. There is great discord within me—physically and mentally. Even my prayers have begun to weaken. After a doze in the evening I pasted in cuttings and wrote letters. The weather is terrible, a whirlwind, snow, and towards evening 13 degrees of frost, and everything is frozen over.

L.T. 2. Still the same depressing conditions of fear and estrangement. Nothing happened to-day. In the evening she began a conversation about faith. She simply does not understand what faith means.

19th October

D. Elizavéta Vladímirovna Molostvóva has come. She interests herself in studying different sects and writing about them. She is clever and sensitive and understanding. I told her about my sufferings. She thinks me to blame because beside me, Leo Nikoláevich's wife, Chertkóv is so insignificant that it is unworthy of me to think he can occupy *my* place with my husband. But I am not convinced, and I continue to try to revive our old relations.

All of us, including Leo Nikoláevich, went for separate walks. In the evening he was captivated by reading Dostoévsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and said: "To-day I understand why it is

that people love Dostoévsky. He has many admirable thoughts." Then he began to criticize, repeating that all Dostoévsky's characters speak Dostoévsky's own language and use his long arguments.

Yesterday evening I was much disturbed by the disappearance of Leo Nikoláevich's diary from the table where it always lies in a locked portfolio. And when Leo Nikoláevich woke up at night I went to his room and asked whether he had given the diary to Chertkóv. "Sáša has it," he said, and I was somewhat pacified, though it offends me that she should have it and not I. Sásha copies *thoughts* out of the diary, evidently for that hateful Chertkóv who cannot have clean and good thoughts *of his own*.

It is very clear and frosty. Just now there are 8 degrees of frost, and there are stars and silence. Everyone is asleep.

L.T. In the night Sófya Andréevna came: "More plots against me!" "What do you say? What plots?" "The diary has been given to Chertkóv. It is not here." "Sáša has it!" It was very depressing, and I could not sleep for a long time because I was unable to master an ill feeling.

L.T. 2. A very unpleasant conversation last night, and I stood it badly. Sásha had mentioned some sale [of Tolstóy's works] for a million. We shall see, it might be for the best. Only to act so as to earn the approval of the supreme judge!

20th October

D.B. A good, peaceful, and busy day. Molostvóva has gone, and I did a lot of work. Leo Nikoláevich went riding, talked to a peasant, Nóvikov,¹ and wrote and read in his own room. In the

¹ Mikhaíl Petróvich Nóvikov, a peasant of Borovkóva village in Túla province, had long been acquainted with Leo Nikoláevich, and was near to him. He was the author of several articles on peasant life.

The following extracts from Nóvikov's conversation with Leo Nikoláevich on the night of October 21st show that even then the thought of leaving Yásnaya had ripened in Leo Nikoláevich's brain:

"He unexpectedly said to me: 'I have never been to see you in your village!'"

morning there were 27 degrees of frost, and in the evening 9, but it is cloudy and windy. I had a bath.

D. Yesterday Molostvóva told me that when she was at Chertkóv's last autumn, her husband—a kindly, sincere man, an estate owner of the old type who is well disposed to everybody—could not get away quickly enough, such an oppression seems to lie over everyone and everything at that place. Everyone seemed in some way unhappy, dissatisfied and gloomy. I note this because to-day was so quietly tranquil, happy, and peaceful among us that one would wish to live like that always. Sáscha is busy with her sick horses and typing for her father. She also went alone to a

'You have promised to visit me several times,' I replied, 'but you have always forgotten.' Leo Nikoláevich laughed and said: 'It is good that I am free now and can keep my promise any time. I now consider myself to be superfluous here, like your old men when they reach my age, and I am therefore quite free.' Noticing that I smiled incredulously, taking his remark for a joke, he assumed a serious tone and spoke this time with evident agitation: 'Yes, yes, you must believe what I say. I am speaking to you frankly. I shall not die in this house. I have decided to go to some out-of-the-way place where I shall not be known. Perhaps I will really come to die in your hut. . . .' On parting he repeated several times. 'We shall soon see one another.'

"I was already in bed and preparing to go to sleep (it was past eleven o'clock) when suddenly I heard soft footsteps near me. . . . 'I did not wish to speak to you of my affairs,' said Leo Nikoláevich, 'but I have only just understood and felt, without explaining it to you, why I have always been unable to visit you. I will not conceal from you the fact that here I am roasted as if I were in hell. I have always thought of going and wanted to go away somewhere—into the forest, to a watchman's hut, or to some poor and lonely peasant in the village, but God has never granted me the strength to tear myself away from my family—my weakness, my sins. I could not for my own satisfaction oblige others to suffer—even my family. . . . I could not run away secretly without causing an uproar, and my wife would on no account agree to my going to you or anyone else. If I had insisted on it we should at once have had the scenes customary in our circle. tears, hysteria, and fainting-fits. . . . which I could not have endured.' I replied: 'I don't want to offend you, Leo Nikoláevich, but I will tell you of an acquaintance of mine whom you also know.' (I gave his name.) 'You know that his wife is a dipsomaniac, and for twenty years has had fits of drinking—for a week, for two weeks, and even for three. At first he was stupid. He ordered prayers from the priest, bought icons at the church, and went on pilgrimage to Sergéy-Troitsa. . . . But last summer he could no longer restrain himself. He took a whip and flogged the drunken

meeting in our village to speak about a Co-operative Society of the local peasants in Yásnaya Polyána.¹

Leo Nikoláevich was busy with his writings, played patience, and rode to Záseka. He came to my room several times and spoke to me sympathetically. Some peasants came to see him. Nóvikov, who writes articles (a clever peasant), and two of our own young peasants, one of whom has been in prison for two years as a revolutionary.

It was frosty in the morning, 27 degrees, clear and calm. Towards evening it became warmer, but windy and cloudy. As usual I was busy on the edition, and I also pasted in press-cuttings. How eagerly and ardently Leo Nikoláevich reads all that is written and printed about him in the papers! Evidently he can never give that up.

woman a couple of times, and it acted better than the saints! Now she has left off drinking when he is there, and her drinking-fits are a thing of the past . . .’ Leo Nikoláevich laughed, and spoke to me simply and frankly. ‘I have suffered more than your acquaintance. For thirty years I have borne that cross and bear it still . . . Here they value me in rubles and say I am ruining the family. It is true they have taken affectionate care of me physically that my dinner should not go cold, and that I should have a clean blouse and linen breeches . . . But no one except Sásha has any interest in my spiritual life . . . I will go away. I will certainly go away!’ he said tonelessly. And at parting he said once more. ‘We shall soon see one another again, perhaps even sooner than I myself expect.’ ”

Following this conversation Leo Nikoláevich wrote Nóvikov the following letter:

“Mikhaíl Petróvich,

“In regard to what I told you before you went away I would ask you: if I really should come to you, could you find me in your village a separate and warm hut, even if quite a small one, so that I might inconvenience you and your family only for a very short time? I also want to say that should I have to telegraph you I should not do so in my own name, but in that of T. Nikoláev.

“I await your reply, and press your hand in friendship.

“Leo Tolstóy.”

That letter was delayed in the post, and when Nóvikov received it Tolstóy was already at Astápovo.

S.L.T.

¹ A Co-operative Society was organized by Sófya Andréevna later, and ran successfully for some time.

S.L.T.

L.T. My health is bad. A change is near. It would be well to live one's last days better. Sófya Andréevna told me that she regretted what happened yesterday. I said something to the effect that if one hates even a single person one cannot have true love.

L.T. 2. It is useless to note down what is not good, and things are very bad. But I will note down one thing: how dear and kind Sáscha is to me and how happy she makes me.

21st October

D. To-day I saw in the *Iskra* a portrait of Leo Nikoláevich and myself taken on the last anniversary of our wedding. More than a hundred thousand people will see us together, hand in hand, as we have lived all our life.¹ To-day I had a long talk with Sáscha. She knows nothing of life or of people, so there is much, very much, that she does not understand. For her the whole world centres at Telyátinki, where she has her beloved little estate and where she is surrounded by the narrow, stupid, and dull Chertkóv atmosphere.

I continue to read pamphlets of Leo Nikoláevich's for the new edition, which are rendered dull by their monotony. I sympathize ardently with his condemnation of war and of all violence, executions, and killings. But I do not understand his condemnation of government. People's need of rulers, masters, and leaders is so great that no human organization is conceivable without them. The whole question depends on this: that the master must be wise, just, and self-sacrificing, for the benefit of those under him.

Leo Nikoláevich complains of suffering from his liver. No doubt that is what makes him languid and depressed. But perhaps he is also depressed because he does not see Chertkóv—though

¹ The photograph Sófya Andréevna mentions was the last portrait taken of her and Leo Nikoláevich together. It is reproduced in this book. The word "last" which she employs shows that she wrote that passage much later. Bulgákov's account of how he took the photograph is given in a note to the entry of September 23rd.

even Sáscha said to-day that her father is not at all distressed not to see that gentleman, but that he is grieved by my hatred of him and the constraint I put on his actions by suffering so much from the possibility of their meeting. Every day I think: "Well, thank God another day has passed without Leo Nikoláevich riding over to Chertkóv's."

I diligently pray God to remove that partiality from my husband's heart, and turn it to me, his wife.

Dunáev has arrived, loud-voiced but agreeable. The weather is terrible: 4 degrees of frost, a whirlwind, snow, and frozen hail beating against the window. It is very dull. Nádyá Ivánova has also arrived. Have written to the printer.

L.T. Things are going well with Sófya Andréevna.

L.T. 2. I find it very hard to bear my trial. I keep remembering Nóvikov's words: "He took a whip and it acted much better," and Iván's: "Among us we use the reins," and I am displeased with myself. During the night I thought of going away. Sáscha talked much with her mother, and I restrained an unkindly feeling with difficulty . . .

22nd October

D.B. Worked little, read proofs. Leo Nikoláevich walked in the garden. His appetite is better, he is energetic, and towards evening was more like his old self. But I do not feel well. Since early morning I have been tormenting myself about the diaries in the bank, and about the possibility of Leo Nikoláevich meeting Chertkóv, and everything within me ached and suffered. Dunáev has left. Bulgákov[†] walked over with a youth. It is thawing, and in the night there was a snowstorm. They are cleaning the house, and the smell is dreadful.

[†] Bulgákov was returning to Moscow, where he was going to apply for permission to leave the University. S.L.T.

D. Once again I had no sleep, but tormented myself about the diaries in the bank, and tested myself as to how a renewal of relations between Leo Nikoláevich and Chertkóv would react on me. And try as I will I cannot reconcile myself to that possibility.

I remembered Chertkóv's letter to Leo Nikoláevich in which he spoke of his "sexual desires" [7] And I also remembered Leo Nikoláevich's angry words: "*Chertkóv is the person nearest to me!*"—letting me, his pure and unspoilt wife, feel that I was not only not near, but was the person most distant from him.

He preaches love of *all* men, but has set up for himself a *nearest* person, in other words an *idol*, thereby offending me and wounding me in every part, and it is quite impossible for me to reconcile myself to his meetings with that *nearest person*. Now at least that immediate nearness of meeting cannot come [the word *immediate* is inserted above the line in place of another that has been struck out]; and spiritual nearness is impalpable and cannot be long maintained with such a [1]. When Chertkóv was abroad and was printing Leo Nikoláevich's works, he had a pretext for intercourse. But now there is nothing on which to maintain that *spiritual intercourse* on a basis of *special spiritual intensity*—as that repulsive man wrote in his letter to Leo Nikoláevich.

I had a talk with Dunáev, who also does not understand things and proposes going abroad. The one thing on which I agree with them all is the advice to remember his years and the nearness of his death, and to make every possible concession and indulgence for him. But if my concession will cost me my life, or at any rate compel me to leave my home, is that any better for Leo Nikoláevich than not seeing Chertkóv?

I cannot yet answer for myself, and *do not know* what my relation will be to that, but I *feel* that to endure Leo Nikoláevich's proximity to Chertkóv is beyond my power. I simply cannot do it anyhow.

Bulgákov has come, and with him some unfortunate youth from among those who have fallen into Chertkóv's net. Nádyá Ivánova is also here. Things are ill with me both physically and

morally. Leo Nikoláevich is brisker to-day, ate with appetite, walked about the garden, and seemed to have rested. He played chess with that lad, who played badly, so that Leo Nikoláevich did not enjoy playing with him and beating him twice.

There is a thaw and a glazed frost, and all driving is impossible.

L.T. There has been nothing hostile from her, but this pretence on both sides oppresses me. I had a letter from Chertkóv enclosing a letter to Dósev¹ and an announcement.² All very good, but it is unpleasant that the privacy of my diary is infringed. Dunáev talked well. What he told of Sófya Andréevna's words to him and Márya Nikoláevna is terrible.

23rd October

D.B. To-day all is well. Leo Nikoláevich twice referred to me affectionately. In the morning, hearing someone moving about (Nádyá Ivánova was leaving) he was uneasy, thinking that something was wrong with me. During the day he brought me a pear and began talking to me from time to time. I walked with the dogs along the road to the bathing-place. I don't like autumn. Worked hard at the edition. It was quiet, nobody came, and that was well. Leo Nikoláevich sorted the farthing booklets to give and send away. He is well and is tranquil.

D. Not having Chertkóv's *nearness*, Leo Nikoláevich seems to have come nearer to me. He has begun talking to me some-

¹ See the mention of Chertkóv's letter to Dósev in my introductory article.

S.L.T.

² Leo Nikoláevich had commissioned Chertkóv to prepare an announcement for the press, in view of reports of offers to purchase his writings. In that announcement Leo Nikoláevich confirmed that he placed everything he had written since 1880 at the disposal of each and all, and in conclusion said: ". . . proposals to purchase the right to publish an edition of any of my writings, whether they appeared before 1881 or after, either for a fixed period or in perpetuity, arise from a complete misunderstanding, as I have not consented and do not consent to such a thing."

That announcement was not published.

S.L.T.

times, and to-day I had true joys: the joy of my former kindly Levochka paying attention to my existence (when Nádyá Ivánova was leaving early in the morning and walking and moving about, Levochka thought that I was moving about and felt uneasy on my account. He told me so). And then during the day he was eating a very nice pear and brought it to me and shared it with me.

How long will this peaceful, good, and quiet state of things last?

Leo Nikoláevich rode with Dushán Petróvich to Záséka, where soldiers were driving a fox. In the morning he worked as usual. Latterly he has been writing continually and has always been dissatisfied with it: about Socialism, and he has started an article on suicide and another on insanity. I don't know what he was working on this morning. He spent a strenuous evening sorting the farthing booklets for distribution and separating them into better, medium, and worse, and dividing them also into those suitable for more and for less intelligent readers.

I walked with the dogs, Marquis and Bélka, in the Zakáz forest, following the tracks of Leo Nikoláevich's and the doctor's horses. It is sad in autumn! I don't like it. The walk tended to upset me. Many *idées fixes* came to the surface and tormented me.

A thaw. Roads unusable. Damp and windy. Very busy reading for the edition. My eyes are bad. I soon get tired, and am tormented by the unsuitability of Leo Nikoláevich's last writings for the censor's requirements.

L.T. The letter to Dósev is chiefly a programme for me, which I am still far from carrying out. My talks with Nikoláev alone suffice to prove that the state of my liver somewhat palliates that guilt. But it is necessary that the liver should not merely obey but serve. *Je m'entends*. I understand what I mean.

I have lost my memory of almost all the past, all my writings, all that brought me to the state of consciousness I now live in. Formerly I could never even imagine the condition of thinking constantly of my spiritual ego and its demands—the condition in which I now live almost continually. And this condition could not

exist if I lived in the past or was even conscious of it and remembered it . . . How can I help rejoicing at such a loss of memory?

L.T. 2. Still the same oppressive mutual dissimulation. I try to be straightforward but it does not come off. The thought of Nikoláev does not leave me. When I went riding, Sófya Andréevna followed me on foot to see whether I had not gone to Chertkóv's. I am ashamed to confess my stupidity even in my diary, but since yesterday I have begun to do exercises. I wanted—fool that I am—to become young. And I upset a cupboard which fell on me—torturing myself needlessly. There's an eighty-two-year-old fool for you!

24th October

D. Miss Natálya Alexéevna Almedingen, editress of children's magazines, has arrived, and so has Gástev. He lives in the Caucasus and is a Tolstóyan of long standing. Bulgákov also walked over. I think regretfully of yesterday's solitude. I do not feel Leo Nikoláevich so near me. In the morning he called to Natálya Alexéevna who was passing, first calling her "Sófya Andréevna" and then "Sónya." She told me of it, and I was glad that he should have referred to me even in that way. He rode too far with Bulgákov on such a horrible, icy road, and arrived home tired at five o'clock. But in the evening he seemed lively, and talked much about books and of the too-monotonous tendency of the *Posrédnik's* publications.

Gástov talked entertainingly of the sectarian Vasíli Kiríllovich Sutáev,¹ of whom Leo Nikoláevich used to be so fond, and it was a pleasure for him to hear those stories.

I went to walk with Miss Almedingen, and suddenly we saw horsemen on the hillock near the bathing-place. They were Leo

¹ Vasíli Kiríllovich Sutáev (1819-1892) was a peasant of the province of Tver, a sectarian philosopher who came independently to a doctrine close to Tolstóy's own. On religious questions Sutáev, by Tolstóy's own admission, had an influence on him. He made his acquaintance in 1881. S.L.T.

Nikoláevich and Bulgákov, and I was very glad to see Leo Nikoláevich, as I had been thinking about him and wondering whether he had returned home in my absence, or whether he had had an accident on that slippery road.

Towards evening it was warm and poured with rain. I have heard nothing of Chertkóv to-day, but every morning before Leo Nikoláevich goes for his customary outing I wonder with fear and horror whether he will go there, and I cannot settle down to anything. I am too upset, and I only calm down when I see him going in another direction. Then I am satisfied and tranquil for the whole day. We have had no talks about Chertkóv either, and everything is quiet, good, and peaceful. Is this for long, dear Lord? Save us, Lord!! [A later remark added by Sófya Andréevna reads: "This was a terrible presentiment of ill-omen. But outwardly it seemed as though nothing had changed in our relations to one another."]

L.T. Sáscha cried her heart out because she had quarrelled with Tánya. I wept too. It is very sad. The same tension and unnaturalness continue.

25th October

D.B. Spent the morning with Miss Almedingen: read her the notes of my life as a girl, and of my marriage. And such bitterness rose from the depth of my soul. I gave Leo Nikoláevich the love he asked and expected of me, gave it for my whole life, and now there is this terrible estrangement! Gástev was here. It is pouring with rain. Temperature 63°. Leo Nikoláevich has exchanged letters with Gálya Chertkóva¹ without mentioning it, and he does not give me the letters.

D. Got up early, spent the morning with Miss Almedingen and read six sheets of proofs [the printed "sheet" was sixty-four pages]. Drove to our village school. The young and inexperienced

¹ Tolstóy's letter to Gálya (A. K. Chertkóva) merely thanked her for forwarding him a letter of Gúsev's about Dostoévsky. S.L.T.

teacher there has eighty-four boys and girls to teach. In the evening our son Sergéy arrived. He played chess with his father and then played the piano. Sergéy's arrival is always agreeable. I read the notes of my life as a girl and of my marriage to Miss Almedingen. They seemed to please her.

To-day Leo Nikoláevich sent a letter to Gálya Chertkóva. I asked what their correspondence was about, and now he has a new subterfuge—that he has forgotten! I asked for Gálya's letter. He said he did not know where it was—which again is untrue. Say: "I don't want to show it you!" Always lately there is this constant falsehood, deception, wriggling . . . How he has weakened morally! What a lack of kindliness, clearness and sincerity! It is sad, painful, tormentingly sad! Once more he has closed his heart, and once more there is something ominous in his eyes. [A later note by Sófya Andréevna reads: "Probably he was then planning his flight. I could feel the approach of something terrible!"] And once more my heart aches painfully. I have no wish to live and my hands fall lifelessly.

The evil spirit still reigns in the house and in my husband's heart.

Yes: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered!"

I finish, and seal up for a long time, this terrible diary, the story of my heavy sufferings. Curses on Chertkóv—the man who has caused me to suffer! Forgive me, O Lord!

L.T. Sófya Andréevna is still as agitated as ever.

L.T. 2. Always the same oppression. Suspicion and spying, and on my side a sinful wish that she should give me occasion to go away. How weak I am! I think about going away. Then I think of her position and am sorry for her and cannot. She asked me for a letter from Gálya Chertkóva. All night I was aware of my painful struggle with her. I woke up, fell asleep, and it was the same over again. Sáša tells of what was said to Varvára Mikháylovna, and I am sorry for her. Yes it is indeed unendurable—horrible!

26th October

D.B. Got up early and went for a walk. I walked a long time in the fir grove collecting dry sticks, and afterwards did an oil painting of a tall stump. It is warm and the snow has melted. Have finished reading the articles for the edition. My son Andréy has arrived. I was very glad to see him. He is *mine*, mine with his heart, not like Sásha. Leo Nikoláevich rode to Ovsyánnikovo to see Márya Alexándrovna. He was tired afterwards and slept till seven o'clock, and then dined alone. We were agitated. A disturbing telegram from Másha in the evening about Sergéy's duel.¹

Andréy rode into Túla. My mind is troubled. Something is going to happen.

L.T. It is very hard for me in this madhouse.

L.T. 2. I feel more and more oppressed by the life we are leading. Márya Alexándrovna tells me not to go away² and my

¹ Tolstóy's sister, Márya Nikoláevna Tolstóy (Másha), was agitated because K. V. Súmarokov, the Marshal of the Chern District Nobility, had challenged S. L. Tolstóy to a duel because Sergéy Lvóvich said he did not wish to know him, and refused to give him his hand. Sergéy Lvóvich wanted to break off his acquaintance with Súmarokov, first because of a rude letter from him, and secondly because of his arbitrary hunting of a pack of wolves at Nikólsko-Vyázemski that had been placed at the disposal of another hunt, and thirdly because he disliked him as an extreme reactionary and President of the local branch of the "Union of the Russian People." [Often called "The Black Hundreds." Under the cloak of patriotism they made themselves offensive and dangerous to all the progressive parties, and were utilized by the police to start pogroms against the Jews and to harry those suspected of revolutionary tendencies.—A.M.] The duel did not take place, and in December 1910 a *formal* reconciliation took place between the opponents in the presence of witnesses.

S.L.T.

² Leo Nikoláevich had said to Márya Alexándrovna that day: "I am thinking of leaving Yásnaya." On which she exclaimed: "Dearest Leo Nikoláevich, that is only a momentary weakness, it will pass." And Leo Nikoláevich agreed, saying: "Yes, yes, I know it is a weakness and hope it will pass." (From a letter of M. S. Sukhotín's to A. K. Chertkóva, November 12, 1912)

S.L.T.

conscience also restrains me. To bear with her, to endure, not altering the external position but working upon the internal. Lord help me!

(Another entry) Nothing special has occurred. Only a feeling of shame and the necessity of undertaking something

27th October

D.B. A quiet but very busy day. All is well with Sergéy. He has arrived in Moscow. But poor Andréy is doubtless very tired. He is kind. I did not sleep at night, and got up nervous in the morning. I was also grieved by Leo Nikoláevich's cold and malicious *standing on principle* regarding a letter from Chertkóv instead of being kindly and tranquillizing me. He went riding with Dushán, and wrote and read a great deal. It snowed.

28th October

(All that follows was written later.)¹

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich has unexpectedly gone away. O horror! A letter from him² telling me not to seek

¹ We do not know when these entries were made—perhaps on November 1st, when Sófyá Andréevna learnt where Leo Nikoláevich had gone to, and when she wrote: "I worked a little." S.L.T.

² On going away Leo Nikoláevich left Sófyá Andréevna the following letter:

"My departure will grieve you. I am sorry for that, but please understand and believe that I could not act otherwise. My position in the house is becoming and has become intolerable. And apart from everything else I can no longer live in the luxurious conditions in which I have hitherto lived. I am doing what old men of my age often do—withdrawing from the world to live out my last days in peace and solitude.

"Please try to understand that, and do not follow me should you learn where I am. Your coming would only make both your own position and mine worse, and would not alter my decision. I thank you for your honourable forty-eight-year life with me and I beg you to forgive me for everything in which I have been at fault towards you, as I from my whole soul forgive you

him. He is going away for ever to live the peaceful life of an old man. Having read part of it I immediately

for everything in which you may have been to blame towards me My advice is that you should reconcile yourself to the new position in which my departure places you, and not retain an unkindly feeling towards me If you want to send anything to me, give it to Sáscha She will know where I am and will forward what is necessary But she cannot tell you where I am, for she has promised me not to tell anyone

“LEO TOLSTÓY

“28th October, 1910 ”

“P S—I have entrusted Sáscha with collecting my things and my manuscripts and transmitting them to me ” S.L.T

That was not the only letter Sófya Andréevna received from her husband when he left Yásnaya, for Prince N Obolénsky, the husband of Tolstóy's second daughter Másha, speaking of Sófya Andréevna's infatuation for S I. Tanéev, a composer, a pianist, and at one time director of the Moscow Conservatoire, says [*Irénikon*, May and June 1931]

“It is difficult to explain this strange and quite abortive passion of a woman of fifty-four for a man who was for the most part rather indifferent to her It is plain that although Tolstóy knew that the affair was grotesque and inexplicable, he knew also that it was a love affair and suffered accordingly, for he was always of a very jealous nature and extremely sensitive to any shadow of suspicion of impropriety in his family circle.

His wife's own note on the affair in her Diary reads: “I am oppressed by the evil secrecy of my mental condition. I wish to cry, wish to see the man who now forms the central point of my shameful unreasonable madness, but let no one raise a hand against me, for I have suffered terribly.” And again “I do not let myself repent or regret anything, or I may go out of my mind!”

The culminating point of that drama occurred in days very memorable for me. It was in the spring of 1897—I was then in Moscow awaiting my fiancée, Tolstóy's second daughter Másha, to celebrate our marriage. Only three days remained before Lent, during which marriage is not permitted by the Orthodox Church. Suddenly I received a telegram to say that, on account of grave disagreements that had occurred in the family, my fiancée could not come. Tolstóy, as I learnt subsequently, had left home and had gone to live at his brother's, saying that he would not return. The reason was that the Countess was expecting the arrival of the musician referred to, whom she had invited to Yásnaya Polyána All, however, was eventually arranged. Tolstóy yielded as usual and returned home On June 3rd, when my young wife and I were returning from Moscow to Yásnaya Polyána, we met the musician *en route* for the same destination as ourselves. I well remember the indignation and chagrin of my wife, who foresaw all the suffering that her father, whom she tenderly loved, would have to endure. And in fact on leaving the station at Túla we met Tolstóy on the road in a pitiable condition, worn out, feeble, and miserable. He spoke to us kindly, without a word about his state, and

in despair threw myself into the middle pond and began to choke in the water. Sáša and Bulgákov pulled me out,

continued his walk pensively. Next day, June 4th, he wrote a letter to his wife telling her that he was definitely leaving home."

That letter, which has previously been published, was as follows:

✓ "DEAR SÓNYA,

"I have long been troubled by the inconsistency between my life and my convictions I could not make you change your way of life and the habits in which I had trained you . . . and I have now determined on what I have long wanted to do—to go away . . . Approaching my seventieth year, I long with my whole soul for peace, solitude, and if not for complete harmony, at least to avoid glaring discord between my life and my conviction and conscience.

"If I were to do this openly there would be entreaties, upbraidings, arguments, and complaints I should perhaps lose courage and not carry out my decision—though it must be carried out And therefore, Sónya, if my action hurts you, please forgive me and in your soul especially let me go with good will . . .

"That I have gone away from you does not mean that I am displeased with you. I know that you literally could not see and feel as I do, and therefore could not and cannot change your life and make sacrifices for what you do not recognize. And therefore I do not blame you, but on the contrary remember with love and gratitude the thirty-five long years of our life together, especially the first half of it when, with the motherly self-devotion which is part of your nature, you so earnestly and unflinchingly carried out what you considered your duty. You have given me and the world what you could—a great deal of motherly love and self-sacrifice, and one cannot but esteem you for it. But in the later period of our life—the last fifteen years—we have grown apart. I cannot think that I am to blame, for I know I have changed not for my own sake or other people's, but because I could do no other. I cannot blame you either for not following me, but think of you and always shall think of you, with love and gratitude for what you have given me.

"Farewell, dear Sónya, your loving,

"LEO TOLSTÓY."

It was not handed to his wife then. As previously, his attempts to get away came to nothing, and once again he yielded to his wife and remained at Yásnaya Polyána He did not however forget his letter, or rather his two letters, for he wrote a second one which has never been published and about which a word must be said. Four years later, in 1901, when he was very ill in the Crimea and on the point of death, he had his daughter Másha called to his room and confided to her a secret. He told her of a hiding-place at Yásnaya Polyána where he had put two sealed letters In case of his death he asked her to take them out, write what he dictated to her on the envelope, and give them to his wife. Tolstóy however recovered, and in 1906 Másha died, four years before he did.

"Being at Yásnaya Polyána in May 1907," Prince Obolénsky continues:

and Ványa Shuráev helped them. Utter despair. Why did they save me?¹

"Tolstóy called me into his study early one morning and handed me a sealed envelope, asking me to keep it and give it to his wife after his death. This I did. The envelope contained two letters both addressed to her. The one has been published—it contained the formal explanation of his flight from home, an explanation written in the conventional style he had used on other occasions; he thanked his wife for her conjugal fidelity during forty years, and announced that he was leaving home as old Hindu sages do, to end his life in peace and solitude. [This was the letter written in June 1897, which she published as a defence of herself immediately on receiving it.] The other letter enclosed in the same envelope was in quite a different style, but no one has ever read it, for the Countess having glanced through it tore it into little bits, saying: 'More stupidities, jealousy, and reproaches.'

"For ten years—from 1897 till he handed them to me in 1907—Tolstóy had carefully kept those two letters, unwilling to destroy them, for he had not forgotten his wife's distressing passion then, nor did he during the three years that still remained to him before his death in 1910."

While Tolstóy took such pains to screen his wife from blame, and yielded to her demand that certain entries in his Diary which she considered unfair to her should be erased, she was compiling her own Diary, in which (attributing her own intentions to him) she complained that he persistently blackened her character in his Diary, creating for himself the crown of a martyr and for her the scourge of a Xanthippe. At that very time she noted in her own Diary: "I jerked the table just now and my husband's portrait fell to the floor. Just so with this Diary am I casting him down from the pedestal he has all his life assiduously erected for himself."

A.M.

¹ We borrow a description of this from an eye-witness, V. F. Bulgákov (*The Tragedy of Tolstóy*):

"When I got to Yásnaya Polyána in the morning, about eleven o'clock, Sófyá Andréevna was only just awake and was dressing. She ran out into the typing-room. Alexándra Lvóvna hurried from the dining-room to meet her, and as I was just then going upstairs we all met on the landing at the top.

"Where is papa?" said Sófyá Andréevna, rushing towards Alexándra Lvóvna.

"He has gone away."

"What do you mean—gone away! . . . When?"

"Last night."

"Impossible! Sáscha, dear . . ."

"Well, what about me? I am telling you the truth."

"Has he gone away for good?"

"Probably."

"Alone?"

"No, with Dushán."

"Darling Sáscha, dear one . . . Tell me—where has he gone to?" Sófyá

D. I did not enter what occurred on the 26th and 27th, but on October 28, 1910 [November 10th new style] at five o'clock

Andréevna clasped her hands together imploringly Her knees sagged and she leant against the door.

"'I don't know,' replied Alexándra Lvónna. 'He told me nothing, but simply gave me this letter for you'

"'My God!' said Sófyá Andréevna in a whisper.

"She tore open the envelope and read the first line: 'My departure will grieve you.' She could not go on, but threw the letter on the table in the library and ran away muttering to herself: 'My God! What is he doing to me. . .'

"'But read the letter! Perhaps there is something in it!' Alexándra Lvónna and Varvára Mikháylovna called after her, but she did not heed them.

"Then one of the servants ran in crying out that Sófyá Andréevna had run into the park towards the pond.

"'Follow her—you who have boots on!' said Alexándra Lvónna to me, and ran to put on her own goloshes.

"I ran out into the yard and to the park, where I caught glimpses of Sófyá Andréevna's grey dress far off among the trees She was going rapidly down the lime-tree avenue towards the pond. Concealing myself behind the trees I walked after her and then ran.

"'Don't run so fast!' called out Alexándra Lvónna behind me.

"I looked round. Several men were following me Semen Nikoláevich the cook, the manservant Ványa, and others.

"Now Sófyá Andréevna turned aside, always going towards the pond, and disappeared behind the bushes. Alexándra Lvónna flew past me impetuously like a steam-engine, her skirts rustling I hurried to catch her up It would not do to linger Sófyá Andréevna was already at the very edge of the pond.

"We got to the slope, and Sófyá Andréevna glanced round and saw us. She had already passed the slope and was walking on the planks of the little bridge near the bathing-house, from which the women rinse the linen. She evidently hurried on seeing us. Suddenly she slipped and fell noisily right on her back on the bridge . . . and then, crawling and catching at the planks with her hands, she scrambled to the nearest, the left, side of the bridge and rolled over into the water

"Alexándra Lvónna was already on the bridge, and she also fell at the slippery place where one steps onto it. I too was there by that time. Having thrown off her warm knitted jacket as she came up, Alexándra Lvónna at once jumped into the water and I did the same.

From the bridge I could still see Sófyá Andréevna's figure, face upwards. Her mouth was open, and probably water had already poured into it. Her face was pale, and its expression meaningless She was sinking in the water, helplessly throwing up her hands, and now the water had completely covered her.

"Alexándra Lvónna and I could feel the bottom under our feet. It was fortunate Sófyá Andréevna had fallen in when she slipped. Had she thrown herself straight in, the water would have been out of our depth. The middle

in the morning Leo Nikoláevich left home secretly with Dushán Petróvich Makovítski. The excuse for his flight was that I was rummaging among his papers, but though I did go into his study for a moment I did not touch a single paper. There was not even a single paper on the table! In his letter to me (written for the whole world) he talks of our luxurious life and his wish to go into *solitude* and live in a hut like the peasants. Then why write for his daughter Sáscha and [2] Varvára Mikháylovna to join him?

Having learnt of the flight from Sáscha and from his letter, I threw myself in desperation into the pond. Sáscha and Bulgákov pulled me out, alas! Afterwards for five days I took nothing into my mouth. On October 31st, at half-past seven in the morning, I received a telegram from the editor of *The Russian Word*: "Leo Nikoláevich has fallen ill at Astápovo. Temperature 104°." My son Andréy and daughter Tánya and I went by special train from Túla to Astápovo. But they did not let me in to see Leo Nikoláevich, they held me back by force, closed the doors, and tore my heart to pieces.

L.T. Lay down at half-past eleven. Slept till three o'clock. And then again, as on previous nights, I heard footsteps and the pond at Yásnaya Polyána is very deep, and people have been drowned there . . . Even near the bank it is well above the waist.

"Alexándra Lvóvna and I pulled Sófya Andréevna up, seated her on the beam of the trestle, and then on the bridge itself.

"Ványa Shyráev the manservant came up, and he and I with difficulty raised Sófya Andréevna, who was all wet and heavy, and led her to the bank.

Alexándra Lvóvna, encouraged by Varvára Mikháylovna who had come from the house for her, ran quickly to put on dry clothes.

"Ványa, the cook, and I supported Sófya Andréevna little by little into the house. She complained of having been taken out of the water. It was difficult for her to walk. At one place she sat down helplessly on the ground.

" 'I'll sit here a little . . . Let me sit here . . . '

"But that could not be thought of: it was essential that she should put on dry clothes as quickly as possible.

"Ványa and I clasped hands to make a chair, and with the help of the cook and the others put Sófya Andréevna on it and carried her. But she soon asked us to let her down.

"At the door of the house she stopped and told Ványa to drive to the station and find out where Leo Nikoláevich took tickets for."

S.L.T.

opening of doors. Previously I had not looked at my door, but now I glanced at it and saw through the cracks a bright light and heard a rustling. That was Sófyá Andréevna searching my study, probably reading something. The day before she had asked and insisted that I should not close my doors. Her two doors were open, so that my slightest movement could be heard by her. Both day and night my every word and movement must be known to her and under her control. Again I heard footsteps and a cautious opening of doors, and she went past. I don't know why this aroused in me an aversion and indignation I could not restrain. I tried to go to sleep again but could not. I tossed about, lighted the candle, and sat up. The door opened and Sófyá Andréevna came in and asked: "How are you?" and was surprised to see a light. My aversion and indignation increased. I choked, and counted my pulse—97.

I could lie there no longer, and suddenly took the final decision to go away. I am writing her a letter and am beginning to pack only what is most necessary to get away. I woke Dushán and then Sáscha and they helped me. I trembled at the thought that she [Sófyá Andréevna] would hear and would come out. There would have been scenes, hysteria, and afterwards no getting away without an upset. At six o'clock everything was packed somehow and I went to the stable to tell them to harness. (Dushán, Sáscha, and Várya finished the packing.) It was still night—pitch dark. I missed the path to the wing of the house, stumbled into a thicket, pricking myself, ran into the trees, fell, lost my cap and could not find it, made my way out with difficulty and went back to the house. Sáscha, Dushán, and Várya came out with me. I trembled all the time, expecting to be pursued. But at last we drove off. At Shchëkino station we had to wait an hour, and I expected her to appear at any moment. At last we took our places in the railway carriage and started, and my fear passed off and pity for her rose in my heart—but no doubt that I had done what I had to do. Perhaps I am mistaken and am merely justifying my action, but it seems to me that I have saved myself—not Leo Nikoláevich but that something of which there is sometimes a spark in me. We reached Óptino. I am well, though I did not sleep and have hardly eaten

anything. The journey beyond Gorbachev in a crowded third-class carriage full of working-folk was very instructive and good, though I took it in but feebly. It is now eight o'clock and we are at Óptina.¹

¹ The following particulars of Leo Nikoláevich's departure are quoted from the unpublished notes of D. P. Makovitski.

"Leo Nikoláevich woke me at three o'clock in the morning, coming into my room in dressing-gown and slippers and carrying a candle. 'I have decided to go away,' he said 'You must come with me I am going upstairs and you must come too, only don't wake Sófya Andréevna We won't take much with us—only what is essential. Sáša will follow us in a few days and bring what else is necessary.' I noticed that he was nervous. He had had little sleep, and his pulse was 100. He has no peace even at night. He got some things ready to take with him, and then woke Alexándra Lvóvna. They packed, and then Leo Nikoláevich went out to go to the stable to have the horse harnessed, but in the dark he stumbled against an apple-tree, fell, lost his cap, and returned to the house. He took a lantern and went back again. The coachman Andrián Pávlovich harnessed horses to the drozhky, and Leo Nikoláevich and I drove to Shchekino station. It was very dark, and Filíp the stableman went with us on horseback carrying a lantern. Having gone through the village of Yásnaya Polyána, Leo Nikoláevich, who till then had been silent, said in a sad, agitated, and breaking voice—as if complaining and excusing himself—that he had not held out, and was going away in secret from his wife. He told me of the jolt that had incited him to leave. At Shchekino we had to wait an hour and a half for a train. We travelled from Shchekino to Gorbachev second class. From Gorbachev to Kozelsk there was only a third-class carriage, which was overcrowded with passengers and full of smoke. Leo Nikoláevich spent the greater part of the time in the chilly air on the open platform at the end of the carriage. The passengers recognized him, and an animated conversation started in the carriage on the subject of Henry George's Single-Tax, on the use of violence, on Darwinism, and on science and education. Leo Nikoláevich was aroused, stood up, and continuing the conversation secured everyone's attention. People from both ends of the carriage came up to the middle compartment, surrounded it, and listened very attentively.

"There were peasants, townsmen, workmen, members of the intelligentsia, and two Jews: one High School pupil at first listened and took notes, and then entered into the conversation and replied to Leo Nikoláevich in defence of science. At 5 p.m. we reached Kozelsk, where we hired a cab to take us to Óptina Pústyn. Leo Nikoláevich spent the night at the monastery hotel, inquired about life at the Hermitage, and next morning walked in that direction with the intention of calling on the *Stárets* [the Elders], but finally decided against it, not knowing how they would treat a man who had been excommunicated by the Church."

S.L.T.

29th October

D.B. All the children have come here except Lev.¹ They are kind and attentive to me, but do not understand what I need to save and to console me. Mitúsha Obolénsky² was here. Sergéy, Ilyá, and Mísha, have left. [In her note-book she says "Sergéy" and in a copy "Sásha." In actual fact both had gone—Sásha to Shamárdino and Sergéy to Moscow.] Ványa Shuráev has found out that Leo Nikoláevich took tickets to Belev. Has he gone to his sister Márya Nikoláevna?

L.T. Óptina Pústyn—Shamárdino.

Slept restlessly. In the morning Alesha Sergéenko³ came. Not understanding, I met him cheerfully. But the news he brought is terrible. Sófyá Andréevna, having read my letter, gave a cry, ran to the pond and threw herself in. Sásha and Ványa ran after her and pulled her out.

Andréy is at home. They have guessed where I am, and Sófyá Andréevna has asked Andréy to find me at all costs. And now, on the 29th, I am expecting his arrival. A letter from Sásha. She advises me not to be despondent. She has written for a mental specialist, and is expecting the arrival of Sergéy and Tánya. I was much depressed all day and was also physically feeble. I went for a walk, and yesterday added a note to the speech on capital punishment.

Drove to Shamárdino. A most consoling and joyful impression of Máshenka [M. N. Tolstóy, his sister] (despite her report of the "enemy") and of dear Lízanka.⁴ They both understand my

¹ At Alexándra Lvónna's summons, Sergéy, Ilyá, Tatiána, Andréy, and Mikhaíl had come to Yásnaya. Lev was abroad. S.L.T.

² Prince Dmitri Dmitrievich Obolénsky had come ostensibly to visit Sófyá Andréevna in her sorrow. But a day later an article of his on "Leo Tolstóy's leaving Yásnaya Polyána" appeared in the *Nóvoe Vrémya*. S.L.T.

³ The son of P. Sergéenko the author. He was secretary and confidant to V. G. Chertkóv. A.M.

⁴ Elizavéta Valeriánovna Obolénsky was then staying with her mother Márya Nikoláevna Tolstóy (the nun) at Shamárdino. She wrote a letter telling her relations of Tolstóy's arrival which has been printed in Birukóv's *Biography of Tolstóy*. When they met, Márya Nikoláevna said to Leo Nikoláevich: "I am

position and sympathize with me. On the journey I thought continually about a way of escape for me and for her from our position, but could not devise one. But there is bound to be one, whether one wants it or not, only it won't be what one foresees. Yes, think only of how to avoid sin. What will be will be—and the future is not my business. I borrowed *A Circle of Reading*¹ from Máshenka, and reading the entry for the 28th was struck by a direct reference to my position: the trial is needful for me and is beneficial to me. I am now going to bed. Help me, Lord! A good letter from Chertkóv.²

L.T. 2. On the 27th–28th I received the final push that compelled me to take some action. And on the evening of the 28th I was at Óptina. I sent Sáscha both a letter³ and a telegram. Every-
 afraid things are not well at your home” He replied “It is terrible there!” When recounting what A. P. Sergéenko had told him of Sófya Andréevna's attempted suicide he was greatly upset, and broke off several times in tears “He was extremely pitiable.” Speaking of his last seizure (a fainting fit accompanied by convulsions) he said: “The next such seizure will certainly be fatal.”

S.L.T.

¹ Tolstóy's chief work during the last few years of his life was the preparation of *A Circle of Reading* (published under various titles), in which he arranged passages from saints and sages of all ages to show that the fundamentals of religion can be found in all ages and countries, though the churches and sects are separated by their creeds and superstitions. He attached great importance to this work.

A.M.

² V. G. Chertkóv wrote:

“I cannot express in words the joy I feel on hearing that you have gone away. I am conscious with my whole being that it was right for you to do so, and that it would have been wrong of you to continue to live at Yásnaya Polyána under the conditions that had arisen. I believe that you had delayed long enough—fearing to do it for your own sake—and that now there was no personal egotism in your fundamental impulse. At times you will inevitably be conscious that it is far quieter, pleasanter, and easier for you in your new surroundings—but do not let this disconcert you. It is impossible to live without some spiritual respite. I am sure your action will make things better for everyone, and most of all for poor Sófya Andréevna, however she may react to it outwardly . . .”

S.L.T.

³ This was the letter:

“Alexándra Lvóvna Tolstóy.

“29th October 1910. Óptina Pústyn.

“Sergéenko will tell you all about me, dear friend Sáscha. It is hard, and I

thing is the same, or even worse. Only to avoid sin and not feel ill will. I now feel none.

30th October

D.B. I weep day and night and suffer terribly. Nothing more painful and terrible could be conceived. Leo Nikoláevich was at his sister's in Shamárdino, and afterwards went on further, via Gorbachévo. No one knows where.¹ What terrible cruelty!

L.T. (Shamárdino.)

Sášha has come.² I was much cheered, but it is hard.

cannot help feeling greatly oppressed. The chief thing is not to sin, and therein lies the difficulty. Of course I have sinned and do sin, but if only I can manage to sin less. That is what I desire for you too, above all and first of all—the more so as I know that a terrible task has fallen on you and one beyond your young strength. I have not decided on anything, and do not wish to decide anything. I am trying to do only what I cannot help doing, and to avoid what can be avoided. From my letter to Chertkóv you will see how I—I will not say look at it, but feel about it. I hope very much from the good influence of Tánya and Sergéy. The chief thing is that they should understand and try to suggest to her [Sófya Andréevna] that for me—with her spying, eavesdropping, continual reproaches, and disposing of me as she pleased, her constant control over me and feigned hatred of the man nearest and most necessary to me, together with an evident hatred of me disguised as love—life was not merely unpleasant but quite unendurable. If anyone should wish to drown it is certainly not she but I. Let her know that I desire only one thing—to be free from her, from this falsity, pretence, and the hatred which fills her whole being.

“Of course they cannot explain that to her, but they might suggest that all her actions in regard to me not merely express no love, but seem to be done for the express purpose of killing me—which purpose she is achieving, for I hope that the third stroke which threatens me will free both her and me from the horrible situation in which we have been living and which I do not wish to renew.

“You see, dear, how bad I am. I am not pretending to you. I am not asking you to come yet, but shall do so as soon as possible, and very soon.

“Write and tell me how you are. I kiss you.

“L. T.”

S.L.T.

¹ This entry was evidently made later. On October 30th Leo Nikoláevich was still at Shamárdino, and Sófya Andréevna could not have known that he had gone on via Gorbachevo—“No one knows where.” S.L.T.

² Alexándra Lvóvna came to Shamárdino with V. M. Feokrítova. E. V. Obolénsky wrote: “She (Sášha) and Varvára Mikháylovna began saying that

Letters from my sons.¹ One from Sergéy, a good one,

it was necessary to leave Shamárdino quickly, as Sófya Andréevna might come. She had said: 'I shall never be so stupid again. I won't take my eyes off him I shall sleep at his door' They began to plan where to go, and spoke of the Caucasus or Bessarabia. Leo Nikoláevich listened silently, and then said: 'All that does not please me' Sáscha wanted to speak to him alone, and sat with him rather a long time. She came out pensively and said: 'It seems to me that Papa already regrets having left home.' Asked why she thought so she gave no definite reply, but I think she had again failed to understand his frame of mind."

Alexándra Lvónna herself noted "We were sitting at the table and looking at a map . . . We proposed that we should go to Novocherkásk and stay at the Denisenkos' (with Aunt Másha's daughter) and with the aid of her husband, Iván Vasílevich Denisenko, try to obtain a passport for abroad and go to Bulgaria, or if we could not obtain a passport, then to go to the Caucasus . . .

"My heart contracted when I looked at him, so sad and agitated was he that evening. He said little, sighed, and went to bed early. We too went immediately to our rooms, as we were very tired after the journey, and we slept like the dead."

S.L.T.

¹ We quote the letters from Sergéy, Ilyá, Andréy, and Tatiána, in full.

From Sergéy Lvóvich:

"Dear Papa,

"I write because Sáscha says that you would like our (the children's) opinion. I think mamma is nervously ill and in many respects irresponsible, and that it was necessary for you to separate (perhaps you should have done so long ago), however painful it is for you both I also think that even if anything should happen to mamma—which I do not anticipate—you should not reproach yourself. The position was desperate, and I think you chose the right way out. Forgive me for writing so frankly.

"SERÉZHA [Sergéy]."

From Ilyá Lvóvich:

"Dear Papa,

"I feel I ought to write to you at this time so painful for us all. I want to tell you the truth, and I think that you wish that too.

"Sáscha will tell you what took place when you had gone, how we all assembled, and what we said and decided, but I fear that her explanation will be rather one-sided, and I am therefore writing too We do not want to appraise your action. There are a thousand causes and reasons for every action, and even if we could know all the causes and reasons (and we only know a few) we could still not correlate them. Needless to say we do not wish to, and cannot, blame anyone. First of all we must do everything to preserve, and as far as possible calm, mamma. For two days now she has eaten nothing, and only drank a mouthful of water in the evening. She says all the time that there is nothing for her to live for, and her state is so pitiable that none of us can speak

practical, short, and kindly. In the morning I walked over to

to her without tears. As always in her case there is much affectation and sentimentality, but at the same time there is so much sincerity that her life is certainly in great danger. One fears both a violent death and a slow extinction from grief and anguish. That is what I think, and what I feel that for the sake of truth we ought to tell you. I know how painful life was for you here—painful in all respects—but then you regarded that life as your cross, as did those who knew and loved you. I am sorry you did not endure that cross to the end. You know you are eighty-two and mamma sixty-seven. You have both of you lived your lives, and should die becomingly. It is terrible for me to think what your death would have been like had mamma remained in the pond, or if anything else happened to her. You yourself would not have survived it. Forgive me if perhaps I am harsh in speaking the truth. Be sure that I love and understand you in many things, and only wish to help. I do not call on you to return here immediately because I know you cannot do it. But for the sake of mamma's tranquillity it is necessary that you should not cease intercourse with her. Write to her, give her a possibility of strengthening her nervous system, and then—let it be as God may decree! If you wish to write to me I shall be very glad.

“Your

“ILYÁ.”

From Andréy Lvóvich.

“Dear Papa,

“Only the very best of feelings, of which I spoke to you at our last meeting, obliges me to tell you what I think about my mother's condition.

“Tánya, Sergéy, Ilyá, Mikhaíl, and I are gathered here, and however much we consider the matter we have been unable to find any way but one of protecting mamma from suicide—on which I am convinced she will finally and definitely decide. The only way to prevent it is to put her under the constant supervision of hired persons. She will oppose this of course with all her energy, and I am convinced will never submit to it. The present position of us brothers is an impossible one, for we cannot abandon our families and our work in order to remain constantly with our mother. I know that you have finally decided not to return, but as a conscientious duty I have to warn you that by this final decision you are killing our mother. I know how heavy the oppression has been for you during the last months, but I also know that mamma is nervously ill, and that living together has latterly been unbearable for you both. Had you called us together to influence our mother—that you might not part from her for an indefinite time but amicably in the hope that her nerves would grow calmer—we should not have experienced these terrible sufferings which (though you are far away from us) we share with you and mamma. As to what you said to me about luxury and the material side of life that surrounded you, I think as you have endured it till now you might sacrifice the last years of your life for the family and put up with those external surroundings. Forgive me, my dear papa, if my letter seems full of advice,

hire a hut in Shamárdino. Am very tired. Wrote a letter to Sófya Andréevna.¹

but I feel how painful and sad things are for both you and mamma, whom it is impossible to see without profound suffering

"Your son
"ANDRÉY"

From Tatiána Lvónna ·

"Dear, precious Pápenka,

"You have always suffered from a great deal of advice, so I won't give you any. Like everyone else you have to act as best you can and as you consider necessary. I shall never condemn you. Of mamma I will only say that she is pitiable and touching. She is unable to live otherwise than as she does live, and probably she will never change fundamentally. For her either fear or power is necessary. We all try to calm her, which I think will benefit her.

"I am tired and stupid. Forgive me. Good-bye, my friend

"Your
"TÁNYA"

In reply to these letters Leo Nikoláevich wrote as follows

"Thank you very much, kind friends—true friends, Sergéy and Tánya—for your sympathy in my grief and for your letters. Your letter, Sergéy, gave me special pleasure. It is brief, clear, pithy, and above all kind. I cannot help being afraid of everything and cannot free myself from a sense of responsibility, but I had not the strength to act otherwise. I have written to Sáscha through Chertkóv, telling her what I want communicated to you—children. I wrote what I felt and still feel: that I cannot act otherwise. I am also writing to mamma. She will show you the letter. I wrote, after thinking it well over, what I was able to write.

"We are just leaving here, but do not yet know where we are going. You can always communicate through Chertkóv.

"Good-bye, and thank you, dear children. Forgive me for causing you to suffer—especially you, my darling Tánya. Well, that is all. I am hurrying away to avoid, what I fear, mamma overtaking me. A meeting with her now would be terrible. Well, good-bye.

"L.T. [initials only] 4 a.m. Shamárdino. 31st October, 1910"

In the morning, before Alexandra Lvónna had arrived, Leo Nikoláevich walked towards the village of Shamárdino, looking for a hut in which he might settle temporarily. He apparently thought of staying there for some time.

S.L.T.

¹ The following letter, dated and sent off next day, October 31st, serves as a reply to Sófya Andréevna's letter (given in Appendix IV).

"31st October 1910. To S. A. Tolstóy.

"A meeting between us, and still more my return *now*, is quite impossible. It would be extremely harmful for you, as my position and ill-health would become (were that possible) even worse than it is, in consequence of your

31st October

D.B. The fourth day that I have had neither food nor drink. I ache all over. My heart is weak. What is it all for? There is nothing to write—groans and tears Berkenheim drove over.¹ He brought a stupid doctor, Rostorgúev, and a young lady from the

agitation and irritability I advise you to reconcile yourself to what has happened, and try to settle down in your present new situation, and above all take care of your health

"If you—I do not say love me but at least do not hate me, you should understand my position at least to some extent. And if you do that you not only will not condemn me, you will try to help me to find peace and a possibility of living some sort of human life—help me by controlling yourself, and then you will not wish me to return now. But your present mood, your desire and attempt to commit suicide, show more than anything else your loss of self-control and make my return unthinkable at present. No one but you can free me, all those near you, and above all yourself, from the sufferings we are experiencing. Try to direct all your strength to pacifying your soul and not to getting whatever you want—which at present means my return—and then you will obtain what you desire.

"I have spent two days at Shamárdino and Óptina, and am now leaving. I will post this letter on the road. I am not saying where I am going, for I consider that our separation is essential both for you and for me. Do not think I have left because I do not love you. I love and pity you with all my heart, but I cannot do otherwise than I am doing. Your letter was written sincerely, I know, but you are not capable of carrying out what you wish to. And what matters is not the fulfilment of any wish or demand of mine, but only your equanimity and calm and reasonable relation to life.

"As long as that is lacking, life with you is unthinkable for me. To return to you while you are in such a state would mean to renounce life. And I do not consider I have the right to do that.

"Farewell, dear Sónya, may God help you! Life is not a jest, and we have no right to throw it away at our own caprice. And to measure it by length of time is also unreasonable. Perhaps those months which remain to us are more important than all the years we have yet lived, and they should be lived well.

"L. T."

S.L.T.

¹ Grigóry Moiséévich Berkenheim, a Moscow doctor, had treated Leo Nikoláevich more than once, and at one period had lived at Yásnaya Polyána. V. F. Bulgákov wrote: "Berkenheim's arrival was particularly pleasant. He was an experienced doctor and an able man, and knew and understood the family relations in the Tolstóy household."

S.L.T.

medical classes.¹ These outsiders only make it harder for me, but the children want to relieve themselves of *responsibility*. Responsibility for what? My life? If I choose I will leave this oppressive and tormenting life in spite of them all. I see no ray of hope even if Leo Nikoláevich should ever return. After these sufferings he has caused me things will never be the same again. We shall not love one another simply and easily as we did before, we shall *fear* one another. I fear for his health and strength.

1st November

D.B. I grow weaker. For five days I have eaten nothing and have drunk only a little water. To-day I am a little easier. There is less of that passionate love of Leo Nikoláevich which torments me so terribly and tears my heart. I took communion and talked with the priest. Have decided to take a little food for fear of being unable to go to Leo Nikoláevich if he falls ill. My son Mikhaíl has arrived, and I worked a little.

L.T. Am still at Sharápovo [this by error for Shamárdino]. Sáscha was anxious lest we should be overtaken, so we set off . . .²

¹ Sófya Andréevna's sons and daughters decided to call in a mental specialist and a trained nurse to have their mother under constant observation, as she was threatening all the time to commit suicide and it was impossible to be sure that she would not make another attempt on her life. Sergéy Lvóvich therefore went to Moscow, and on the recommendation of D. V. Nikítin invited to Yásnaya Polyána the mental specialist Rastagáev (whom by mistake Sófya Andréevna calls "Rostorgúev") and a trained nurse, E. I. Skorobogátova, a student of the fifth course of the medical faculty. Skorobogátova, who had served for three years in the psychiatric clinic of Professor Korsakóv, proved a very capable nurse, and Sófya Andréevna became well disposed towards her.

S L.T.

² It was decided to go to Novocherkássk to I. V. and E. S. Denisenko. Second-class tickets were taken at Kozelsk to Dvórikov station (beyond Volóvo) and then at Volóvo to Batáysk (beyond Rostóv). The tickets were taken to small stations in order to cover up their traces so that it should not be possible to discover where Leo Nikoláevich had gone to. This was naive and useless, for it was impossible to hide Leo Tolstóy. He was recognized everywhere. He was recognized on the train. Government officials and newspaper correspondents watched him. All the papers wrote of his leaving Yásnaya Polyána, and there was even a police spy on the train by which he travelled.

We travelled comfortably, but towards five o'clock I began to shiver, and then had a temperature of 104° . We have stopped at Astápovo, and the amiable station-master has given us two excellent rooms.¹

It was a painful night.

2nd November

D.B. Early this morning received a telegram from *The Russian Word*: "Leo Nikoláevich has fallen ill at Astápovo. Temperature 104° ."² We took a special train from Túla to Astápovo: Tánya, Andréy, and a trained nurse.³

¹ In *Tolstóy's Home-leaving and Death* [an article in *Family Views of Tolstóy* (Allen & Unwin, 1926)] Alexándra Lvónna writes that towards four o'clock Tolstóy began to shiver. They took his temperature, which was first 100.4 , later 102.5 , and then 103.6 . Makovitski decided that it would be dangerous to continue the journey, and at Astápovo [now called "Leo Tolstóy Station"] he went to the station-master, I. I. Ozólin, with a request that he would let Leo Nikoláevich have a room where the patient might be put to bed. Ozólin kindly gave up two rooms, and subsequently his whole lodging (a separate house of four rooms and a kitchen). Between one and two at night Leo Nikoláevich had a short attack of convulsions. S. L. T.

² Sófya Andréevna was informed that Leo Nikoláevich was at Astápovo by K. V. Orlón, correspondent of the *Rússkoe Sívo*. S. L. T.

³ In the special train from Túla were Sófya Andréevna, Ilyá, Andréy, and Mikhaíl Lvóvich, Tatiána Lvónna, Dr. Rastagáev, and the nurse Skorobogatova. At Dankóv they were joined by Ilyá Lvóvich Tolstóy's brother-in-law Vladímír Nikítich Filosófov, and the Zestvo doctor Semenovski. Dr. Rastagáev returned to Moscow next day. Before he left, Sergéy Lvóvich asked him to let him have a description of Sófya Andréevna's illness. He wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir, Sergéy Lvóvich,

"It is difficult to carry out your request and give a full clinical view of your mother's illness, as the period of my observation and treatment of her psychological individuality was rather brief. That circumstance must serve as my excuse if in any respect you are left unsatisfied.

"Called in to attend Sófya Andréevna during a severe attack, I could not, nor did I consider it very necessary to, make her undergo a physical examination. I did not consider it essential, because the possible changes in the Countess's physical condition could not explain the abnormal changes in her nervous, psychical condition. I will therefore pass on directly to the latter.

"Her reception of external impressions is unimpaired, and her orientation

L.T. Chertkóv arrived to-day. They say that Sófyá Andréevna . . . During the night Sergéy arrived. I was much touched.¹

as to place and time is fully retained Her consciousness is quite clear and remains so even when she is excited Her attention in general does not wander But there is noticeable in her a strenuous effort to make herself, her person, and her interests, the centre on which attention is directed—the attention not only of those near to her, her relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also of servants and attendants with whom she comes in contact Her memory is very good, and retains facts about the near and the distant past not only in general outline, but also in minor details.

"In regard to her judgments and criticism a certain derangement is noticeable. Her critical faculty is weak, especially as regards self-criticism. Considering her own views and aspirations just, she pays no attention to the arguments of those around her, and in her efforts to maintain her opinions often deviates from the truth as to what she has seen or heard She is persistent in pursuing any aim she has set her heart on, and may commit actions endangering her life But it cannot be denied that she takes danger into account, her ultimate aim being to obtain what she wants All her actions and conduct result from a definite emotional condition There is a lack of coherence in her judgments and an absence of connection between her premises and her conclusions In moments of excitement she is so little able to control herself that she is liable to exceed the bounds of ordinary everyday relations

"Such in general terms are my deductions concerning the psychic personality of the Countess, and these give me a certain right to conclude that Sófyá Andréevna is suffering from psychopathic *nervo-psychic* hysteria, and may under the influence of certain conditions suffer so acutely that one may speak of it as *temporary* and transient mental disorder.

"As to how such invalids must be regarded, and how to treat Sófyá Andréevna, I told you during our conversation at Astápovo station.

"If anything in my letter is not clear I shall be pleased to amplify it at any time."

S L.T.

¹ Sergéy Lvóvich was in Moscow on November 1st, and did not know where his father had gone. He decided to go for a short time to his estate, Nikólskoe-Vyázemskoe, and having taken a ticket to Bastýevo station, went by the Moscow-Kursk line on the night train. In the morning, after passing Túla, he received the following telegram on the train, sent from Astápovo and forwarded by his wife: "Situation serious. Bring Nikítin immediately. He wishes you and sister to be informed, fears arrival of the others."

Having inquired where Astápovo was, Sergéy Lvóvich changed at Gorbachevo station from the Moscow-Kursk line to the Dankóv-Smolensk line, and reached Astápovo at seven o'clock that evening. In his unpublished notes he tells of his interview with his father as follows:

"Sásha, Dushán Petróvich, and I consulted as to whether I should go in and see my father or not, for he still believed that none of us knew where he was, and the sight of me might agitate him. Dushán Petróvich was insistent

3rd November (Astápoovo)

D.B. Doctors Nikítin, and afterwards Berkenheim[†] have arrived. Leo Nikoláevich has inflammation of the left lung. They do not allow me to see him. Our son Sergéy is here, as well as Tánya. Leo Nikoláevich has himself summoned Chertkóv by telegram.

L.T. To-day, the 3rd, Nikítin, Tánya,[‡] and then Goldenweiser and Iván Ivánovich [Gorbunóv]. So this is what has come

that I should go in, and I agreed with him. My father was lying unconscious. I stood there, and Dushán Petróvich said: 'Leo Nikoláevich, here is Sergéy Lvóvich.'

"My father opened his eyes and looked at me with surprise and uneasiness. I kissed his hand, which was unusual with us, and he said: 'How did you know, Serezha? How have you found me?' I told him that when passing through Gorbachevo. I had met a conductor who had travelled on his train, and that he had told me where he was (This was partly true. When I had already received the telegram from my wife I had asked the conductor whether he knew where my father was, and he had confirmed that Leo Nikoláevich was at Astápoovo.) After this my father closed his eyes and said no more."

S.L.T.

[†] That is wrong. Berkenheim only came to Astápoovo on November 5th.

S.L.T.

[‡] Tatuána Lvóvna wrote to her husband of how Leo Nikoláevich learnt of her presence. "They gave my father his little cushion, and when he asked where it came from, the holy Dushán could not tell a lie, and said that I had brought it. He did not mention my mother and brothers."

Leo Nikoláevich of course wanted to see Tatiána Lvóvna. When she went to him he greeted her joyfully and began to ask about her mother.

"That was what I was most afraid of," wrote Tatuána Lvóvna. "I was afraid to tell him that she was here, and yet I had not the strength to tell him a direct lie. But fortunately he put his questions in such a form that a direct lie was unnecessary. 'Who is with her?' 'Andréy and Mísha.' 'Mísha, too?' 'Yes. They are all quite agreed on not letting her come to you as long as you do not wish it.' 'And Andréy?' 'Yes, Andréy as well . . .' 'What does she do? How does she occupy herself?' 'Perhaps you had better not talk, Pápenka. You get excited.' But at this he interrupted me very energetically, and said in a voice broken with sobs 'Tell me, tell me! What can be more important to me than that?' And he went on to question me further . . ."

Then Tatiána told Leo Nikoláevich that her husband (M. S. Sukhotín) had invited Sófya Andréevna to go to Kochetý, but that she had declined because she was expecting to be summoned to her husband—asking him as it were whether he would not send for her mother. But Leo Nikoláevich remained silent.

S.L.T.

of my plan! *Fais ce que dois adv [ienne que pourra]*¹ ["Do what's right, come what may."] It is all for the welfare of others and most of all my own.

4th November (Astápovo)

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich gets steadily worse. I weary myself walking around the little house where he lies.² We are living in a railway carriage.³

¹ This was the last note Leo Nikoláevich wrote. He was fully conscious all that day, but much exhausted by the evening. He was also greatly agitated, having finally become convinced that everybody knew where he was, and his talk with Tatiana Lvóvna excited him still more. After she had left him he read the papers, talked to Goldenweiser and I I Gorbunóv-Posádov, dictated thoughts for his diary, and listened while Chertkóv read out the last letters that had arrived.

S L.T.

² Leo Nikoláevich's fatal illness, and the happenings at Astápovo during those last days, have been described in detail by Birukóv, V. G. Chertkóv, A. L. Tolstóy, Goldenweiser, and others. Here we will only give extracts from the unpublished letters of D. P. Makovítski to Leo Nikoláevich's sister Márya Nikoláevna, from notes by S. L. Tolstóy, and from Tatiana Lvóvna Sukhotin's letters to her husband.

Makovítski wrote: "On the night of November 3rd-4th Leo Nikoláevich slept little. He could not settle down, but groaned, tossed about, raised himself high on the bed with wonderful ease, and even sat up. In the evening his temperature was 99° 1, at 4 a.m. it was 100° 9, and then again 100° 4. His pulse was about 100, and once it reached 140. His breathing was not laboured—38: his voice to-day at ten o'clock in the morning was clear. He coughed but little, though deeply, and he brought up no blood to-day. Sófya Andréevna came to the porch. If Leo Nikoláevich recovers (of which she feels little doubt), and if he goes to the South or abroad, she will follow him . . . Leo Nikoláevich said to Chertkóv: 'Perhaps I am dying, but perhaps not . . .'"

Sergéy Lvóvich Tolstóy wrote: "My father asked Sáscha to wire to his sons that they should prevent their mother from coming 'because my heart is so weak that a meeting would be fatal, though otherwise I am better!' That telegram was handed to my mother in the railway carriage in which she was living."

S L.T.

³ All who came by the special train were allowed by the railway authorities to continue living in the carriage in which they had travelled. That carriage was placed on a siding. Sergéy Lvóvich wrote of that day: "I spent the whole morning in the carriage with my mother, brothers, and sister. In family council we decided to use every means to prevent our mother from going to see our

5th November (Astápovo)

D B. Shchuróvski and Ūsov¹ have arrived. There seems to be little hope² I am torn in pieces by my conscience, the expectation of a bad end, and the impossibility of seeing my beloved husband.

father before he himself asked for her—the chief reason for this being a fear lest their meeting might be injurious for him. Our mother with pangs of heart agreed with us, saying that she did not wish to cause our father's death. We did not quite trust her, however, and feared that she would go to him all the same, and we decided to keep her under observation. My brothers also decided not to go to see their father, for in that case it would be impossible to keep our mother from doing so. In general we decided first of all to submit to our father's wish, next to the doctor's instructions, and then to our own decision—and above all to act unanimously." S.L.T.

¹ Vladímír Andréévich Shchuróvski and Pável Sergéevich Ūsov were celebrated Moscow doctors who had more than once treated Tolstóy and had been called in by the Tolstóy family for a consultation. Sófya Andréevna makes a mistake in the date. Both doctors arrived on the morning of November 6th, not the 5th. S.L.T.

² Dr Makovitski apparently still had hope. He wrote to M. N. Tolstóy: "Leo Nikoláevich is better. Temperature at night 99·8, in the morning 98·8, and till now (6 p.m.) it has been no higher. The inflammation has not spread, and he is completely and clearly conscious to-day. He moves easily, and has sat up several times—once, after having got out of bed, for more than an hour. His voice is clearer and does not get tired, though he speaks but little. He is able to swallow more easily, but he takes little drink, for he hiccups and it seems to him better not to drink. He had some sugar-water, milk, and a champagne jelly, and ate three spoonfuls of Smolénsk porridge. He is often troubled by hiccups for a long time, but on the other hand he does not complain of heartburn. His phlegm comes away easily. There is much mucus, but only a trace of blood. He has grown impatient, like a child, and when the suffering is not so intense he is capricious. Berkenheim and Boulanger have arrived. They have cleaned the room better to-day, and have moved out the unnecessary furniture."

Sergéy Lvóvich noted: "At midday my father said something indistinct to Tánya, which she heard as 'on soda.' She asked him to repeat it. He then said: 'On Sónya . . . On Sónya much is falling. We have arranged badly . . .'

"Towards evening my father's hiccuping increased and he began slowly moving his hand over his breast, plucking at the blanket, and in a word doing what the peasants call 'getting ready.' Sometimes he moved his hand quickly along the sheet as if he were writing." S.L.T.

6th November (Astáпово)¹

D.B. Painful expectation. I remember nothing good.

¹ Of this day T. L. Sukhotín wrote to her husband: "To tell of my hopes and fears is useless, for they change every moment . . . To-day I was sitting alone with him Semenovski had gone to prepare a camphor injection. My father held out his hand to me and said 'And now it's the end . . . and it's all right' And he began to breathe more and more gently I thought the last moment had come, and would have got up and called the doctor, but he held me by the hand. Then Semenovski came and injected the camphor. After a few minutes my father raised himself energetically We arranged the pillows behind him, and he almost sat up and said in quite a distinct voice. 'But I advise you to remember one thing. there are a multitude of people in the world, and you only regard one Leo . . .' The last words were uttered more feebly, and directly afterwards he became unconscious "

In a letter to M. N. Tolstóy, Dr. Makovítski still held out hope. Among other things he wrote:

"November 6th, 5 p.m.

"During the night Leo Nikoláevich was for a time only semi-conscious, but was fully conscious for a much longer time. He talked little Hiccups torment him terribly. One may say that he is hiccuping as much of the time as not. His temperature is 98.8 and 100.2 . . . With inflammation of the lungs the hope of surviving the illness increases with each day, and to-morrow will be the seventh. To-day he sat up in bed for an hour. His pulse is feeble, worse than his general condition "

Extract from S. L. Tolstóy's *Recollections*.

"I went to see my father about one o'clock in the afternoon He was in a bad state. His face was bluish, his nose had sharpened, and his respiration was very rapid. This was a heart attack invoking severe spasms. Oxygen and an injection of camphor at last produced an effect, and little by little his heart resumed its function In the evening he became much worse and his pulse was very alarming About ten o'clock I ran to the railway carriage and told Tanya that things were very bad. My mother saw me and asked about my father's condition. With a stab at the heart I replied: 'Still the same,' and went back to Ozólin's house. My father was tossing about and trying with loud and deep groans to rise from the bed. Once having sat up he said 'I'm afraid I'm dying . . .' Twice he said: 'It is hard' I don't remember just when he said: 'I will go somewhere where no one can interfere with me' A painful and even terrible impression was produced on me when he said in a loud tone of conviction: 'To escape . . . it is necessary to escape!' Soon afterwards he saw me standing there in the semi-darkness (only one candle was alight in the room, behind his head) and he called 'Serezha!' I rushed to the bed and knelt down so as to hear better what he would say. He said a whole phrase, but I could

7th November (Astápovo) [20th November n.s.]

D.B. Leo Nikoláevich died at six o'clock this morning.¹

make nothing of it. Dushán Petróvich told me afterwards that he caught the words, which he had at once noted down 'Truth . . . I love much . . . they all . . .' I kissed his hand and went away in confusion' S.L.T.

¹ Extracts dated November 7th from S L Tolstóy's *Recollections*:

"Towards twelve o'clock midnight [between 6th-7th November] my father began to toss about His breathing was rapid and loud, his voice was husky and his hiccups increased The position became more and more serious Úsov proposed a morphia injection, and Nikítun supported him because he knew from experience during my father's illness in the Crimea (in 1901) that he could stand morphia well. Then Makovítski went up to my father with a tumbler in his hand and said. 'Drink this, Leo Nikoláevitch It is necessary because they want to give you an injection of morphia' He drank what was in the tumbler, but said emphatically. 'I don't want morphia.' But the doctors gave him an injection of morphia a little later all the same. For about twenty minutes after the injection he was still unable to sleep but gradually became tranquil They gave him something to drink, and once he even took the tumbler in his hand and drank The effect of the morphia lasted about three hours. I sat in a corner near the glass door opposite the bed at my father's feet. Chertkóv was sitting at the head of the bed The doctors came in and went out quietly. The door into the next room was open Several people were sitting there: my sisters Tánya and Sáša, Varvára Mikháylovna, and others. Then my brothers came I listened intently to Leo Nikoláevich's breathing, and repeatedly counted it watch in hand. It was regular, loud, hoarse, and rapid—45 to 50 a minute. That continued for a long time. The room was in semi-darkness, only one candle was burning. It was quiet except for a suppressed whispering in the next room. Occasionally someone came in or went out. I heard only that difficult, regular breathing.

About two o'clock, at Úsov's suggestion, we called my mother. At first she stood and looked at my father from a distance, then she went quietly up to him, kissed him on the forehead, sank to her knees, and said: 'Forgive me!' and something else that I did not hear. But I am sure that he did not notice her. We were all afraid that he would wake up and recognize her, so Úsov went up to her and asked her to go away. She submitted, but did not go at once, standing a little while by his bed before she went into the next room.

About three o'clock my father began to move and to groan. Apparently the effect of the morphia was wearing off But his pulse was hardly perceptible, and he did not regain consciousness The doctors injected a solution and Makovítski went up to him and offered him a drink. He opened his eyes and drank. Someone held the candle near his eyes and he made a wry face and turned aside. Half an hour later his pulse became still worse, and the doctors decided to give him something to drink again. Makovítski went up to him

They only let me in in time for his last gasps. These cruel people did not let me take farewell of my husband.¹

and said solemnly: 'Moisten your mouth, Leo Nikoláevich,' and he swallowed a little. This was about 5 a.m. After that life manifested itself only in his breathing, but soon that too became slower and softer. Suddenly it ceased altogether. Úsov (or Shchuróvsky, I forget which) said: 'The first cessation!' Then there was the 'second cessation' . . . a few more breaths, another cessation, and finally a slight rattle.

About ten minutes before the end my mother again went up to him, knelt by his bed, and said something, but he could of course no longer hear her.

For some seconds after his last sigh there was complete silence. It was broken by one of the doctors saying: 'A quarter to six.' Makovítski went up to the bed and closed my father's eyes" S.L.T.

¹ When Tolstóy was very seriously ill in the Crimea in 1901 and not expected to live, Pobedonóstsev, the Head of the Holy Synod that had recently excommunicated him, issued secret instructions that a priest should obtain access to Tolstóy, and in the event of his death should immediately announce that Tolstóy had repented, returned to the bosom of Mother Church, confessed, and received the Eucharist before his death. What actually happened was that Tolstóy refused to see the priest, and remarked to his son: "How is it, Sergéy, that these gentlemen do not understand that even in the face of death two and two still make four?"

Now there were priests at Astápoovo (including Father Varsanófi, who had been sent on a similar errand), and when they similarly failed to obtain access to Tolstóy they did all they could to get from one or other member of the family some remark which would have enabled the Synod to announce that Tolstóy had repented on his deathbed and returned to the Church.

Sófya Andréevna's relations to the priests can be seen by the entries on pp. 259-60 [2nd September]. And had she had access to her husband during his last illness she might have been induced to make some remark which would have served their purpose. (She talked largely and at random to the journalists who swarmed at Astápoovo, and in reply to their inquiries as to why Tolstóy had left home she even said that he did it as a sort of advertisement, to attract attention to himself.) With the least ground to work upon, the combined efforts of the Holy Synod, the pulpits it commanded, the censor, and the disposal of Tolstóy's literary inheritance by administrative order overriding his will, might easily have left the world in great perplexity as to what he really believed and wrote, and whether before his death he did, or did not, repudiate all that he had professed.

Though this was not the sole, or even perhaps the most urgent, consideration prompting the decision to keep Sófya Andréevna out of Ozólin's house during her husband's last illness, it had considerable weight.

How persistent were Sófya Andréevna's efforts if not actually to see her husband at least to create an impression that she had been with him, is indicated by an incident Alexándra Lvóvna narrates in her book *The Tragedy of Tolstóy*:

Sófya Andréevna one day went to the steps of Ozólin's house and asked

D. Leo Nikoláevich died on November 7th at six o'clock in the morning.

8th November

D B. We are leaving and taking the body. They have allowed us to use the carriage in which we were living.¹

(All that follows was written much later.)²

9th November

D.B. We reached Yásnaya. At Zásaka there was a mass of people. The coffin was put on the ground floor and people came to bid Leo Nikoláevich farewell. A number of young people and

that Alexándra Lvóvna should come out and tell her of Tolstóy's condition. When Alexándra Lvóvna began answering her mother's questions, Sófya Andréevna asked to be let into the anteroom, solemnly promising not to go farther into the house. Just as Alexándra Lvóvna was about to open the door to let her mother in she heard a buzz and saw two cinematograph operators grinding away. She stopped them, and turning to her mother asked her to leave at once.

"You are keeping me from him," replied Sófya Andréevna, "but at least let people believe that I have been with him!" A.M.

¹ From S. L. Tolstóy's notes:

"It was still light when the coffin was carried from Ozólin's little house to the luggage-van. It was carried out by us four brothers and was afterwards carried by other people closely connected with my father. The cinematographers and photographers were hard at work.

"During the night of 8th-9th November our carriage standing on the siding, and the luggage-van with the coffin, were attached to a passenger train, and we went through Dankóv to Volóvo and Gorbachev.

"At Gorbachev our carriage and the luggage-van were uncoupled and we stayed there some hours, then we were coupled to a passenger train on the Moscow-Kursk railway." S L.T.

² It is not clear whether these words refer to the preceding account or to the one that follows. If to the latter, the entries from 9th to 27th November were made not later than November 27th, as from that day Sófya Andréevna renewed her daily entries as before. S L.T.

deputations. They all walked behind the coffin from Zásėka to Yásnaya Polyána. We have buried him.

D. He was buried at Yásnaya Polyána on November 9th.¹

10th November

D.B. Have fallen ill.² Temperature 104·7. A cough. I remember nothing. My sister Tatiána Andréevna, and Várya Nagórnova are at Yásnaya Polyána with me. All is well with them. Sáscha drove off to Telyátinki this morning.

11th November

D.B. Am ill. Ekaterína Fedorovna Terskáya, the Sister of Charity nurse, is with me.³

¹ Tolstóy's burial has been described in many newspapers and periodicals of that time and in the memoirs of many people. We give a short description compiled from those notes.

The train arrived at Zásėka station (now called Yásnaya Polyána station) at 8 a.m. Many people had assembled there—three to four thousand by some estimates. There were peasants from Yásnaya Polyána and from villages in the neighbourhood, and from Túla, as well as students, deputations, and acquaintances and strangers from Moscow. (It was said that many more would have come from Moscow but the Government forbade the railways to supply the necessary trains.) They sang "Eternal Memory." The coffin, borne by hand, was taken into the house, placed in the room downstairs under the dining-room, and there the lid was opened. People came in through the hall and passed out into the garden. This leave-taking continued for some hours. Then the coffin was closed and borne by the sons and others towards the Zakáz wood. The grave had previously been dug at the spot where Leo Nikoláevich wished to be buried. Here according to the childish stories of his brother Nicholas was buried the magic little "green stick" with the mysterious inscription telling how the welfare of mankind can be attained. "Eternal Memory" was sung all the time. When the coffin was lowered everyone knelt down. The relations asked that there should be no speeches, but some elderly man said something about "great Leo" and L. A. Sulerzhitski explained why Leo Nikoláevich was being buried just there. Sófyá Andréevna did not cry, but bore herself silently and with restraint. Chertkóv was not at the funeral. It was the first public funeral in Russia with no religious rites.

S.L.T.

² Sófyá Andréevna fell ill on November 10th with a severe attack of influenza.

S.L.T.

³ E. F. Terskáya replaced Skorobogátova.

S.L.T.

13th-25th November

D.B. Am ill in bed. The sons were here. Many letters and telegrams.¹

25th November

D.B. Am better, but still in bed. Sleepless nights. Terrible!

26th November

D.B. Tortured by neuralgia day and night.

27th November

D.B. Got up, but still have neuralgia. The Sukhotíns, Bulýgin, Pósha Birukón, and others have arrived. They have brought our granddaughter Sónichka.

28th November

D.B. Health better. Anna Ivánovna Máslova, the cinematographer Drankón, and the correspondent Spíro, have come. It is always depressing, but when there are people it is easier. What will solitude be like? Terrible! And there is no future.

29th November

D.B. Unendurable anguish, gnawing of conscience, weakness, and pity for my late husband that amounts to suffering. How he

¹ There were about 2,500 telegrams.

suffered latterly . . . I cannot live. A. I. Máslova has left. My sister Tatiána Andréevna has something wrong with her throat.

30th November

D.B. Sásha, Márya Alexándrovna, and Báka Filósofov have come. Tánya is better. Mikhaíl Sergéevich has gone to Pirogóvo. November has been cloudy and damp all the time, with little snow. Gloomy and terrible is the life before me—and in a few days I shall be alone.

1st, 2nd and 3rd December

D.B. The days are all alike—sad. Have noted nothing down. Till now they are all here with me, thank God. Something will happen! Sásha and Varvára Mikháylovna have come.

4th December

D.B. Mikhaíl Sergéevich Sukhotín is in Moscow. Ksúnin, a correspondent of the *Nóvoe Vrémya*, came. During the night Serezha Sukhotín arrived. It is windy and cloudy, no snow. I did nothing. There was too much chattering around me.

5th December

D.B. Sergéenko, Serézha Sukhotín and others have come. We show Leo Nikoláevich's rooms to visitors.

6th December

D.B. More visitors, who have come with Alexander Vasílevich Zinger to see the grave. Zinger is a nice man. We showed them the

rooms. Bulgákov was here. I read my memoirs. The two Tányas have gone. Things are still more mournful and depressing.

7th December

D.B. Profound and unendurable despair all day. I did not sleep at night, and wept all the morning. My daughter-in-law Sónya has come and afterwards my son Ilyá came to dinner and it was pleasanter. Bulgákov and Bélenki drove over. It is still on freezing-point.

8th December

D.B. In the morning my sister Tánya left, and I wept a great deal. Solitude is a torture. There is no one for me to look after, and no one to look after me. I don't remember what I did. I wrote something, and went with Sónya to Leo Nikoláevich's grave.

9th December

D.B. Copied and translated French letters for the edition. Proofs. Posinski the artist came here. My granddaughter Sónya left in the evening.

10th December

D.B. Juliana Seménovna (Lebrun's wife) was here. Read proofs all day. Rosínski the artist is here. My son Mísha [Mikhail] came to dinner, but left at eight o'clock in the evening to drive to Sáša's, and from there to his own place, Chiffrovka. I had a bath. The wind has risen. Wrote to Máslova, Tanéev, Andréy, and Lév.

11th December

D.B. With Ilyá Vasilevich's help I put away Leo Nikoláevich's things to protect them from moths and from being stolen. It was terribly depressing work and in general it is a torture to go on living. Wrote to Tánya and to Ekaterína Fedorovna Junge. In the evening slept amid the sounds of a terrible storm. Am alone. My conscience torments me. I cannot escape it!

12th December

D.B. Read proofs. Walked to the village with the Sister of Mercy. It has become still sadder. Everyone who meets me weeps. Have sorted the newspapers. Dushán Petróvich has gone to see Mísha [Mikhaíl] whose boy Pétya has inflammation of the lungs. Some editor—Lenkóvski—was here. In the evening a telegram. Sergéy is coming.

13th December

D.B. Had no sleep at all. Oh, these terrible sleepless nights, alone with my thoughts and tormented by conscience! The darkness of the winter nights and the darkness of my soul! Some ladies arrived from Petersburg (Eléna Ivánovna Tímrot and another) with a letter from M. A. Stakhóvich. N. N. Gay, Dmítri Vasilevich Nikítin, and my son Sergéy arrived. With them here it is easier to live. But afterwards solitude once more.

14th December

D.B. My guests have not yet left, and I am so glad. I did not sleep at night. Wept, suffered, and went to the grave. There was an artist there, and the village policeman. Unpleasant! I

ordered books for the library—chiefly Leo Nikoláevich's works. What an unpleasant winter! Five degrees above freezing. Wrote to Lev.

15th December

D.B. My son Sergéy, Márya Alexándrovna, Bulýgin, and Gay spent the day with me, and Sáscha drove over. We are friendly together. I wept a great deal. I am tortured by the eternal separation from Leo Nikoláevich. There is one consolation, that I myself have not long to live. Nikítin has gone away. I worked a little at the proofs, and am quite unwell.

16th December

D.B. To-day, the fortieth day since Leo Nikoláevich's death, the whole village of Yásnaya Polyána assembled at his grave, which they tidied and covered with sprigs of fir and wreaths. Then they went on their knees three times. The men took off their caps and they sang "Eternal Memory." I cried a great deal from grief, but at the same time was touched by the people's love of him. In that we were all at one. And how affectionate they all were to me! I wrote to my sister Tánya, to my daughter Tánya, and to Andréy and Ilyá. Am alone and sad.

17th December

D.B. Took a sleeping-powder and slept, but the waking-up was terrible! Again many visitors from afar to see the grave and the house. There are still many proofs, newspapers, and affairs. Ekaterína Fëdorovna Terskáya, a Sister of Mercy, is living with me. Day and evening—proofs, copying, and—anguish! It sometimes seems as if all this were only temporary, and that all will again be as of old.

18th December

D.B. I grieved terribly all day. Walked in the garden. Much snow has fallen. Then I went to Lëvochka's grave. And every time I feel perplexed: can that be he, my dear beloved Lëvochka, there under the ground? And every time I cry, cry, cry till I have a pain in my chest. Copied out articles of his, proofs. Am alone. Fifty-two girl students came from Petersburg. They walked to the grave and looked over the house.

19th December

D.B. Copied out a play of Leo Nikoláevich's. Walked to the village to hear about the taxes—what is being sold and from whom to pay for the taxes. Pável Ivánovich Birukóv drove over for a short time. A correspondent from the *Rússkoe Slovo* was here, and visitors. They came from all sides. There were four from Austria, Slavs. Two days ago there was one from the Caucasus, and a Mohammedan with a wreath. There is much snow, all is white, quiet, and beautiful, 11 degrees of frost. But where is *he*? Where?

20th December

D.B. Sáša, Varvára Mikháylovna, Khiryákov and his wife, and Sýtin, drove over for a short time. The Jews Varsháver from Túla came too and looked at the grave and at Leo Nikoláevich's rooms. I did not sleep last night, wept all the morning, and worked but little at copying and at the proofs. It is snowy, quiet, and all white, like yesterday. Twelve or thirteen degrees of frost. And all for nothing!! All for nothing! Dull and empty!

21st December

D.B. Spent the whole day with Mikhaíl Alexándrovich Stakhóvich, and it was pleasant. He has read much about Leo Nikoláevich. I went with him to the grave.

22nd December

D.B. Got up late. Proofs. My son Andréy drove over, and later on Ilyá. I was very glad to have them, but both were dejected and upset by monetary affairs. I did a little copying and went to bed late. Went to Leo Nikoláevich's grave with Andréy. I wept. Painful conversations with my sons about the inheritance.

23rd December

D.B. My son Ilyá has left. He has been with Sáscha and with Chertkóv, of whom we get to know more and more that is bad. He is an evil and a cunning man. I went to photograph the grave, and wept all the time. But what a lovely, clear, beautiful day, white with hoar-frost, and a blue sky! And the beauty makes me still more dejected. Thirty to thirty-eight degrees of frost. I wrote to Maryúsa, Bulýgin, and Tanyúsha. In the evening developed the photographs of Leo Nikoláevich's grave.

24th December

D.B. Again did not sleep, and it was tormenting. A mouse woke me up. In the morning printed copies of the photographs of Leo Nikoláevich's grave. Wrote to my sister Tánya, Chefránova, the editors of two papers (the *Véstonik Evrópa* and *Rússkoe Bogátstvo*), the clerk, the station-master, and Sergéenko. Sent Rs. 10.50 to

Razumóvski In the evening copied out Leo Nikoláevich's *The Light Shines in Darkness*. A draft, and a poor one. Andréy is calmer, but he is still irritable.

25th December

D.B. A sad, tormenting, mournful holiday! I was glad to have Andréy here, but he left at 3 o'clock. Went with the Sister of Mercy to Leo Nikoláevich's grave and took white and pink hyacinths and green stuff, and primulas and some other flowers. The beauty of nature and of the sunlight is striking. The three of us wrote a great deal—the Sister, Dushán Petróvich, and I—in the dining-room, quietly and silently. Thirty-three degrees of frost.

26th December

D.B. Slept badly, still the same melancholy. Wrote all day. Julia Ivánovna Igúmnova came—brisk, red-cheeked and good-looking. There is the same beautiful hoar-frost and sun. Went nowhere. Wrote to Stakhóvich, Máslova, and sister Tánya, and also two business letters.

27th December

D.B. Took veronal for my sleeplessness and slept till mid-day. Felt quite dazed. But it is better so, one's sufferings are not so acute: the body loses its capacity to feel spiritual sufferings. But where is the soul then? I did a lot of copying, and wrote to Lína, Ványa, Tánya, Sónya, and Ilyúshka, and two business letters. Still the same frost—33 degrees and a wind to-day.

28th December

D.B. It is two months to-day since Leo Nikoláevich went away. I went to the grave. It is still just as unendurably bitter

and oppressive. Wrote to my daughter Tánya in Rome and sent a photograph of the grave. Twenty-two degrees of frost, a wind, and no longer so beautiful. Am copying out the manuscripts. My daughter Sáša drove over. Andréy came with his wife and daughter. There were many visitors to the grave and to see Leo Nikoláevich's rooms.

29th December

D.B. I was busy all day. Read proofs, there were a lot of them. Andréy is pitiable with his nervous instability. We are all like that! And it is sad! It has become warmer. I did not go out. I copied out a good fragment by Leo Nikoláevich about God. He wrote well, but what has he done? !

30th December

D.B. My son Ilyá arrived to-day with his wife and three eldest sons. Andréy is better to-day, but still troubled by his nerves. It is windy, 13 degrees of frost. Did not sleep during the night and was slightly feverish during the day. Did not go out. I am glad to have the sons here, it is not so lonely. Read many proofs and copied out much of Leo Nikoláevich's story *What I saw in a Dream*.

31st December

D.B. In the morning proofs. Copied out *Father Sergius*. Played a little with my granddaughter Máshenka. In the morning my son Sergéy came, and in the evening Váka Filósofov. At midnight we were all sitting in the drawing-room talking of Leo Nikoláevich's last days. Then we went into the dining-room and drank tea. There was a tart, fruit, and a little vodka (for the grandchildren). We were sad but softened. My thanks to those who came to comfort me. There were Sergéy, Ilyá and his wife and

three of my grandchildren, Andréy and his wife, Váka Filósofov, Julia Ivánovna Igúmnova, the Sister of Mercy Terskáya, Dushán Petróvich and I. My son Ilyá told us what old Professor Snegirév said to him about Leo Nikoláevich going away, which was interesting. Professor Snegirev said that there is a form of pneumonia which at its onset causes an abnormal excitement of the brain. Poisoned by the infection from the lung the patient runs away from home, and wanders about restlessly, hurrying he does not himself know where. That is just what happened: Leo Nikoláevich first ran away from home, and then wandered about not knowing himself where to. They took tickets to three places. Snegirev presumes that Leo Nikoláevich was already quite ill when he left Yásnaya Polyána.

APPENDIX I

Copy of letter Sôfya Andréevna wrote to Chertkôv at his wish. (See page 122)

1st July 1910

VLADÍMIR GRIGÓREVICH,

You have asked Leo Nikoláevich why I, who had long considered you a very close friend of our family, have so suddenly changed my attitude towards you.

I did in fact so treat you, and valued the way in which you assiduously diffused Leo Nikoláevich's thoughts and preserved his writings. But what is precious in those writings are the *thoughts*, the value of the manuscripts has a different importance.

My hostility towards you first arose when I fell ill and Leo Nikoláevich, in reply to my desperate appeal: "I beg you to come," coldly replied that it was *more convenient* to come a day later—instead of coming at once as he always had done all our life long. Of course, I attributed that to your influence, for in the words "more convenient" I recognized your style.

When I tearfully reproached Leo Nikoláevich that Érdenko and life with you counted for more than a sick wife, he offered to read from his diary how lovingly he had referred to me in my absence. In the last note-book there was only one phrase: "I wish to *resist* S. by love and kindness" . . . I don't remember what else.

Resist? Resist what? Am I a malefactor, having loved him for the forty-eight years of our married life? I was hurt, and Leo Nikoláevich said that he must have written of me in another diary, as he had only begun that new one at your house. I asked where his diaries subsequent to 1900 were. He said that they were there on his shelf, and made a movement to get them, but stopped. I understood.

"The diaries are at Chertkôv's?" I said, already agitated.

"I don't know. Perhaps they are I allowed him to take them to make extracts. He has always returned them to me."

"But you know his house may be searched by the police, and they may be taken and lost!"

"Believe me, he will have hidden them well," replied Leo Nikoláevich.

"But where has he hidden them? I, your wife, ought at least to know *where* they are!"

"I really don't know," said Leo Nikoláevich.

I became more and more agitated, my illness having made me weaker than usual.

"Sássha is sure to know," said Leo Nikoláevich. "Let us go and ask her," and he took me to Sássha.

But she knew nothing about it.

It seemed to me strange and very wrong on your part that you had hidden from Leo Nikoláevich himself where you had put his diaries.¹ In former days you acted honourably, and I was touched by your work: you only copied out thoughts and then returned the diaries. Now you have simply stolen them. Perhaps I am wrong and you will now return them, when I shall restore you to my favour and respect you, and shall myself become calm. At present it is painful for me even to see you after I have been so deceived in you. Moreover, I am myself writing my memoirs and recollections, and Leo Nikoláevich's diaries have supplied me with valuable material. Now I am deprived of it, and that distresses me very much. If you place any value on your relations with me, and on Leo Nikoláevich's tranquillity (which will be fully restored if you and I are friendly during these last years of his life), then I ask you with a suffering heart and with readiness to love and value you even more than of old—give me back Leo Nikoláevich's diaries!

It is his *thoughts* that are dear to you, and not the paper on which they are written! Give the diaries back to me to copy—I am ready to copy them all out for you myself. But give me back the actual *note-books* in the handwriting that is so dear to me! You know that all his former note-books are in my keeping, and I have constantly used them for my work. Why do you deprive me of the pleasure of reading them over?

That is all. We will meet, and if you fulfil my request we shall be more friendly than ever. If not, our relations to one another will be painful for Leo Nikoláevich to witness, but it is beyond my power to force myself to act otherwise. The disappearance of the diaries has been too much of a blow for me. Forgive and comfort me if you can. I will listen to your reply when I have recovered, but now I am very weak from my illness and from all that I have endured.

S. TOLSTÓY

On the back of the fourth page was written:

"This letter of mine proved prophetic. Chertkón did not return the diaries to me, nor did they come back into my hands. Leo Nikoláevich placed them in the State Bank. These occurrences upset my whole life, and poisoned Leo Nikoláevich's life and peace of mind as well as mine.

¹ Note by Sófya Andréevna Tolstóy: The diaries were at Telyátinki in Chertkón's wooden house. They were returned on July 14th and taken to the bank in Túla.

"The diaries had been carried off on November 26th 1909 by young Sergéenko (Alexéy) and by an Englishman sent by Chertkóv. Leo Nikoláevich could not make up his mind to refuse to hand them over—being afraid of his despot, Chertkóv.

"Poor Leo Nikoláevich was so afraid of Chertkóv that he began telling me he had *himself* given Chertkóv the diaries and wished him to have them. And he explained his movement as if to take down the diary by saying that he had *forgotten* having given the missing diaries over to Chertkóv.

"The *right* was Leo Nikoláevich's. The *force* and the influence were Chertkóv's; and my end is near in any case. I gave the explanation to Chertkóv at his request."

APPENDIX II

*The story of Leo Nikoláevitch's visit to Chertkóv at Krekshino
in September 1909.*

(No one has yet written these particulars down)

I have several times prepared to describe that momentous visit, of which—though much has been written and printed—there are details known only to me.

Expelled from Túla province because Tolstóy lived there, Chertkóv had the right to live in any other part of Russia. At that time he had hired a house at Krekshino—near Golítsyno—an hour's journey from Moscow by the Brest railway . . . or it may have been simply lent to him by his aunt Páshkova.

In September we all went to the Chertkóvs'. A trio of musicians came there twice, also Goldenweiser, the cousins Mogilévski, Síbor, Zisserman, and someone else. That was very agreeable. Then Zimmermans, the musical-instrument makers, sent to Krekshino a Mignon pianola which played beautiful music admirably.

Our hosts were kindly and amiable even to me. I had hurt my leg badly when I was there, and they looked after me in every way. The young people even carried me about. But by some strange fate whenever Leo Nikoláevich and I come near V. G. Chertkóv—something distressing occurs.

Weary of the secluded and monotonous life at Yásnaya Polyána, as soon as Leo Nikoláevich finds himself in other conditions and surroundings he begins to go about the village, visiting the peasants' huts, the hospitals, and any other establishments. So it was then. He wrote some short stories of his talks with the peasants, deducing his thoughts and conclusions from various impressions and writing them down.

Having stayed at Krekshino a couple of weeks Leo Nikoláevich decided to return home and went to Moscow. Sásha said it would be better to go straight from train to train there, and she was right. But I thought it would be better for him to spend the night at our house and, after resting, go on by the quick mudday train. This was decided on—we not foreseeing what might happen.

At the Bryansk station in Moscow the people who happened to be there recognized Leo Nikoláevich, and were of course very glad and greeted him, which was cheerful and pleasant.

Some girl, having taken off her straw hat, ran absurdly behind our

carriage. I looked at her for a long time through my lorgnette. She kept running and her young face was excited.

Our son Sergéy and his family were at our house on the Khamóvnikí, and a Japanese, Tokutómi, turned up for some reason, as well as Maklakóv and many others, who tired not only Leo Nikoláevich but all of us. Leo Nikoláevich was seized by a kind of restlessness. After nine in the evening he went with the whole company to a cinema on the Arbát street. He had never seen one before.

Next morning a very diverse group of people collected in our yard. There was even a General of some sort standing at the gate.

It afterwards turned out that Chertkóv had been stupid enough to inform the Press that Leo Nikoláevich would be leaving that day by a certain train.

When we drove up to the Kursk railway station I was horrified. The whole square was crowded with people, and our carriage had to move more slowly than a very old man could walk, even so we were in danger of crushing somebody. When we alighted the crowd pressed still closer around us. I felt frightened, though we were accompanied and protected by our son Sergéy, his wife, Chertkóv, Vasíli Maklakóv, Sáscha, Dr. Berkenheim, and others. Our house doctor, Dushán Petróvich Makovítski, had gone abroad. Dr. Nikítin promised to accompany us, but an hour before we left came to say that it was quite impossible for him to do so. I asked him quickly to engage Berkenheim or someone else, as I would not go without a doctor.

Berkenheim kindly came straight to the station a few minutes before the train started, and when we were already there.

I never could have imagined that in September, in the open air, there could be so close an atmosphere as there was when we passed along the platform surrounded by all these people. They crushed us terribly from all sides. Students were taking hands all the time and calling out: "Gentlemen, form a chain, a chain . . ." But the chain was broken every moment and we were crushed again, and it was stifling and terrifying. I called out to the crowd: "You are crushing us—you who love Leo Nikoláevich!" But that had little effect.

Leo Nikoláevich put his arm around me and supported me as much as he could, for my injured leg was still very painful. He asked me every now and then how I felt, and I asked him the same and how was his heart. He replied that it was not bad, but he looked very ill and exhausted, and it sometimes seemed to me that he would die. From among the crowd came voices: "Darling Leo Nikoláevich! Tolstóy! Dear man! What happiness! . . ."

We moved on little by little till we reached the railway carriage, into

which we were pushed with great difficulty. Some photographer followed us in with his camera, but Sáscha sternly turned him out. V. G. Chertkóv travelled with us as far as Sérpukhov. We heated some oatmeal porridge and something else for Leo Nikoláevich. He ate it, and when Chertkóv had been left behind at Sérpukhov we made him lie down in a separate compartment, where he soon fell asleep.

For some reason I felt much alarmed about him. I lay down, but of course did not sleep. Leo Nikoláevich seemed to be sleeping quietly. We woke him as we approached our station, Yasenki. He got up, and the first thing he said was: "But where is Chertkóv?" I replied: "He couldn't come beyond Sérpukhov, you know, he is forbidden to."

He made no reply, and went silently through the station. A drozhky and pair and two other conveyances were waiting for us. We put Leo Nikoláevich in the drozhky, and I got in beside him, signalling to the doctor and the manservant (Ilyá Vasílevich) to follow us up quickly.

Leo Nikoláevich sat looking wildly around him.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Home, to Yásnaya Polyána," I replied.

A little later he asked again: "Are we driving to Grumont?"

"No. Why should we? We're going to Yásnaya Polyána."

"To Grumont . . . to the *gumno* [threshing-floor]. Grumont, *gumno* . . . I seem to be confused——" he said.

Driving through the village he remarked: "How nice! There are lights in the huts . . ."

Afterwards he began to speak at random. "Moses, Pygmaliions . . . Moses, Moses . . . religion——" he muttered disconnectedly.

I took his hands. They were cold as ice and he kept moving his thumbs and twisting them in a kind of circle. I covered them with my shawl. God alone knows what I went through during that seven-verst drive from the station.

When we reached home Leo Nikoláevich went into the ante-room, then into the room downstairs which had once been his study, and then into the library, and failed to recognize anything. Then he went quickly upstairs and lay down on the couch. The table was laid for dinner.

"Why is the table laid?" he asked.

"Why, we haven't had dinner yet!"

But apparently he did not understand, for he went to his study, sat down in his corner, and began mechanically touching the different papers and journals lying on the table. Then he asked to have Sáscha called, and when she came began reproaching her irritably with not wishing to explain anything to him thoroughly—that religion had "regirded" him and that everything had to be explained. Seeing his irritation, the doctor sent

Sáša away. Then Iván Ivánovich Gorbunóv arrived. Leo Nikoláevich did not recognize him either, but held out his hand and—staggered. (That was near the staircase.) The doctor and Gorbunóv caught hold of him and one may say dragged him to his bedroom and put him on the bed, where he lay pale and motionless in a profound swoon. The doctor quickly gave us orders: "Hot bottles, hot bags, wine, and an ice-bag for his head!" I advised mustard-plasters for his calves, the doctor approved, and we applied them. When they began to take effect Leo Nikoláevich woke up and said: "What is that burning me?"

We administered a hot enema, but it ran out again at once, and a second swoon ensued.

"This is the end!" I exclaimed in horror.

"Wait a bit," replied the doctor, and again we all set to work to restore Leo Nikoláevich to consciousness, and he came to himself weak and quiet, and soon fell simply asleep.

No one else slept that night.

In the morning he had quite recovered, and even took a short walk. And little by little our life resumed its accustomed course.

Only once again, in the winter, after waking rather late in the morning, Leo Nikoláevich did not at once recognize our grandson Ilyúsha and his sister Sónya, who had been with us more than two months, and asked. "Who is that boy?"

Then he went on sleeping for a long time and again remembered everything—though on a subsequent occasion he once came into the living-room and looked round for his brother Dmítri, who had long been dead. "But where is Mítenka?" he asked uneasily. He also forgot all about the death of his daughter Másha.

Since then, thank God, the fainting fits have not recurred. He has simply begun to forget things; evidently his brain retains various distant memories, thoughts, and impressions, but does not absorb new ones.

If only he lives! I could not live without him. *I love him* too much.

Written by Countess S. A. Tolstóy on July 2nd, 1910, at Yásnaya Polyána.

APPENDIX III

Chertkov's Letter to Sófya Andréevna.

(Mentioned on page 266)

MUCH RESPECTED SÓFYA ANDRÉEVNA,

In a letter to me, Tatiána Lvóvna mentions that you recently told her that you never had had enemies, and that the consciousness of now having an enemy in me oppresses you. She also tells me that it depressed you to learn that I am now permitted to remain at Telyátunki with my family.

I fully understand that such a hostile feeling towards me must indeed oppress you greatly. And I wish to do everything in my power to help to remove that oppression from your soul.

Judging by your present attitude you apparently consider that I am to blame towards you. I am ready and willing to admit my fault and to repent of what, on remembering it and weighing it in God's sight, I may be able sincerely to acknowledge myself guilty.

During the whole twenty-five years of our acquaintance, I will not deny that I have in the past often judged and condemned you, thereby acting contrary to my own conviction that a man has a right to condemn only himself. This I can now quite sincerely confess to you, asking your forgiveness.

But in recent years I have condemned you ever less and less in my soul, partly because I have begun to condemn less in general, but to a large extent no doubt because I saw your benevolent attitude towards me. I refer, for instance, to your kindly disposition towards my son and my mother, the fine way in which you took my part in the Press when I was expelled from Túla province, your kindly and welcome visit to us at Krekshino last year, and now your quite recent remark at Kochetý that you would willingly visit us at Meshchérskoe when Leo Nikoláevich would be staying with us. In general whenever you showed a tolerant and kindly disposition to me you always helped me to see anything that was not quite good in my relations with you. And for that you have my profound gratitude.

As to your embittered enmity to me, which has only arisen quite recently since Leo Nikoláevich stayed with us at Meshchérskoe, I must frankly state that I cannot, without hypocrisy, blame myself for that.

I am convinced, however, that such a sudden and sharp alteration in your attitude to me could not have taken place by your own volition. It was, it seems to me, evoked partly by certain extremely regrettable misunderstandings which were not cleared up between us when they first arose, and partly by backbiting grounded on those misunderstandings and pro-

ceeding from third parties who have infected you with their hostile feelings towards me.

With regard to the misunderstandings between us that have not yet been cleared up, I should like you to know that I shall at any time be glad to give you a completely frank explanation of all my actions in connection with Leo Nikoláevich's writings, to which actions you, not knowing their true significance, attribute improper motives. Should you ever wish to clear them up I think it would be better to do so in writing, for the sake of reaching greater clearness and definiteness in my replies to your questions, and also in order that you should not have to see me so long as you find that unpleasant. Needless to say I should reply to your questions in the same spirit as that in which I am now writing: not sparing myself, but also impartially and with full sincerity. Whether the time for that will come and when it will come depends on God alone. But I am sure that if in that way you cleared up the accumulated misunderstandings, you would immediately experience considerable relief in your soul.

As to those who have helped to set you against me, Sófya Andréevna, I can only say that I find it very regrettable that you should have preferred to listen to backbiting directed against me by third parties, rather than to your own heart and reason. Can it be that your long acquaintance with me, my equally long friendship with your husband, your former sound instinct that I was "your family's best friend," a remark which so touched me when you made it two years ago at the jubilee gathering at Yásnaya Polyána—is it possible that all that was good in our relations, good especially because, despite all differences in our personal views, we recognized ourselves as spiritually united by our nearness, each in his own way, to Leo Nikoláevich—can it be that all that that was precious and holy should crumble to dust because of some unexplained misunderstandings and frivolous backbiting on the part of two or three people who without at all understanding me are very hostilely disposed towards me?

Going over in my soul what I may have done to account for your dissatisfaction with me, I remember your indignation at one expression I allowed myself to employ in conversation with you not long ago. But the whole misfortune in that matter lay in the fact that such conversations are not carried on with sufficient calmness. Those who are talking often in their haste catch the meaning of the words of their collocutor incorrectly. So it was in that instance. You understood the word "smirch" that I employed in a sense that put me at a disadvantage and was offensive to yourself. But you mistook the meaning not only of that word but of the whole phrase, imagining it to imply some threat, where there was only a wish to remove your doubt, as I hastened to indicate to you in my explanatory letter in that connection. (I refer to that here only because I have heard that

you continued to be angry with me on account of those words even after my letter, having probably forgotten its contents. In any case I enclose a copy of it herewith.)

On the other side, I do not at all conceal from myself the fact that when heated I sometimes lose my spiritual equilibrium, and inappropriate words burst from me which I myself often afterwards regret more than the person to whom they were addressed. Such words I am always happy to withdraw when they are pointed out to me; in proof of which there is the fact that when, that same day, you reminded me that I had said to you I should have taken my own life had you been my wife, I immediately admitted those words to be really unkind and impolite, withdrew them, and excused myself to you for them.

But of course we both of us understand, Sófya Andréevna, that the reason of our present breach cannot lie in the fact that once or twice in conversation with you I did not weigh this or that expression calmly and precisely enough. The cause of your sudden enmity to me must lie far deeper than that.

Nor can I attribute your attitude to what you have latterly more than once announced, namely, that you are jealous of Leo Nikoláevich and me. A feeling of some kind of enmity or jealousy towards their husbands' close friends is unfortunately characteristic of wives. (By the word "jealousy" I of course imply only what is understood by that word in common speech, and do not mean those abnormal suspicions (unexpressed by you) which have tormented you of late in relation to Leo Nikoláevich and myself. Of them, on account of their monstrous nature, the less one thinks and speaks the better, and I can only wish from the bottom of my soul that with God's help you may have the quickest possible release from the terrible spiritual condition which torments you.) If a certain feeling of jealous enmity of your husband's friends is natural to you, that should have shewn itself in you from the very beginning of my friendly and spiritual connection with Leo Nikoláevich. And in fact it was so. But during all those past years you considered it necessary to restrain that feeling in yourself, and succeeded more or less in keeping it within the limits of your respect for yourself and your husband. Now, since this summer, your attitude to that jealous disposition which you always had has suddenly and completely changed—changed so much that instead of trying to restrain it as before, you suddenly decided to give way to it without the least restraint, openly and publicly announcing that you are jealous of Leo Nikoláevich and me. Evidently there must have been some serious cause for such an alteration to have taken place in you.

Judging by your own words and actions just lately, I think that the fundamental reason for your present hatred of me lies in nothing else than your fear lest I should obtain control of Leo Nikoláevich's writings and

dispose of them in my own way. In that, it seems to me, is concealed the chief cause that presents your understanding me and obliges you to attribute to me motives quite foreign to my nature. If you would but for a moment try to transfer yourself to my position, you would at once see your mistake. Imagine to yourself that after an inward spiritual change, in which his wife could not follow him, this or that writer, having decided to place his former writings at her disposal, wished to renounce any payment for his future writings and to hand over their publication for universal and gratuitous use—what could be more natural than for such a man to entrust to some one of his nearest friends who shared his views, the task of attending to the publication and dissemination of those fresh writings? And if that writer needed assistance in bringing into order, safeguarding, and editing his papers till they had been fully made use of in the press, then again nothing could be more intelligible than that he should entrust that task to the same friend who was occupied with the publication of his works. Many writers have had such friendly assistants, and their wives have seen nothing out of place in the arrangement, but on the contrary have treated those assistants as close and trusted friends of the family. This, and this only, has always been my role in my relations with Leo Nikoláevich as a writer, and this only can it be in future. That purely executive role is very modest, but at the same time it is in the highest degree responsible, for the care that Leo Nikoláevich's will concerning his writings should be punctiliously carried out lies on my conscience. And that responsibility lies on me not only in regard to Leo Nikoláevich himself, but also to all humanity, for whose benefit he has renounced his literary property. How in such circumstances can I help regarding my obligation as one of the most sacred tasks of my life? You see that my activity in connection with Leo Nikoláevich's writings does not afford me personally the least advantage or convenience. On the contrary it is accompanied by great and incessant cares (not to mention very great expense) and latterly, and most distressingly, by reproaches and hostility on the part of some of Leo Nikoláevich's children, in which to my still greater regret, you yourself have joined. Imagine yourself to be in my position, Sófya Andréevna, in these complex, difficult, and often painful circumstances, and you will understand that by trying to render help to Leo Nikoláevich I in no way deserve the ill will and condemnation, the enmity and hatred, which I have to experience, if not from the majority, then at least from some of the nearest of Leo Nikoláevich's family.

At any rate none of you has the least need to *fear* my influence on Leo Nikoláevich, for, I repeat, my role is merely executive: I only carry out precisely the wishes and directions of Leo Nikoláevich regarding his writings, and if in that sphere I sometimes allow myself to offer any advice, it is only in regard to the practical methods by which his wishes may be

most conveniently and expediently accomplished. If you looked on my relations to Leo Nikoláevich and to his writings from the only true point of view, you would free yourself from all those fears and that disquietude from which you suffer, in quite mistakenly supposing that Leo Nikoláevich disposes of his writings in this and not another way, not according to his own understanding and personal will, but—absurd to say—under influence or pressure of some kind on my part.

And so, Sófyá Andréevna, I have tried to show you as best I could what was on my soul. I have repented before you of what I could sincerely confess myself guilty. I have explained to you the chief thing in my conduct which apparently caused you anxiety, and I have expressed my complete readiness to give you further explanations should you desire them. I do not know how you will take this letter of mine. I only know that I have written from a pure heart, and with the sole intention of trying, as I said at the beginning, to lighten at least to some degree the burden you feel, and cannot but feel, as a result of the hatred of me that has flamed up in your soul. Personally I need nothing from you and ask nothing from you for myself. I am only sorry for you and for Leo Nikoláevich and for all those near ones who surround me and you and to whom your excitement against me occasions so much disquietude and suffering.

In any case I for my part am not able to be your enemy, whatever you may say, or plan, or do, against me. And that not on account of any virtue on my part, but simply because I am too devoted to Leo Nikoláevich, and love him too deeply in the profoundest and most sacred meaning of that word, for it to be possible for me to treat with hostility anyone so near to him as his wife.

I beseech you, Sófyá Andréevna, not in my personal interest but for the sake of Leo Nikoláevich who is so exhausted by all that has occurred, to re-establish the good relations that existed between yourself and me for so many years. You would thereby not only relieve your own suffering soul, not merely at once obtain the inner joy of which you deprive yourself while you maintain your hostility to me, but would also afford Leo Nikoláevich, who is suffering incomparably more than you appear to imagine, the relief and joy he so needs, and which he so pathetically awaits from you, not losing faith in your soul.

In God's name, Sófyá Andréevna, I ask you to throw off that burden of hostility and hatred of me which oppresses you and torments others, and which has sprung up where one would have thought it so easy to maintain at least mutual respect and good will, if not full agreement in all our convictions.

With respect and despite everything with sincere devotion to you,

V. CHERTKÓV.

Sófyá Andréevna's reply

11th-18th September, 1910.

Kochetý-Yásnaya Polyána.

VLADÍMIR GRIGÓREVICH,

The change that has taken place in me towards you, though it arose from old sources, actually occurred when Leo Nikoláevich stayed with you. The first cause was that you influenced Leo Nikoláevich and kept him back to hear a gipsy violinist when I, having fallen ill, besought him to come home. He and you together telegraphed that it would be *more convenient* to come later. In the words *more convenient* I recognized your style and your influence, and Leo Nikoláevich afterwards said: "I felt that I ought to go in the morning." In reply to my reproaches he assured me that he felt for me all that was kindest and most loving, and would show me how favourably he had written of me in his diary. He made a movement to get out his diaries, but did not find them and became confused, having probably forgotten that they had been carried off. Then he took me to Sáša and asked her whether she knew where they were. But Sáša lied, and Leo Nikoláevich had to confess that *you had them*. You saw how that circumstance troubled and grieved me. I cannot separate from myself the husband with whom I have lived for nearly half a century. His diaries are the holy of holies of his life, and consequently of mine with him. They are the reflection of his soul, which I have been accustomed to know and to love, and they ought not to be in the hands of an outsider. Yet they were carried off secretly by people you sent, and you kept them in a wooden house,¹ exposed to the risk of fire or a police search, for so long that they could not only have been used for various works but copied out ten times over. When in a kindly and ardent letter I asked you to return them you roughly refused, and attributed to me the dishonourable motive that I was afraid lest you should show up me and my children by means of the diaries, and you venomously added: "If I wished to, I could *smirch* you as much as I please, you and your family. If I have not done so it was only from love of Leo Nikoláevich."

To misunderstand those words, as you suggest, is impossible. They are quite clear, and I am really not so stupid! I have all the former diaries in the Museum, and it was natural for me to wish to have the last one too. But you venomously and obstinately refused it, and Leo Nikoláevich in his weakness submitted to you. Finally you said that had you had such a wife you would have shot yourself or run away to America. And afterwards, when going downstairs, you said to my son Lev for everyone to hear: "I

¹ The diaries were kept in a fireproof safe at the Credit Lyonnais in Moscow.
S.L.T.

don't understand a woman like that, who spends *all her life* in killing her husband."

Why should you now wish to have intercourse with a murderess? You entered on a struggle with me for the diaries, and when you saw that the fight was unequal you grew angry with me. Then I quite sincerely put the question thus: either the diaries must be returned to me or I will take my life. Leo Nikoláevich understood that I should certainly carry out my threat, and promised to give me back the diaries, but he became afraid of you and instead of giving them to me placed them in the bank. If you wish to be conscientious you must admit that you heard how after your note about the return of the diaries, he said to me, in reply to my request for a *written* promise to give them to me: "Why give a written undertaking to one's wife? I have promised that you shall have them and you shall." But he did not give them to me. He gave them to Tánya to deposit in the bank.

Two weeks of struggle over the diaries increased my painfully nervous condition. Had you not persisted so angrily from the very first, nothing distressing would have happened and all would have been as of old. (See how your non-resistance has crumbled all to pieces!)

If you had only given the diaries back to Leo Nikoláevich at once, and taken one note-book of them at a time for your work, returning it as soon as it was done with, I should have been appeased.

Your suggestion that certain mythical people have had a harmful influence on my relation to you is strange and very ignoble. It is true that I have seldom met anyone who—apart from interested motives—has liked you. But I am already old, and have too independent a character to submit to the opinions and influence of others. The word *backbiting* suggests the gossip of menials and domestics. In your letter you evade all the chief questions that I put clearly and honestly, and you always speak of *misunderstandings*. That is a pharisaical method. Misunderstandings should be honestly explained. You write that you are always ready to do so. But how many times have I asked you to tell me what disposal you are making of Leo Nikoláevich's papers and manuscripts in the event of your death, and you have always angrily refused to tell me? You do not love truth and clarity. Is it not natural for a wife to know such things, not out of cupidity—as you often suspect, making me thereby extremely indignant, for you will of course outlive me—but simply out of love of my husband, in whose mental life and works I have been accustomed to interest myself.

The exasperation of my sons, if it exists, has the same basis. You have *published* Leo Nikoláevich's works. In that lies your merit. But why do you constantly take away his *manuscripts*? That indicates not my avarice

but yours. You will say that he gives them to you himself. But in that, as in much else, I perceive your ever-increasing influence on the ever-weakening will of an old man who now interests himself but little in worldly affairs. You have enslaved him by your despotic character (as to which, i.e. the despotism, your mother agreed with me).

Your oppressive and evil influence, and my husband's excessive partiality for you, have estranged him from me. You have come between us. If anyone had previously so insulted his wife as you insulted me (a Christian and friendly act, no doubt)—my husband would probably have dealt energetically with such a boor. But it was not the fact that you are ill-bred enough to forget yourself in such a fashion, it was Leo Nikoláevich's attitude towards that fact that made me so extremely indignant. Fearing you, he continued to see you twice a day, to receive you affably, and to embrace you. I could not endure that, and as you could see—after I had seen that and my eyes had been opened to his weak infatuation for an alien outsider—I could no longer bear to see you and I hated you. My pride rose not on my own account (I despise such base rudeness too thoroughly) but as Tolstóy's wife, and on account of my position as an honourable woman, the grandmother of twenty-five grandchildren.¹ And above all, I then understood why Leo Nikoláevich's attitude to me is not kindly but dry and estranged, which never used to be the case and which is killing me. You *suggest* to him that from such a wife one must shoot oneself or run away. And you are the *first* person in my life who has dared to do me that injustice.

To what *abnormal* suspicions you refer I do not know, do not wish to know, and do not understand. I never expressed anything of the kind to you, and if there are people of impure imagination who interpret my thoughts and feelings in their own manner I am not responsible for them.

Suspiciousness has shewn itself in me only because latterly *everything* is concealed from me: conversations, meetings, diaries, letters, and the secret transmission of some papers or other with the co-operation of my daughter Sáscha and various secretaries of yours, which *never* occurred before in the long duration of my married life. If everything is so assiduously hidden from me there must be something to hide, and involuntarily it arouses fear and suspicion.

What I have endured during these past almost three months can be compared to no other sufferings in my whole life. The death of Vánichka² I easily survived, because it was *God's will*. But in the taking from me of Leo Nikoláevich's love and in the intrusion of an outsider into our loving

¹ She seems to include children and grandchildren in this total.

² Sófya Andréevna's youngest son.

matrimonial life I feel the will of *the evil one*. You yourself write that I perceived that previously. There never was and never will be *anyone* between us. I have given Leo Nikoláevich a categorical choice: either you or I. At present he has chosen the latter and has promised me: (1) Not to see you. (2) Not to give you the diaries, and (3) Not to allow himself to be photographed.

My despair has been brought to such a degree that if I have not committed suicide it is because I do not wish to yield my husband to you by going out of life. Let him send you his papers, which you so painstakingly take away from him. That is his affair. But if Leo Nikoláevich does not keep his promises I will leave him. That is certain. I *cannot* any longer endure such sufferings as I have experienced all this time, and you have no right to inflict them on me.

The professedly kindly aim of your letter to me is very naive and only too clear: you want to renew your personal relations with Leo Nikoláevich. That is understandable. Sympathy is always flattering, and especially from such a man. But he has now been living at Kochetý peacefully and cheerfully without you. He laughs, jokes, plays chess and bridge almost every day till midnight, and does not look at all like a *sufferer*, as you put it. On the contrary, he is far more cheerful than under your oppression. Why should it not be the same at Yásnaya Polyána—as it always was without you? We have not long left to live in the world. Let us finish the last days of our life without outside influence, and in the same communion as in the first days of our marriage.

How can I change if the reasons for my suffering remain the same? If it is possible for you to be fair, you must acknowledge that I personally have never said an impolite word to you, and have never allowed myself to intrude in your family or personal affairs—to say nothing of suggesting that you should shoot yourself on account of your spouse.

And you have evoked this letter. I considered everything finally ended between us, and that you were quite superfluous in our life.

Forgive my sincere and truthful reply. Any other would have been a lie, which is a thing I hate.

I do not know what I shall think, feel, or do later on. But for the present I am still ill and shattered in soul and body by all I have lived through, which was caused by you and in part by my husband. Until you interfered in our family, nothing of the sort had ever happened before, nor, I hope, will it ever happen again after your exclusion from personal relations with my husband.

That is all.

СÓФЯ ТОЛСТÓЯ

That same day Leo Nikoláevich wrote to Chertkóv:

“ . . . Sófya Andréevna has shown me your letter and she is sending you an answer. I fear, with you, that no good results will follow. She is very irritated—no, not irritated, *ce n'est pas le mot*, but *unhealthily* agitated. I underline that word. She suffers and cannot master herself. I have just talked to her. She came here thinking that I should go back to Yásnaya with her, but I refused, not fixing a time for my departure. That distressed her very much. What I shall do further I do not know. I try to bear the cross day by day.”

S.L.T.

APPENDIX IV

Sófya Andréevna's letters to Leo Nikoláevich after he had left home.

October–November, 1910

My very first, ardent, letter, full of love and despair, was lost at Shamárdino ¹

29th October, 1910

Levochka, my dear one, my darling, return home! Save me from a second suicide, Levochka, my life-long friend. I will do everything, everything that you wish! I will cast aside all luxury, your friends shall be mine, I will undergo a cure, and will be mild, tender, and kind. Do come back to me. You must *save* me. You know it is said in the Gospels that a man must never *for any reason* abandon his wife. My dear, my darling, friend of my soul, save me! Return if only to say farewell to me before our inevitable separation.

Where are you? Where? Are you well? Do not torment me, Lévochka. I will serve you lovingly with my whole body and soul. Return to me. Return, for God's sake, for the sake of the love of God of which you speak to everyone, and I will give you the same submissive and self-sacrificing love! I promise it, dear one, honestly and firmly. We will simplify everything amicably, we will go away wherever you like and live as you like. And now good-bye! Good-bye, perhaps for ever.

Thy SÓNYA

Is it possible that you have left me for ever? You know I shall not survive such misery. You will have killed me. Save me from sin, my dear one. You know you cannot be happy and tranquil if you kill me.

Levochka, my dear friend, do not hide your whereabouts from me. Allow me to see you, my darling. I will not upset you. I give you my word. I will be mild and loving towards you. My friend, allow me at least to bid you farewell and tell you for the last time how much I love you. Summon me to you, or come yourself to me. Farewell, Levochka . . . Levochka! I am always looking and calling for you. How my soul is tormented.

¹ This letter was not lost, but reached its destination. Of all the letters Sófya Andréevna wrote to Tolstóy after his departure this was the only one he received and read.

30th October, 1910.

4 a.m.

Still no news from you, my dear Levochka, and my heart is torn in pieces by suffering. Is it possible that you do not feel an echo of them in yourself, my darling? Is it possible that one stupid gesture of mine¹ will destroy my whole life? You told Sáscha to say that my having rummaged suspiciously among your papers was the last straw that caused you to leave home. That night, when I was taking my letters downstairs, the yellow dog ran after me and I hurried to shut all the doors lest it should wake you up. I really don't know what made me go into your study and touch your diary to convince myself that it was in its place. I used to do that always but had never done so recently.

It was not suspicion that made me sometimes look at you: it was often that I simply wanted to look lovingly at you. My stupid jealousy of Chertkóv that sometimes made me want to discover how much you loved him, is a confirmation of that. It began to pass latterly, and I wanted to tell you so several times, but was ashamed to. It seemed to me it would humiliate you if I allowed your meetings.

Levochka, my friend, you know that you wrote all your great artistic and spiritual work while living with me. If my nervous disorder has lately hindered your working, forgive me, my dear one! Yesterday I began a strenuous cure; twice every day I have to sit in a hot bath for a whole hour with cold compresses on my head, and to lie down almost the whole day. But I shall submit, especially as I am reduced to such a terrible condition by your action in going away. A report has no doubt reached you that immediately Sáscha told me you had gone for good. I did not stay to read your letter to the end, but ran out and threw myself into the middle pond—on my back, so that there should be no saving me . . .

And how was it that I, a light sleeper, did not hear you go? When I ran out to the pond I must have looked terrible, for Sáscha at once called Bulgákov, Ványa, and the cook, and they followed me. But I got there, and the water covered me completely, and I felt with pleasure that now, now there was an end to my mental sufferings for ever. But it did not please God to allow you and me to be guilty of such a sin. Poor Sáscha and Bulgákov threw themselves fully dressed into the water, dragged me out with difficulty, and carried me home with the help of Ványa and the cook.

You will be angry at hearing of this, of course, but I was then, as now, out of my mind with despair. I sleep in your room—that is, I sit or lie there at night, drenching your pillows with tears, and praying God and you to

¹ I touched a locked portfolio to see whether Leo Nikoláevich's diary was in its place, or whether he had not given it to Chertkóv.

forgive me and restore you to me. Beside me on the sofa sleeps good Márya Alexándrovna, coughing all night long. Poor Sáscha has caught cold and also coughs a great deal.

All the children, pitying me, have come here and are doctoring and comforting me, for which I am grateful. Tánya is so thin. She and her husband and the little girl are coming to us for a month at the beginning of November. Is it possible that even then you will not come? Mísha [Mikhail] and Ilyá wept so bitterly as they embraced me—seeing from my appearance how I was suffering—and Sergéy the same.

Levochka, dear one, is it possible that you have left us *for ever*? You know you used to love me. You say that old men go away from the world. But where have you witnessed it? The old peasant men live out their last days amid their families and their grandchildren, and it is the same among gentlemen and all other classes of the community. Is it natural for a frail old man to abandon the care, attention, and love of the wife, children, and grandchildren around him?

Come back to me, my dear, my precious husband! Come back Levochka darling. Don't be cruel! Let me at least visit you when I have recovered a little after treatment. Don't torture me by concealing from me where you are. You say that my presence hinders your writing. But how can you work knowing what I am enduring? Why, in the Gospel it is said: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." It is nowhere said that you should love any writings whatever more than your fellow-man. If you could only feel how I love you, how I am ready to serve you with my whole being and to make any concessions! Forgive me, Levochka, return to me, *save* me! Do not imagine that all this is mere words, but love me, allow pity once more to enter your soul, disregard what people may write or say about you—be above that—for there is nothing in the world higher than love; and let us live the last days of our lives *together* in holiness and love. How often have you mastered your inclinations! How often, loving me, have you remained with me, and we have lived together a long life lovingly and in friendship. Is my fault now so great that you cannot forgive me and return to me? You know that I really was ill.

Dear Lévochka, your concessions and your life with me have not diminished your greatness or your fame so far. And your forgiveness and love of me will exalt you before God; exalt you in that you will save me, your wife, a simple person, disregarding your own fame and the desire for *your own welfare*.¹ If you could see me now, if you could look into my soul,

¹ In her opposition to her husband's efforts, Sófyá Andréevna had so often insinuated that his abandonment of property and attempts to simplify his life were a mere pose adopted to attract attention and increase his popularity, that she seems to have come to believe it herself, and alludes to it even in this letter when she does not mean to annoy him.

you would be horrified at the suffering I am enduring—the torture of my whole spiritual and physical being. I have written to you before, my dear Levochka, but I don't know whether my letter reached you. Andréy undertook to send it in some way—I don't know how.

Read *this* letter attentively. I will not write anything more about my *feelings*. For the last time I appeal to you, my husband, my friend, my dear beloved Levochka—forgive me, save me, and *return* to me.

YOUR SÓNYA

1st November, 1910

I have received your letter. Don't be afraid that I shall come at present to look for you. I am so weak that I can hardly move. Nor do I wish to use any compulsion. Do what seems best to you. Your home-leaving is such a lesson for me, such a terrible misfortune, that if I remain alive and you come back I shall employ all possible means to make things quite nice for you. But somehow it seems to me we shall never see one another again. Levochka, dear one, I write this to you quite advisedly and sincerely and will certainly carry out what I say. Yesterday I made peace with Chertkóv, and to-day I shall go to confession and confess the sin of suicide by which I tried to end my sufferings.

I do not know what to say to you, and I cannot foresee what lies ahead of us. Your words, that a meeting with me would be *terrible* for you, convinced me that that is impossible. And yet how gently, thankfully, and gladly, would I have met you! My dear one, have pity on me and on the children and end our sufferings! Serezha has left. Andryúsha is here, and Mísha has just arrived. Tánya is so exhausted that she wants to leave to-day. Awaken love in yourself, Levochka, and you will see how much love you will find in me

I cannot write more, I have already grown very much weaker. I kiss you, my dear old friend, who once used to love me. Don't expect anything fresh to begin in me. There is now in my soul such love, such meekness, and such a wish for your joy and happiness that time can do nothing more. God be with you—take care of your health.

SÓNYA

2nd November, 1910

5.30 a.m.

Before we part—by God's will not by mine—perhaps for ever, I want not to justify my conduct, about which you accuse me in your letter to Sásha, but simply to explain it.

If I looked at you through the balcony door when you were playing

patience, if I met you on your walks, saw you off when you went riding and met you on your return, if I ran into the dining-room when you came and had lunch—all that was not at all from suspicion, but from an irrational and passionate love I had for you latterly. Probably I had a premonition of what has now happened.

I looked in at the window and thought: "There he is, my Levochka, still with me here! God preserve him!" And often after seeing you off on your ride I crossed myself on returning indoors and said: "Preserve him, O Lord, and bring him safely back!"

I valued every moment with you and was glad when you asked me about anything, spoke to me, or called me "Sónya." Every day I made up my mind to say to you that I wanted you to see Chertkóv, but somehow I always felt ashamed to *allow* you anything. And you became continually more grim and gloomy. You would pass your cup in front of me, asking others to pour out tea or give you some strawberries, you ceased to talk to me, and now you have taken a cruel revenge on me for having separated you from your friend. That was what I felt and feared all the time.

As regards the diary, I had formed a stupid habit of feeling whether it was there on the table when passing, and that night, when taking my letters downstairs, I looked into your study and touched your portfolio merely by stupid habit. I did not *rummage* at all, did not search for anything or read anything, and I felt even at the time that I had been foolish and made a mistake.

But you would have gone away in any case. I had that presentiment all the time, and feared such a thing terribly.

I am undergoing treatment and taking baths. I find it hard to endure the presence of strangers—a stupid doctor and a chattering nurse—but the children wish it and I dare not resist, though I am almost ashamed at how little there is for the doctor and nurse to do.

I have tried to work a little, but find it hard. Yesterday I began to eat a little—and the children were so touchingly glad. I have worn them out, my darling Andryúsha and Tánichka, but it is not in their power to end my mental torments. It is not they who can save me.

Day and night I think of you, of whether you are well, where you are, and what you are thinking and doing. Is it easy for you to torment me so? How quickly and gladly should I recover, how readily would I give you my word not to watch you, not to read or touch anything you did not wish me to, and to do everything you wish; but I feel that we shall not see one another again, and that is killing me. If I could merely see you, and we did not at present decide to *live* together, I would come just for a few hours and would promise to go away afterwards.

I shall not come without your permission—so do not fear—besides, I

should need to get a little stronger. Don't be afraid of me. I would rather die than see *horror* in your face when I appear.

I have corresponded amicably with Chertkóv, and he will probably come here to-day. When we meet I want to feel not merely reconciled but to have the good, kindly feeling that I had for him at Krekshino and before that.

This will ease my soul, and no enemies will remain to me before my death. You have already forgiven me in your letter. Well, good-bye, I am tired.

SÓNYA

You want me to desire your good. But my whole heart is filled with that wish. What can be stronger than love?

Life's lesson for me has been so grievous that it is easy for me to change all that was hard for you; but how hard it is now! Levochka, dear one, awaken love in yourself, forgive not in words but in deed . . .

AFTERWORD

THE following information is taken from Sergéy Lvóvich Tolstóy's account of his mother's last years, and death in November 1919.

During the disturbances following the Revolution of 1917 nearly all the landed proprietors' estates in that district were wrecked by the peasants, but Yásnaya Polyána was spared. Out of the proceeds of Tolstóy's works 650 desyatínas of land had been purchased from Sófya Andréevna and the family and handed over to the peasants. The house itself and the remaining 200 desyatínas was converted into a *sovkoz* or State farm, and entrusted to the management of N. L. Obolénsky, who had married Tolstóy's second daughter, Márya Lvóvna.

Sófya Andréevna continued to live in the house as before, and had with her her sister Tatiána Kuzmínski and her grandson, Dr. Makovítski, and others. L. N. Obolénsky, who had remarried, lived with his family in the separate "wing house" nearby, and there too lived Tatiána Lvóvna and her charming daughter Tánya . . . For some time they were all exceedingly short of food, though not long before Sófya Andréevna's death they received special treatment in this respect and obtained all they needed.

Countess Tolstóy died of pneumonia at 4.40 a. m. on November 4th [o.s.], 1919. She was buried near her daughter Márya in the churchyard at Telyátinki.

A few days before her death, when she had fits of oblivion and her memory was failing, her daughter Tatiána asked her whether she ever thought of Leo Nikoláevich.

"Oh always! I live with him and torment myself all the time for not having been good to him. But I was faithful to him body and soul. I married when I was eighteen and I should have been made of wood had I had no infatuations. But I loved no one except your father, and on my death-bed I tell you that there was never so much as the pressure of a hand that might not have been seen by everyone."

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